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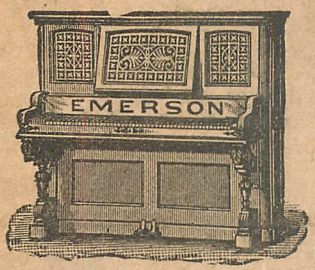

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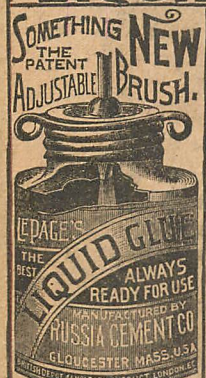

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Painted by A. FORESTIER.

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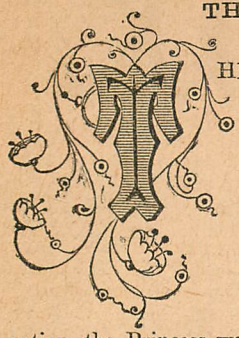
Chatterbox.

Princess Elizabeth and her Pets.

THE CHILDHOOD OF A QUEEN.



THE Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of James I. of England, was sent, when a child, to be educated under the care of Lord and Lady Harrington, at their country mansion, Combe Abbey. Six little ladies of her own age accompanied her there, and shared her studies and pleasures. Besides the ordinary branches of a thorough education, the Princess was taught to sing and dance, and to play on the lute and virginals. Though quicker than most other children, she was never flattered, and no favour was shown her above the rest.

By way of making history interesting to the child, Lord Harrington began by showing her portraits of all the European kings, with their queens and children, a small map of each king's dominions being attached to every portrait.

Frequently, also, he let her see pictures representing important historical events, which he explained either by word of mouth or readings from the best authors. The drawing-master, who taught the royal child and her six companions, often sketched for them small Scriptural scenes in illustration of their Bible lessons, and instruction in geography was given in the same lively manner.

But Lord Harrington was a kind as well as a wise man, who knew that study was not all that was necessary for his young charge, so the little Princess had plenty of time for play.

Combe Abbey was a pleasant house, surrounded by a fine flower-garden, beyond which stretched a wide park and a wood. No part of the grounds pleased Elizabeth so well as a little wilderness in one corner of the park. A winding brook here formed a small lake, in which was an island planted with bushes and flowering shrubs.

This child's paradise was put at her disposal, and in it she reigned as a little queen, having for her subjects a great variety of beasts and birds, of which she was extremely fond.

A thatched cottage on the island was made into a comfortable dwelling for a poor woman and her family, who had the care of the Princess's fowls. In the wood on the other side of the brook stood the aviary. It had a rounded roof set with coloured glass, and a netting of gilt wire formed the walls. Within, there were bushes for the birds to perch upon, recesses for their nest-building, and a tiny fountain, in which they could bathe or drink. Some adjoining meadows went by the name of 'The Fairy Farm,' from their being stocked with the smallest cattle that could be found. The children of a neighbouring farmer had charge of them, with their father's help.

Among some of Lord Harrington's accounts, yet in existence, mention is made of cotton for beds for Elizabeth's monkeys, and of joiners who made her parrot-cages. Charges are entered, also, for the shearing of her 'great rough dog,' and for the expenses connected with the keeping of an Irish wolf-hound—another of her pets.

There is a portrait of this Princess when she was about ten years old, which abundantly proves her love of animals. On one shoulder is a macaw, and a parrot is perched on the other; she holds a love-bird in her hand, and at her feet are sitting a dog and a monkey.

In her after life as Queen of Bohemia, Elizabeth had many troubles and hardships; but she bore them with a brave spirit, and to the end of her days she looked back with wistful affection to her happy childhood at Combe Abbey.

A. S. Couper.

THE ADVENTURES OF BEN ARMITAGE.

IT was early morning (now many years ago), the sun was shining brightly, and the air felt fresh and cool as the pretty township of Lester on the Ottawa river, Lower Canada, began to wake up to the manifold duties of the day. Summer was waning into autumn, the woods all around were beginning to show the gorgeous colouring peculiar to that season of the year, the graceful maple especially exhibiting here and there a specimen of what the whole forest would be a month hence, when, during the brief Indian summer, tree and shrub, garden and forest, would assume their glowing dress of crimson, brown, and gold.

At this lovely season of the year, and at the sweetest hour of the day, early morning, the usual stir of busy country life might have been seen at Mount Pleasant, one of the pretty farm-houses near Lester—the home of John Lee, a sturdy, sensible, good man, who with his own hands had helped to hew down the mighty trees and clear away the dense brushwood of the primeval forest, which even now approached within half a mile of his comfortable homestead. Mike had gone off with the cattle to pasture, Bill was looking after the horses, Sally and Biddy were milking the cows and carrying pails of milk to the dairy; while within doors, in a large low-roofed kitchen, busy preparations were being made for the family breakfast—a very important meal in a Canadian forest farm. The mistress of the house, a fair-faced, comfortable-looking woman, was spreading a cloth upon the table; while the master, or 'boss' as the servants called him, was opening a letter with much caution and solemnity (letters did not often come in his way), and this particular epistle when he had mastered its contents did not seem to please him, his face contracting into a perplexed frown as he slowly followed the somewhat erratic writing.

'It's a pity,' he said, 'to send the lad away! And to New Orleans, too! He'll take the fever as sure as a gun! Why can't he stay here altogether? He has got round my heart, and I don't feel like parting with him nohow. But then . . . . I'm not his father—more's the pity; he'll have to go.'

'To go where?' asked his wife, as she suspended for a moment her domestic operations, and looked inquiringly in her husband's face.

'To go where?' cried a bright lad, who at that moment burst into the apartment along with two girls of about twelve years of age. They had been out gathering raspberries in the wood, and now carried

in their tin pails filled with fruit. 'Are you talking about me, uncle? Where am I to go?' again repeated the lad, an eager flush spreading over his face, while his eyes were sparkling with excitement. 'Does my father want me to go to him?'

'That's just about it, Ben,' replied John Lee. 'Your father wants you down to Orleans for a spell. He says as how you must choose one thing or nother. You've been long enough at school, he thinks. If you don't like his kind of life after a year or two then you may come back to Lester; he won't stand in your way.' Here the honest farmer looked searchingly into the bright young face before him, upon which conflicting emotions might already be seen, as a new and unexpected future opened up before him.

Ben Armitage had lived at Lester with the kind farmer John Lee, and his wife, since he was a little fellow of four years, and had been brought by the stage-coach one cold evening late in autumn, and handed down like a large parcel at the gate of Mount Pleasant. Very weary, cold, and hungry, was the little boy on that occasion, but all his life long he would never forget the warmth of his reception in his new home. He was kissed and comforted, fed and warmed, by kind Mrs. Lee, who took him at once to her motherly heart, while her little twin girls, Bessie and Agatha, smiled from behind their mother's gown with delight as they saw the arrival of their little companion.

Ben had called Mr. Lee uncle, but he was in truth no relation at all to the friends who had cared for him during his childhood. But here we must go back for a little, and say a word about Ben's parents in order that our readers may understand the present position of the story.

Mr. Armitage, Ben's father, was an Englishman who in his early days at home had been rather unsteady. At school he had idled his time, broken every rule, given and received many black eyes, and been altogether so rebellious that he had been at last expelled. After this disgrace—as he would not settle to any occupation at home—he was shipped off to America, where he at first wandered about, at last settling down at New Orleans, where he found employment in the export trade. Soon, however, he was prostrated by yellow fever, and on his recovery from this illness he found letters awaiting him which told of the death of both his parents and of his own accession to a considerable patrimony. Sobered and saddened by his severe sickness and by these bereavements, but with no intention of going to England, which he hated, Mr. Armitage left New Orleans on a tour through the country, in hope of recovering health and strength. In the course of his wanderings he reached Lester, where he formed a friendship for John Lee and his wife, and where he remained for some time. Here he also made the acquaintance of a beautiful orphan girl who was living in the clergyman's family. She was somewhat beneath him in station, but as good as she was beautiful, and she charmed the heart of the young man, who, having no one to consult but himself, speedily married her, and took her away to New Orleans.

For the next four years Mr. Armitage was a happier man, and led a more settled life than he had ever done before; but at the end of that time his poor young wife was removed by death, leaving him one child of three years old—little Ben, whose adventures we are now to follow. A child of this age was, of course, an inconvenient charge to such a restless rover as Mr. Armitage, and he speedily proposed to John Lee that his little boy should go to Lester, and spend his childhood under the kind care of the good farmer and his wife.

This arrangement was carried out, and Ben, as we have seen, had spent ten years at Mount Pleasant, treated as kindly and trained as carefully as Bessie and Agatha, the two little daughters of the house. But the letter came at last which summoned the lad back to his father. And now we resume our story where we left off.

'You will be pleased to go to your father, won't you, Ben?' said John Lee, kindly, as he noticed the flushed and excited face of the boy.

There was a breathless silence for a few minutes after this question, during which the little girls looked wistfully in their young companion's face, and tears gathered in Mrs. Lee's kind eyes.

'I will be sorry to leave you, uncle. You have all been so kind; but don't you think if my father wants me ——'

'Yes, he will go, and it is only right that he should,' interrupted the farmer. 'Wife, you may as well see about getting his traps all ready.' And so saying John Lee began to whistle, and strolling out to the cattle-yard he began to scold Mike vigorously, the truth being that the good man felt more upset than he was willing to show at the idea of parting with the bright lad who had been to him as a son for the last ten years. But he felt that the thing was inevitable, and therefore like a wise man he gulped down his trouble, and with as much calmness as he could assume he returned to the breakfast-table. Nevertheless that same night, when the labours of the day were over and the three young people were all soundly asleep, John Lee and his wife had a long and anxious talk upon the vexatious subject of Ben's departure from among them.

'I had fairly got to think that the boy might stay always with us,' said the good farmer with a sigh. 'He is a fine lad—frank, brave, and generous; and that scampish father of his won't do him any good that I know of, though, of course, I can't say that to the boy: it goes against the grain with me to warn a child against his own parent. I'd keep Ben without fee or reward; aye, and be thankful to do it, too. He has been as a son to me all these years, and now to send him away, and to Orleans too! However, he is not to go for a month or two yet, till the first touch of frost has killed off all germs of the yellow fever. But why don't you speak, wife? you're as fond of the boy as I am.'

'And don't you think I'll miss him?' said the good woman, almost in tears. 'But what can we do? A father has a right to his own child.'

'Of course, of course,' grumbled the farmer; 'but it beats me to know what Dorothy Whitmore saw in Mr. Armitage that she should have married him! He was good-looking enough I dare say, but that was the best you could say of him. A lazy fellow, and always starting off after something new. But Dorothy

"Are you talking about me, uncle?"

was just like all the rest. One never knows what a woman would be at.'

'Well, but she was happy enough with him,' said Mrs. Lee. 'And I dare say she was glad to escape from the tiresome life of a nursery-governess. The Sherwoods were as kind to her as they could be, but the children are so indulged that it must have been hard work for a delicate girl like Dorothy to attend to them all.'

'Ah, well, it is no matter now,' said the farmer. 'She's gone, poor woman! and I only wish I could keep her boy. But Ben must go, and once away I fear we will never see him more.'

'Who knows?' said his wife more hopefully; 'he loves us all, and may drift back to us some day. Well, the dear boy will be sure of a welcome. I'll promise him that, come when he may.'

(*Continued at page* 14.)

The Mail-cart.

THE MAIL-CART.

THE driver of the mail-cart between Staplehurst and Rochester had a narrow escape while on his way to Rochester last winter. When he arrived at the bottom of Blue Bell Hill, a mile from Maidstone, he drove into a deep drift, and the horse, becoming frightened, plunged further into the drift. After failing in his efforts to extricate the cart, the driver, a young man named Charles Hayes, took the mail-bags out of the cart, and tying them round his body mounted the horse, and, cutting away the traces, left the cart buried. Several times during the journey the horse fell, burying itself and its rider in deep snow. After a terrible experience of five hours in a blinding storm, Hayes rode up to Rochester Post Office and handed in the mails in safety.

THE WATCHWORD OF LIFE.

NEVER give up! it is wiser and better
Always to hope than once to despair;
Fling off the load of Doubt's cankering fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical Care.
Never give up! or the burden may sink you,
Providence kindly has mingled the cup,
And in all trials or troubles bethink you
The watchword of life must be—Never give up!

Never give up! there are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
And through the chaos high wisdom arranges
Ever success—if you'll only hope on.
Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup;
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,
Is the true watchword of—Never give up!

Never give up! though the grape-shot may rattle,
Or the thundercloud over you burst;
Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.
Never give up! if adversity presses,
Providence wisely has mingled the cup,
And the best counsel in all your distresses
Is the stout watchword of—Never give up!

A MISHAP IN THE JUNGLE.

INDIAN labourers receive such small wages that a large amount of copper coins, sixpences, and what would be considered threepenny pieces, are needed when pay-day arrives; and as planters cannot always keep sufficient of these in the house, bags of these coins, ready done up in parcels, are fetched from the nearest bank, which is sometimes twenty miles or more distant from the plantation.

As there were no roads at the time of which I write across the country where I was employed, we had to send an elephant each month for the money—not that any robbers were about, but the weight of cash would have needed half-a-dozen men to carry it—and as we had nearly six hundred people to pay we usually got out 50*l.* worth of small cash monthly. On this particular occasion I was sent with the elephant on this errand. The elephant was called Dido, and was brave and docile; she was a large animal, for an Indian one, standing over eight feet high, and bulky in proportion, and though she feared neither buffalo, tiger, or other wild beasts of the forest, for some reason or other that we never could discover she had a strange horror of dogs, and it was really ridiculous to see the fright this huge creature would exhibit if she met a stray cur. I got to the town in good time and received the bags of coin, which were packed in two long boxes and placed on the elephant's back, and in the cool of the evening I started on my return journey, jogging comfortably along reading a book.

We had reached within a mile of home, and had to take a path through a forest whose trees threw their branches so low down and quite across that we had to look out for our heads, as we ducked from side to side going through; but as I was accustomed to this I seldom came in for a knock, although Dido walked at a swifter pace than most of her kind can manage. All of a sudden, on entering a bend in the path, we came upon a village dog quietly trotting along; he was so startled at Dido's appearance that giving a yelp he tried to rush past her and so get between her legs. That was enough; with a startled scream she turned swiftly aside, bolting right in among the trees; the driver was immediately swept off, while I, to save myself from a similar tumble, clung to the nearest limb of a banian-tree about twelve feet from the ground. Dido kept on her headlong career, plunging deeply into the jungle, trumpeting and screaming alternately. Unable to retain my hold long I dropped to the ground, fortunately without injuring myself, and on regaining my feet I ran in chase of the frightened animal; but the quicker I made after her the faster she fled, until, after several bangs and thumps against the trees, the boxes burst open and away went Dido, strewing her path with money, which, scattering right and left, fell among the fallen leaves and brushwood for fully half a mile. At last she stopped and permitted me to mount, but the damage had been done—not a single halfpenny remained in either bags or boxes. Picking up the driver, who was more frightened than hurt, we soon reached home and told our story; at which the manager laughed heartily, despatching trusty men to pick up the money, which, with the exception of a trifling sum, was all recovered.

We never trusted Dido to carry treasure or anything breakable after that, and when compelled to ride her we sent a man ahead in narrow places to scare away any stray dog that might be about. Strange to say, this queer-tempered beast would allow a cat to crawl about her back without showing any fear; but dogs—no, no. O. W.

THE TELEGRAPH IN INDIA.

MR. LEUPOLDT, an Indian missionary, gives some curious proofs of the distrust with which natives first regarded the electric telegraph. On one occasion a banker's agent had absconded with a sum of money, equal to about 1000*l.*, and the theft was not found out until the culprit had obtained a start of two days. The banker went to an English resident for advice in his trouble, and was at once asked where the man was thought to have gone. Finding that Agra was the

most likely place, the gentleman advised that a telegram should be sent to that place, in order that the man might be arrested on his arrival. The banker declared this to be impossible, as no messenger could overtake the runaway. He was, however, persuaded to pay for a telegraphic message, and in two hours an answer was received, saying that the man had been arrested and nearly all the money found upon him. But the banker refused to believe the story, and thought that his misfortune was being made the subject of a jest, and went away in anger. Two days afterwards a letter arrived, confirming the news of the thief's capture, and then he was ready to marvel at the wonders of electricity.

This distrust has, of course, long given way, and natives are now found freely using the telegraph wires so widely spread over the country. A. R. B.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

1. My *first* is a thing that a tailor oft uses;
A cart cannot go when my *second* it loses;
The pauper complains that he has not my *next*,
And is deep in my *fourth*, and so sorely perplext;
My *fifth's* half amused, and that's better than weeping;
My *sixth* through a great Russian city goes creeping;
My *next* is a tree by King Solomon prized;
My *eighth* a grand virtue to which we're advised;
My *ninth's* an old weapon—not sword, shield, or lance;
My *tenth* is three fifths of the first stream in France;
My *next* brings a blush to an Austrian's face,
And my *last's* a Spring dose, very good in its place.

Arrange all these dozen as well as you can,
And the *first* letters show an effeminate man;
The *last* gives the name of a Sunday that's dear
To every good child in the Spring of the year.

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2. (1.) Add an ell to a lady's name, and your teeth will chatter as you sit beside her. What is her name?
(2.) What letter will make a lady fit for restraint?
(3.) Which two will make a chatting lady very dull?
(4.) Add one letter, and remove another, and who becomes a beauty?
(5.) Take two letters away, and what lady becomes very painful?
(6.) Who shows bad behaviour when half of her name is lost?
(7.) Take away her first letter, and place her last elsewhere, and she remains what she was before. What is her name?
(8.) Take away two letters from both ends of a lady's name, and you make a martyr of her. Who is she?
Halve the last lady mentioned, and she becomes an inhabitant of the desert. Her name, please?
(9.) Add ourselves to the end of a lady's name, and she becomes a village famous in Bible story. What is her name?
(10.) Take away the three last letters from a lady's name, and you make her a sacred song. What can it be?

[*Answers at page* 39.]

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE HERR KRUPP.

WHEN the Emperor William once visited the Essen factory he took great interest in the working of the steam hammer, and Herr Krupp spoke in high praise of the workman who had special charge of it. 'Ackermann has a sure eye,' he said, 'and can stop the falling hammer at any moment. A hand might be placed on the anvil without fear, and he would stop the hammer within a hair's breadth of it.' 'Let us try it,' said the Emperor, 'but not with a human hand; try my watch;' and he laid it, a splendid watch richly set with brilliants, on the anvil. Down came the immense mass of steel, and Ackermann, with his hand on the lever, stopped it just the sixth of an inch from the watch. When he went to hand the watch back to its owner, the Emperor replied kindly, 'No, Ackermann, keep the watch in memory of an interesting moment.' The workman, embarrassed, stood with outstretched hand, not knowing what to do. Herr Krupp came forward and took the watch, saying, 'I'll keep it for you if you are afraid to take it from his Majesty.' A few minutes later they again passed the spot, and Krupp said, 'Now you can take the Emperor's present from my hand,' and he handed to Ackermann the watch wrapped up in a thousand-mark note.

THE ROBIN.

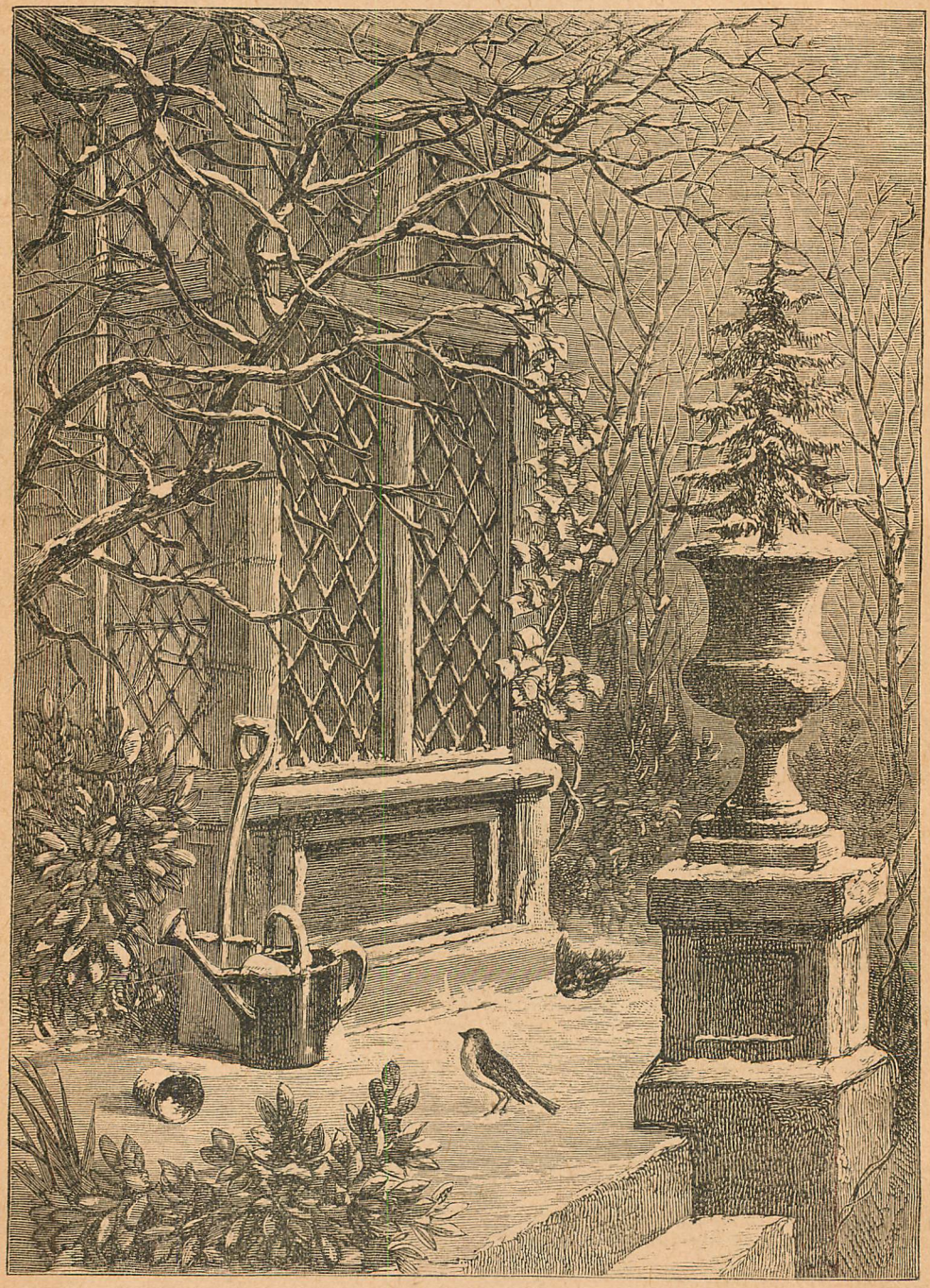
HARD by the lozenge window-panes,
When roads with snow are dumb,
My robin pipes his cheery strains,
And begs a modest crumb.
The swallow's gone to brighter skies,
Beyond the southern sea;
He may, indeed, be worldly wise,
But not the bird for me.

I cannot leave my norland home,
When autumn winds blow chill;
I cannot, as the cuckoo, roam
To any spot I will.
Here, moored my whole life long, I wait
What Heaven may please decree,
With robin for my steadfast mate—
So he's the bird for me.

When the green leaves and flowers appear,
And glad days come again,
I don't pretend to close my ear
To that same cuckoo's strain.
The swallow, too, and all his kind,
I'm always glad to see;
But still, if I may speak my mind,
They're not the birds for me.

What care I for a swallow's wings,
When Jack Frost sounds alarm?
Or how the saucy cuckoo sings,
By the far Afric palm?
When on the blast the snowstorm rides,
And shakes the leafless tree,
How dear the little bird who bides
The cruel days by me!

G. S. O.



The Robin Redbreast.

A Chop in Danger.

A CHOP IN DANGER.

WHERE'S the waiter,
Smartly drest?
Where is, too,
The hungry guest?

Chop is smoking
On the plate;
Bread and sauces
Near it wait;

Knife and fork are
Marshall'd duly;
Cloth is fine, and
Snow-white truly.

Is all ready?
No, 'tis not!
Those potatoes
Are forgot!

So the waiter
Hastes away
To repair the
Disarray.

Time elapses—
Kitchen's thronged;
Waiter fidgets—
Guest is wronged!

Who steals, sniffing,
Round the place,
With a very
Hungry face?

Who finds out
The coast is clear?
Mounts the table
Without fear?

Leaves the sauces,
Grabs the chop?
Waiter coming
Hears a flop.

Pussy flees
With hop and skip,
One taste only
On her lip.

Chop she cannot
Bear away;
Lost her treat is
For this day.

In some safe and
Darksome haven
Hides she till
She is forgiven.

Soon the little
Fracas ends;
Puss and waiter
Once more friends.

Who was worst off?
Who was best?
Puss or waiter?
Cook or guest?

G. S. O.

DOGS AS FOOD.

DOGS have not always been looked upon as the companions or servants merely of men, nor are they everywhere sure of burial after death even now. The ancient Greeks and Romans looked upon dogs' flesh as very pleasant food, and were as fond of stewed puppy as a modern Chinaman. The same taste has been found at the other end of the world, for Sir Leopold McClintock, when visiting the Sandwich Islands, had many apologies made to him at one place because they had not a single puppy to offer! In some parts of China a particular breed of dogs is in much request, and their cured hams are said to have a very delicate flavour. In Mexico, Guiana, and Australia, the same readiness to eat dogs' flesh has been found.

A. R. B.

OUR BIOGRAPHY.—No. I.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

IN these papers it is intended to give once a-month a short story of the life of some famous man, whose example may be profitable either as a spur to self-culture, or as a warning against false steps.

Let us take for this month Benjamin Franklin, who was born on January 17th, 1706, at Boston, New England. His father was a tallow-chandler, a man of prudence and frugality. As Benjamin showed promise, he was at first intended for a clergyman. But his father's means were not found sufficient for this. At ten, therefore, the lad left school, and began to help his father. But after two years of this life they were fain to apprentice him to his brother James, who was a printer at Boston. This occupation was quite to Franklin's taste. His fondness for books, especially those of a solid kind, had always been marked. Whilst working hard under his brother, he frequently sat up the greater part of a night in order to finish some book which had to be returned in the morning.

Reading led to composition, and Franklin appeared as an author both of prose and verse. His brother started a newspaper, to which Benjamin contributed with great success. About this time he read a book recommending a vegetable diet, and at once began to practise it. The money thus saved was spent, as usual, in books.

At the age of seventeen, owing to the violent temper of his brother, Franklin left Boston. Arrived at New York, no work could be found there. His next destination was Philadelphia. It was a long journey thither, and when he landed his capital amounted to a shilling in copper and a Dutch dollar. On arriving he was glad to buy threepennyworth of bread, part of which he ate as he walked, and the rest was given to a poor woman. Thus refreshed he went into a Quaker's meeting-house, and there, overcome with weariness, he slept soundly until the congregation were leaving. The next day Franklin found work. After spending some time at Philadelphia he was induced, under false pretences, to visit England. But although, when landed in London, he was almost penniless, he at once found a place. Whilst there he constantly executed all the best work of the printing office, although he was not yet twenty. He drank nothing but water, and ate very sparingly. In this way he quickly laid aside money.

After staying eighteen months in London, Franklin returned to America, and set up in business with a partner in Philadelphia. The firm prospered, for Franklin's industry was untiring. But his partner was an idle, drunken fellow, whom he soon got rid of. Business flowed in upon him, and he now married. Thus at twenty-five years of age he was a trusted citizen of that town which he entered almost penniless as a lad.

Franklin never neglected self-culture. Besides scientific studies, he acquired a good knowledge of French, Italian, Spanish, and Latin. His position in the eyes of his townsmen was shown by their making him at first Clerk to the General Assembly at Pennsylvania, and then their representative at the Assembly.

About the year 1746 Franklin began to study electricity, and six years afterwards he made the discovery which spread his fame through all civilised countries. He suspected that electricity and lightning were one and the same thing, and a simple experiment proved it to be so. A kite was raised in the air on a suitable day. A key was fastened to the end of the string, and then tied by silk to a post. Several likely clouds passed over the kite without effect. Franklin was beginning to despair, when he

saw some loose threads of the string moved as if by electricity. He applied his knuckle to the key, and at once felt the well-known shock.

One application of this discovery is the use of lightning-rods for the protection of buildings. Franklin's name now became famous anywhere, and honours poured in upon him.

During the war of the Colonies against the mother country, Franklin came to Europe as an ambassador, and his services to the States were rewarded by the post of President of the Supreme Executive Council.

Two years before his death he retired into private life, and his last year was spent in great agony under a painful disease. He died in 1790, aged eighty-four.

The fear of God, prudence, frugality, and unfailing industry, were grand traits in this man's character. The same characteristics will not make any boy into another Franklin, but they will assuredly in some degree make his life similarly happy and prosperous.

A. R. B.

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

I.—THE OLD KING DIES.

ABOUT eight miles from Paris is the town of Versailles, which was but a poor little village when a great king took a fancy to it, and built there a palace. His son was passionately fond of state and grandeur, and he resolved to add to the palace room after room, and gallery after gallery, until he had made it the most superb house in all the world. It is said the cost was so frightful that he never let any one know what the sum total amounted to, but threw the accounts into the fire. This was Louis XIV., called by Frenchmen 'Le grand Monarque.' He reigned seventy-two years, having been a mere child when called to the throne.

To this splendid palace, and to an income of thirty millions a-year, did his great grandson, Louis XV., succeed. He, too, was a child of tender years when he entered on his vast inheritance. For a time the Duke of Orleans acted as regent, but when the little King was fourteen years of age he assumed the sceptre, and in two years more he married a Polish princess.

At one time Louis was very much beloved, and got the title of 'Bien Aimé'; but he afterwards lost his people's affection, and by the time he died he was utterly despised, if not detested. Everything seemed to be going to rack and ruin. The French armies were defeated, their colonies fell into the hands of England, their navy suffered great losses, their commerce was all but ruined. Therefore the French people felt disgraced, and many of them believed all these evils were greatly owing to the idleness and bad management of their pleasure-loving and careless king.

At length, one year, it was in the pleasant May time, Louis fell sick of small-pox. He was at once put to bed, and the doctors came to see him, but from the first they looked with grave anxiety on the ailing man. His three daughters, whom he had nicknamed Rag, Snip, and Pig, waited on him dutifully, though the terrible disease turned everybody sick who came near the bed. The stench was carried far into the palace, but there the princesses remained until the end came. They had a fourth sister, nicknamed Dud, but she was in a nunnery, and so could not wait upon her dying father.

So Louis, once the 'well beloved,' lay a-dying at last. Twice before he had been near death. Once at Metz he was very very ill and prayers ascended in every church for his recovery; and at another time he almost perished under the knife of an assassin named Damiens, who leaped on the carriage step and stabbed the King in the side. But now Death had come to him in earnest, and Louis was never more to smell the roses in the glorious gardens of Versailles, nor was he ever more to watch the wonderful fountains play, nor to hunt in the pleasant forest. Death had called for him at last, and he must go. When he felt himself sinking into the grave he sent for the sacrament, and it was given him by Cardinal Roche Aymon. Many ministers of religion were praying incessantly in the chapel below for the King's recovery. Whilst the dauphin (afterwards Louis XVI.), his queen, and many of the courtiers were present at one of these services, the May skies were darkened by a sudden thunderstorm, and the rattling peals drowned the sound of the chants and prayers. The tempest rolled away, and soon after the old King breathed his last.

Whilst he was in his death agonies, the dauphin and his wife and others were standing ready to leave Versailles at a moment's notice. The horses were yoked to the carriages, and the postillions in their churn boots were standing by; all were ready for an instant start. At length the dauphin and Marie Antoinette heard a noise like the sound of distant thunder; it came nearer and nearer, and very soon the door of the apartment flew open, and all the courtiers crowded in, each wishing to outstrip the other in saluting the new majesties of France.

The young couple, it is said, fell on their knees and asked God to help them to rule, for they were so young and knew not how. It was a pious deed, and we cannot but grieve as we see them, full of youth and hope and prosperity, beginning that course which so soon afterwards ended in disaster and death.

It seems strange to us that Louis did not remain at Versailles and follow his grandfather to the grave. Wicked as he was, the old King might at least have had a decent funeral. As for the young King, he and his brilliant court did not remain an hour, but stepped into their carriages and were driven away at a rapid rate to Choicy. Meanwhile, the dishonoured body of the late monarch, now a mass of putrefying sores, was tumbled hastily into a coffin of lead, which was well supplied with spirits of wine. The coffin was then carried rapidly away by torchlight to St. Denys, where the Kings of France had a burial-place. As the funeral procession passed through Paris, many were the bitter things said of him who was gone.

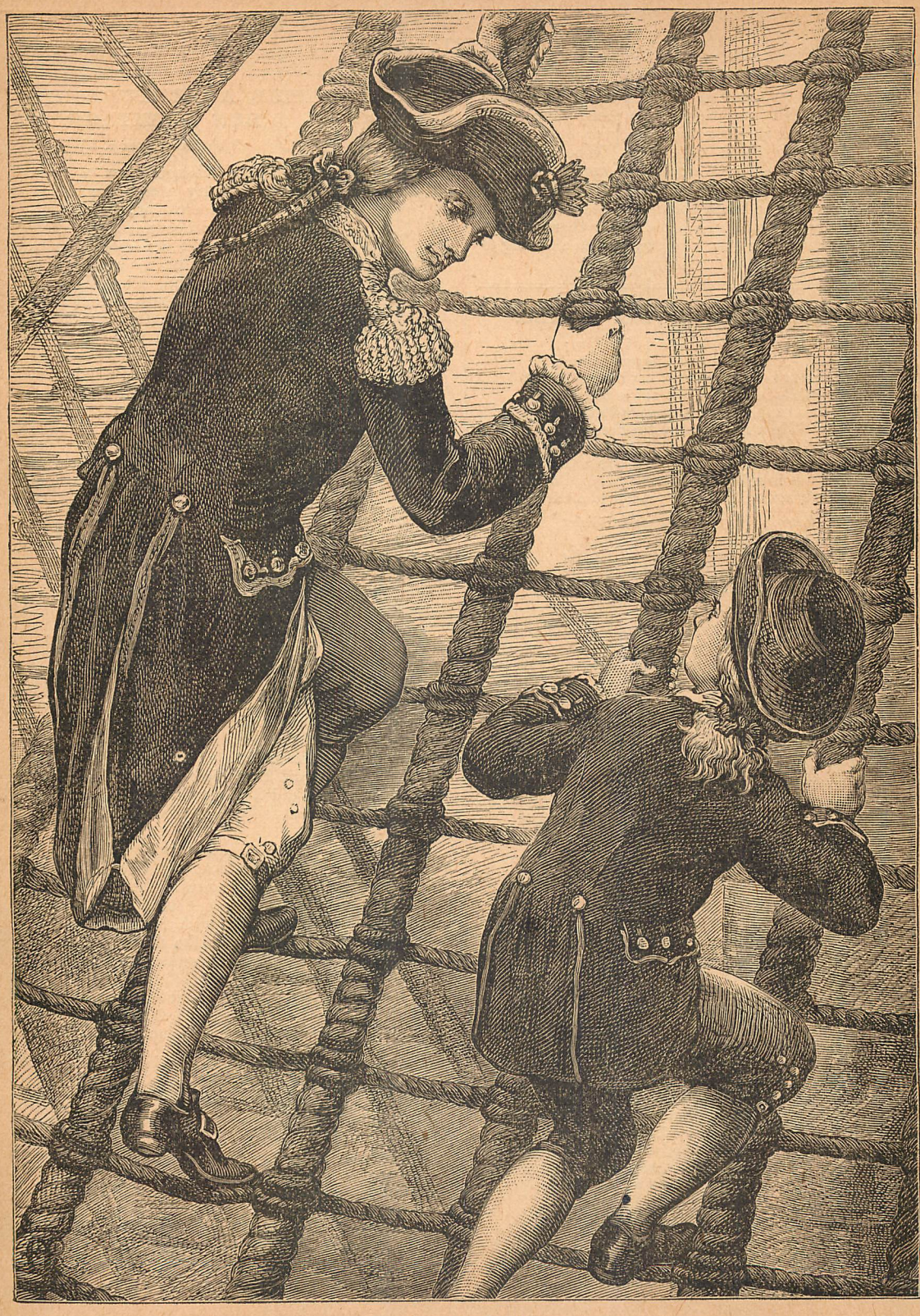
The Young King and Queen "fell on their knees and asked God to help them."

The curious people stood in two rows to witness the dismal sight pass them at a quick trot.

Ten years of peace followed the accession of Louis XVI.; but he and his government had been meanwhile getting deeper and deeper into debt and discredit, and they were at length obliged, by sheer want of money, to call together a parliament, called the States-General, which had not met for upwards of a hundred and fifty years. G. S. O.

NELSON'S MIDSHIPMEN.

LORD NELSON was most careful and kind in his training of the midshipmen under his charge. It may well be supposed, that among thirty boys some would be found who were timid, as well as many who were bold. He never rebuked the timid, but always wished to show them that he desired nothing which he would not instantly do himself.



Nelson and the Midshipman.

He would say to one, 'Well, sir, I am going a race to the masthead, and beg I may meet you there.' No denial could be given, and the poor little fellow would at once begin to climb. When Captain Nelson got to the top, he would not appear to notice how the midshipman had managed his task, but would speak in the most cheerful tones to him, and say, 'I pity any one who could fancy there is anything dangerous, or even disagreeable, in climbing to the masthead.'

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

3. My *first* is in Bacon, but never in Ham;
My *second's* in Marmalade, never in Jam;
My *third* is in Football, but not in the Game;
My *fourth* is in Bristol, yet not in the same;
My *fifth's* in the Emmet, but not in the Ant;
My *sixth's* in a Fern-leaf, yet never in Plant;
My *next's* in the Billow, but not in the Wave;
My *eighth's* in no Coffin, but still in a Grave;
My *ninth's* in a Walnut-tree, not in the Stem;
My *last's* in the Diamond, yet not in a Gem.

These letters ten bring one to light,
A widow's son, who, all forlorn,
In garret mean could sweetly write
Of valleys standing thick with corn.

4. Place these words one below the other, eighteen in all, and if you select them prudently, the first letters, read from top to bottom, will reveal two Englishmen. One great in his mechanical powers, the other famous for his musical compositions.

(1.) A dirty person.
(2.) A people much heard of lately.
(3.) A famous but unfortunate lover.
(4.) A bundle of paper.
(5.) Another name for a thought.
(6.) That which saved the world.
(7.) Two laughs.
(8.) With a needle, in the Latin language.
(9.) Half a duck.
(10.) A whole animal.
(11.) A smaller one.
(12.) One third dead.
(13.) Man's better half, so they say.
(14.) Earth's sweetest flower.
(15.) A mountain where the gods used to live.
(16.) A barn.
(17.) Chanticleer's wife.
(18.) What every real hero is.

5. In my Shoulder my *first* is, but not in my Limbs;
My *next's* in the Organ, but not in the Hymns;
My *third's* in the Bantam, but not in the Chicks;
My *fourth* in Half-dozen is, never in Six;
My *fifth's* in a Soldier, yet not in his Gun;
My *sixth* in All Living, but not in one Son;
My *next's* in Glass Inkstand, but is not in Glass;
My *eighth's* not in Woman, yet always in Lass;
My *ninth* is in Metal, but never in Earth;
My *last* is in Laughter, but is not in Mirth.

You'll find, if these you duly range in place,
A jovial, careless squire
Of merry Warwickshire,
Who wrote a hunting poem called the *Chase*.

[*Answers at page* 39.]

THE ADVENTURES OF BEN ARMITAGE.

(*Continued from p.* 4.)

THE change from a quiet country place like Lester to a crowded, busy, commercial centre such as New Orleans, was certain to be delightful to a lad like Ben, who, after his long journey south, found himself at length comfortably laid in bed in a well-appointed apartment of one of the handsome city hotels. Wearied as he was with the unwonted fatigue of travelling, the boy slept soundly the next morning till a late hour, when he was aroused by a knock at his door and the unceremonious entrance of a pleasant-looking old negress, with a gay turban on her head and a crimson kerchief pinned over her neck.

'Hi, young massa,' she said, 'you be lazybones to-day; breakfast is all waiting. But p'raps young massa want it fetched up here?'

'No, no,' cried Ben, springing up in bed and rubbing his eyes; 'tell my father I shall be downstairs directly.'

'Now, don't you hurry you self, young massa; you just joy you self the way you like best. Ole Aunt Chloe will fetch up something good for you, and you stay in bed and rest you self.'

But Ben would by no means consent to the proposal of the kind old negress. He jumped out of bed, got into his clothes as quickly as possible, and ran downstairs in search of his father.

But now, what did Ben think of his father? and with what feelings did Mr. Armitage look upon his son? Were they mutually pleased with each other, or the contrary?

Well, Ben saw a tall thin man, with a keen eye, and a restless expression of face, who shook him, not unkindly, by the hand, and bade him welcome to New Orleans; while the father's eye took note of the frank-faced, well-grown lad, with honest eyes, and who seemed well pleased to make the acquaintance of a father who, as yet, had seemed to care very little about his boy.

As Ben appeared at the hotel breakfast-table that first morning after his arrival, he found his father and two or three other men with maps and charts laid out on the table before them, in full discussion over some very engrossing subject.

'Come along, Ben,' said Mr. Armitage; 'eat your breakfast, and then go out and look about you. I am very busy to-day; but see that you return here in time for dinner.'

And so Ben found himself free to do what he liked for a few hours at least. The sights and sounds of New Orleans were so strange to the country-bred boy, that he could have walked about the streets all day, and never felt weary of merely staring about him; the forests of masts amid the crowded shipping, that seemed to be anchored close up to the pavement; the astonishing number of negroes; the

good-humoured chattering in half-a-dozen various languages, in which, however, French seemed always to be uppermost; the beautiful embankment, built to prevent the river overflowing the city;—all these and a hundred other things attracted his attention.

But a word or two about New Orleans may not be uninteresting.

The Crescent City (so called from its peculiar shape) is situated on the great river, the Mississippi, about ninety-five miles from its mouth, and owing to its situation it forms the great outlet for all the produce, cotton, sugar, &c., of the various countries watered by this river and its tributaries. The city stands on a wide flat, four feet below the level of high-water mark, and if it were not for the great embankment the river would immediately overflow the city. Adjacent swamps render the city extremely unhealthy in summer, when it frequently suffers from violent outbreaks of yellow fever. The approach to New Orleans, particularly at early morn, is strikingly romantic. As the train nears the city it plunges into the swamps, where, for many a mile, its progress is by the side of stagnant creeks and great pools of dark brown water fringed by dense jungle, where the frogs, by their continual croaking, seem to be holding high holiday. Again it glides into the forest itself. Here each tree is hanging with a peculiar mossy vegetation resembling lichen, which embraces everything like an unwholesome mantle, hanging in festoons upon the branches, winding round the trunks, fluttering in the chill damp morning air, till at last the traveller, moist and clammy, suddenly arrives at the railway station, and in another moment finds himself in the midst of the life and bustle of the Crescent City. And what a sight it is which meets his eye! He is turned out of the train on the embankment, where on every side of him there is a labyrinth of sugar hogsheads, cotton bales, coffee bags, barrels of flour or pork, while his ears are deafened by the street calls of negro boys and hackmen, the jingling bells, the rattling of cars, and the rumbling of heavy drays on their way to the various steamers, laden with all the rich products of Louisiana. Truly a visit to the harbour of New Orleans is an experience not soon to be forgotten. But of all the sights of this interesting city perhaps Canal Street stands unrivalled. It is the fashionable promenade, especially on Sundays after church-time, when fair ladies and negro damsels, all as gay as butterflies, are flitting about in all directions. The street is nearly two hundred feet wide, bordered by rows of fine trees, while handsome private houses, with airy verandas and beautiful gardens, line it on either side.

New Orleans was founded by the French in 1717, and transferred to Spain in 1769. After various vicissitudes it passed into the hands of America in 1803. On January 8th, 1815, was fought the battle of New Orleans between Britain and America, when the British were defeated with great loss. The American General, General Jackson, now the hero of New Orleans, has had a bronze equestrian statue erected in his honour, which stands in the beautiful square which goes by his name. It would be tedious even to mention all the fine public buildings of New Orleans, but one peculiarity of the city must be alluded to before we pass from the subject altogether. Owing to its low-lying situation it has been found impossible to adopt underground burial; when this has been attempted, the coffins have been washed out of their graves during an inundation of the river. The dead are therefore buried in tombs built of bricks, rising tier above tier to the height of three stories, each coffin space being arched over. Thus a New Orleans cemetery, we may well believe, presents peculiarities not seen in any other part of the world.

But all this time we have left our friend Ben Armitage wandering about, amusing himself with the various strange sights, and it is now time that we should resume his history.

He had spent several days in this idle manner, and had grown somewhat weary of it, wondering if he was to go to school, or if his father intended giving him anything definite to do. One day, however, as he was leaving the hotel as usual for a stroll about the city, Mr. Armitage called him back.

'Stay a moment, Ben; I want to talk to you. Come, let us take a turn in Jackson Square.' And father and son slowly proceeded on their way.

'Well, my boy,' resumed Mr. Armitage, 'what do you think of New Orleans? Would you like to live here always?'

'It is very amusing, father,' replied Ben; 'but I have seen a good deal of it now. I should like something to do; I am tired of being idle.'

'And were you very busy at Lester, Ben?' said Mr. Armitage. 'Come now, tell me how you spent your time in that dead-alive place?'

'I went to school,' said Ben. 'I took two prizes last fall, and I helped a little on the farm, and went out sleighing in winter-time with uncle and the girls. Oh, father, I was very happy there!' And poor Ben sighed; these happy days seemed now to be so long ago.

'I dare say you were well cared for, Ben,' said Mr. Armitage. 'John Lee was always a good fellow, a far better man than I have been; but now I want to explain my position to you. You are a tall fellow for your age, Ben, and I think you are a sensible fellow, too, and can take a reasonable view of things. I must leave New Orleans, Ben; I have lost a deal of money through a rascal who—— But I need not tell you about it; you would not understand it. But had I known of it earlier, I would not have sent for you at all; I would have left you for other two years at least with your kind friends in Lester; but the intelligence of these losses only came to me the day before you arrived, when, of course, it was too late to prevent you coming. So now, Ben, do you feel inclined to wander about the world with me (I am disgusted with trade, and do not think I shall ever settle to it again), or would you rather go back to Mount Pleasant? Think it well over, my boy, before you decide.'

'Oh, father, of course I should like to go with you!' cried Ben, with enthusiasm. 'But you have not told me yet what your plans are, or where you are going.'

(*Continued at page* 22.)

"Hi, young Massa, you be lazy-bones to-day!"

A Desperate Mother.—By Harrison Weir.

A DESPERATE MOTHER.

ON the 3rd September I was digging in my garden a choice sort of potato. The tubers were large, and I had to delve well below the roots to raise them uninjured. Noticing one particularly promising plant, I drove in the fork to the shaft, and threw out a large mouse and six young ones. The mother was dazed and frightened, and I could easily have killed her and her progeny at a stroke. I did not; and herein I have for ever forfeited the respect of my gardener, who is a sworn enemy to mice. I drew back, and allowed the old mouse in a leisurely way to walk off to the shelter of a neighbouring gooseberry-tree. The young ones were kicking about among the potatoes, like so many tiny kittens. What was to be done with them? Happy thought! put them in a basin, and leave them for the mother to visit and feed. I picked them up, the warm, downy, and exquisitely clean little creatures, and placed them, with the remains of their shattered nest, in the basin, and I put it full in the sunshine.

Meantime the mother had been watching every movement on my part. Her long ears quivered with terror, her eyes glistened like jewels, and she was an object to move the coldest heart. At any rate, she moved mine. I stood still. Presently, out ran the mother; tripping lightly over the clods, and sniffing right and left, she came to the basin, ran round it, looked, and jumped in. 'Now,' thought I, 'to secure the whole family!' But ere I moved two paces, out came the mouse, bearing in her mouth one of her children. In her agitation she dropped it, but she returned and recovered the kicking ball of velvet, and bore it safely off to a row of cabbages, twenty feet away. 'Will she return?' I asked myself. Mouse answered the question. She came tripping back, and carried off another child. I called the members of my household to see this exhibition of true maternal instinct. By this time she had grown so confident, I believe I could have caught her. She at last carried off the sixth. 'Now,' I said, 'will she return to satisfy herself that she has not miscalculated?' We waited—she did not reappear, and we cried, 'Oh, wondrous instinct—how near to reason!'

I had sent a child to watch where the mouse deposited her young ones, and when the work of removal was complete I went and found the six tiny things nestling cosily beneath a tuft of grass. Six yards off was their brave mother, plying feet and nose in burrowing a new home for her family. I let them alone; and if there be in mice as much gratitude as there is sagacity, my peas next spring will enjoy an unwonted immunity from assault.

F. G. Baylis, in the *Animal World*.

A NIGHT ALARM.

TWO companions and myself encamped once on the banks of a beautiful mountain stream in North India for a week's fishing and shooting in the neighbourhood. The stream flowed from a gap in the mountains, and tumbled into the plain over a rapid, in front of which our tents were pitched, while the jungle, a few hundred yards behind, was full of birds and the gorgeous flowers and foliage of a tropical forest. We enjoyed our trip immensely, and as there was a large village on the opposite side of the stream we thought that wild animals would keep their distance. But the morning before that on which we intended leaving, one of my friends, who had been out for an early stroll, came hastily into the tent and beckoned me to follow him. Leading the way behind the camp, close up to the tent ropes, he pointed to the ground, where fresh footprints in the sand showed that a tiger had prowled round the previous night within a few feet of our heads as we all unconsciously had been sleeping. Not wishing to alarm the servants, who would not have remained another minute had they seen the marks, we scraped sand over the latter, and agreed to keep watch and watch for the remaining night.

As darkness set in we loaded all the guns, and kept the lamp burning brightly, I taking the first watch from ten o'clock till twelve. Nothing took place up to that time, so I awoke one of the others and was soon fast asleep. But about two o'clock the watcher shook me, and whispered, 'Here he is!' Up we jumped, seized our guns, and stood listening to find out in which direction our undesirable visitor was; then came a bump up against the tent-ropes outside, so heavy and sudden that the lamp was upset, and we rushed out, with guns full cocked, to find that the cause of our alarm was a harmless village cow that had strayed across the stream and got her legs entangled in the tent ropes. O. W.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

6. There are in the following simple sentences in italics many buried sons of Neptune—great sailors, who navigated the stormy ocean, and earned undying fame by their bravery in action or their enterprising voyages. Please unearth these worthies, if you can.

Wherever his legions *trod, Ney*, the great French Marshal, *was often able to win terrible* victories, and always able to show his soldiers how to behave well. He was, indeed, a brave general, *but blighted by ill fate. When war rends nations asunder*, what is to bar them from crossing swords? So much of my theme had I written, when I saw Ned come by, hanging down his head. '*Ulloa! a fine fellow you are!*' said I; 'however did you get out so soon?' 'Why,' said he, '*Ben bowled me a yorker*, and it took my leg stump.' *Then I thought how arduous a task our captain had got.* I'll wager anything he will get a licking. Our fellows are fools, I think. *There is that stupid Kit romping on the grass instead of fielding. And I saw Jo nesting as I came along. He is as slow as old Parr, you know. Then that master of ours is a soft man. Sonnets he can write*, such as they are, but he can't play. *He is ever nonsensical*, I think; and though his uncle, they say, *is a man of rank, linnets and thrushes are all he cares about. I am either mad, or I am a Dutchman, if Jo did not once shove lots of liver into his mouth uncooked. and his pet hawk insisted on breaking all my eggs*, some of which are worth a penny a-piece.

[*Answers at page* 39.]

A DAY IN THE SWAMP.

THE expedition which Philip Graham and I had undertaken, namely, to visit and explore a certain wild district on a tributary of the Amazon river, had not been by any means an expedition of mere pleasure-seeking, rather had it involved much labour and fatigue, with many disappointments and actual bodily suffering. Still we enjoyed it, both of us being fond of a free, wild life, while the flowers of the district had especial charms for me; Phil, on the contrary, bestowing most of his attention upon the various reptiles and insects which abound in these tropical regions.

Of course we were well armed and had several trustworthy native and half-caste servants; one of the latter, named Ricardo, being an especially useful man in every department, besides being a first-rate guide through the mazes of the forest and the no less intricate swamps. On one occasion we almost lost our lives in a swamp; indeed, had it not been for Ricardo, we would most certainly have come to grief in that deadly and most dangerous quagmire. It happened as follows:—

Our path had lain for two or three days through the wonderful tropical vegetation, the forest forming quite a canopy over our heads. Bush-ropes and creepers flung their garlands of gay flowers all around, filling the air with sweetest odours; countless gay-plumaged birds were on the wing, while, now and then, a vulture went screeching through the woods in search of his loathsome prey. But quite suddenly we came to the verge of a swamp, which to our eyes seemed interminable. 'How now, Ricardo?' we exclaimed; 'is there any beaten path or road through this swamp?'

'A path!' exclaimed Ricardo, with a grin, 'not likely; if you gentlemen want a beaten path we had better skirt round the edge of the swamp, it will only make a difference of five miles or so.'

But we were terribly tired, and had no wish to extend our walk needlessly; so a halt was called.

'Is it possible to go through the swamp, Ricardo?' we asked. 'You ought to know.'

'Quite possible for me,' replied our guide, 'but I doubt if gentlemen like you could do it; you would not like to be drowned in a mud-hole!'

Well, we gazed into the gloomy depths before us, and it must be confessed that the more we looked the less we liked it; but the scornful look on Ricardo's face roused our pride.

'Whatever you can do, we can do,' said Phil, loftily; 'and I propose that we begin this new experience without further delay.'

Well, of course, Ricardo went first, after having supplied himself with a lighted torch, and desired us to follow him step by step, as lightly and cautiously as though treading on eggs. We had not gone far before we discovered the use of the torch; the great trees spread out gloomily above our heads, in some places covering the whole morass with an impenetrable roof, through which not even a sunbeam could find a passage. The further we went the thicker became the air, while the smell from decaying vegetation was so stifling that our torch burnt dim, and more than once threatened to go out. 'Keep close to me,' whispered our guide, looking back, 'but make yourselves light! Holla!' he added, abruptly addressing José, another of our half-caste servants; 'what's come to you, man? don't you know a sixteen-foot alligator from a tree?'

For José had stretched out his foot, but fortunately, before setting it down, had poked what he took for a log with the butt of his gun. The supposed block of wood gave way a little, and the horrified José, throwing himself backwards, was within an ace of pushing Phil into the swamp.

'What on earth is the matter?' growled my friend, who began to feel rather nervous; 'can't you take care what you are about?'

'What is wrong?' said I, turning to Ricardo.

'Nothing very great,' said he coolly, while drawing his knife from his sheath; 'only an alligator. There it is again!' And in the place of the log, which had disappeared, the jaws of a huge alligator gaped before us. I raised my gun to my shoulder.

'Don't fire,' said Ricardo, 'this will do as well, or better;' and stooping down, he drove his long knife into the monster's eye. It gave a frightful howl, and lashed violently with its tail, besprinkling us all with the slimy mud of the swamp. Again and again did Ricardo stab and thrust at his fierce antagonist, while it writhed and snapped furiously at him; but the death-blow was given at last, and wiping his knife, Ricardo stuck it in his belt, and looked keenly around him. 'We had best get out of this as quickly as possible,' he said. 'Why, look at that pool there!'

I turned my head and looked in the direction indicated, but grew giddy in a moment, while a strong shudder came over me; the pool, which seemed to be a bottomless chasm of the foulest mud, was literally swarming with snakes, some of them the deadliest of American reptiles.

'Come on,' shouted Ricardo again; 'don't touch them, and they won't touch you: but let us get out of this; follow me closely.'

Well, we did follow closely, pushing on slowly, but steadily, over creeping plants and mosses, through lakes of black mud, stepping on the branches and trunks of trees which were scattered about it. It was a horrible experience, but after about an hour of careful journeying we came to a more solid piece of ground, and our troubles seemed about over.

'Take care what you are about,' shouted Ricardo, as in my eagerness I hastened on, and got a little in front of the party. The warning came too late. I had stepped on a rolling log, which, turning over, I immediately sunk up to the armpits in the swamp, and would have been over the head in five minutes more, had our guide not dragged me out by the hair of the head.

'Take a swallow of this,' said he, holding his flask to my mouth, 'and next time you are in a swamp don't try to lead, but be content to follow; swamps don't seem to suit the British constitution.'

With this opinion of Ricardo I most heartily

A Day in the Swamp.

agreed, and as we were out of the morass in ten minutes after this, a fire was lighted and my mud-stained garments thoroughly cleaned and dried.

But our day's experiences were not over yet. Phil, who was helping to gather brushwood for our fire, hearing a strange, hissing noise, turned suddenly round, and found himself face to face with a monstrous snake curled about the branch of a tree, right overhead.

'Don't be afraid,' cried José, coming forward, 'it is not venomous; it is a boa, and not a large one either; they are easily killed,' and so saying, he struck the formidable-looking creature a smart blow on the neck with a stout cudgel, when the head fell limp, the hissing ceased, and coolly untwisting the body from among the branches, José rapidly skinned the boa, and handed it to Phil as a memento of our day's proceedings. Many other days did we spend together in these wonderful regions; but never were so many adventures crowded together as on the day that we persisted in crossing, instead of going round the swamp. D. B. M. K.

SOLD FOR THREE SHILLINGS.

THE little girl whose picture we give is the subject of a sad story. Her own father sold her for three shillings to one of his 'mates' in a public-house.

This man took the child home, but his wife would not have his bargain. She was sent to the Workhouse, and from there she came to Miss Rye's School-home in Peckham, where I saw her, looking quite bright and happy amongst about thirty little companions.

She is now in Canada, where she has another home near the great Niagara Falls. There some farmer or tradesman, who has no children of his own, or whose own children have grown up and left their father's house, will pick out this little girl and take her home to his wife, who will be very glad to receive her; and I dare say they will get so fond of her that she will feel they would not sell her 'for millions and millions,' though once in England she was 'sold for three shillings.'

THE ADVENTURES OF BEN ARMITAGE.

(*Continued from page* 15.)

'H, don't be too inquisitive, Ben!' said his father, lightly. 'If you mean to go with me, you go as a boy, not as a man; a boy to follow my lead, and to ask no questions. I may tell you, however, that we go first by rail straight to Chicago, where I have some business matters to arrange; after that we shall turn to the west, probably we shall winter in a log-cabin in the woods, and join company with the fur-trappers of these regions. Who can say? All I know is that civilisation is not for me. But don't you come unless you are prepared to rough it a little. Perhaps, after all, you are too young to go with only men for your companions; you have been used to a home with women and girls. Ben, my boy, you would be more comfortable by far at Lester.'

'Oh, no, no, father!' said the boy eagerly. 'I certainly wish to go with you. I am quite hardy, and I shall ask no questions, as you desire.'

'Very well then,' said Mr. Armitage; 'it is a bargain. You come with us, and you give no trouble; and I will see that you share and share alike with the men of our party, and are not "put upon" by any one. And now, my boy, to change the subject, how would you like if I were to give you a gold watch?'

'A watch, father! and a gold one!' Ben's cheeks fairly glowed at the very idea of such magnificence. What would Bessie say, and Agatha, if they heard that he was the possessor of such a treasure as a real gold watch? And above all, what would Charlie Gordon say—Charlie his school-companion and friend? 'Oh, father,' he said, 'I should like it so much!'

Mr. Armitage stood still for a moment, while he drew from his pocket a tiny morocco case, which he opened. 'Ben,' he said, almost solemnly, 'it was your mother's watch—your dear, dead mother, the only woman I ever loved. Ah, if she had lived, I might have been a better man than I am now; for, Ben, I am not a good man like John Lee. I could not live his humdrum life. I am an idle, restless, and perhaps an unscrupulous fellow. Don't look to me for a good example, my boy.'

'But, father,' said Ben, softly, 'uncle says it is never too late to mend.'

'Ah, well, I am glad you think so, Ben; follow the counsels you have received from John Lee and you won't go far wrong. But leave me alone, my lad. I am an old bird now, and must just fly with my own wings. But about this watch. Look at it, Ben; can you read the inscription written within the case?'

Ben took the pretty little timepiece in his hand, and slowly read: 'To D. W., from her loving father C. W., with his best blessing.' He then turned the watch round and round in his hand, admiring the richly chased back and the beautiful chain to which it was suspended. 'And is it really to be my own, father?' he asked, almost timidly.

'Yes, Ben; your very own. You know little of your mother, my lad, and now that we are talking about her I may as well give you a little sketch of her history. Her father, Claude Whitmore, was in no very exalted position of life, although he was a well-to-do and highly respected man; a spice merchant in Liverpool. He was in easy circumstances, yet he cared nothing for show, but he just lived quietly above his shop, with his one son and daughter, his wife having died while the two children were young. Never were two children so unlike: my Dorothy was the darling of his heart, and deserved to be so, for she was unselfish and loving; but Joseph, two years older than his sister, was mean and suspicious by nature, cold-hearted, and apparently with no love for any one but himself. Observing his father's affection for Dorothy his jealousy was strongly excited, imagining that she desired to secure to herself a larger inheritance than would justly fall to her share. In this thought he greatly injured his sister, who was an angel of goodness; but you see, Ben, he judged her by his own narrow heart. Well, my boy, your grandfather became bankrupt, quite unexpectedly, and not by any fault of his own. It was a terrible blow to the upright and honourable man, and his health gave way under it. He died, holding his dear daughter by the hand, and begging her not to hate his memory, though he was leaving her a penniless orphan. "But Joseph will take care of you—oh, surely he will!" said the dying man. "Send for Joseph." And as speedily as possible the son was brought to the couch of his stricken father; but it was too late for words or promises to pass between them. The old man was speechless, and all he could do was to place his girl's hand in the cold clasp of her brother, while he uttered a piteous moan, which seemed to say, "Oh, love her, and care for her as you value my blessing!" But no words came, and even as brother and sister stood there, hand in hand before him, the old merchant quietly passed away.

'Only a few days, however, elapsed, before Dorothy learned all that her brother intended to do for her. She had received an invitation from Mrs. Sherwood, a friend of her mother, to go to them at Lester. Joseph desired her to accept this invitation; he then paid her passage and shipped her off, with ten pounds in her pocket, to sink or swim in the great whirlpool of life, just as might happen. The truth was, he was about to be married himself, and looking forward to the increased expenses of his household, he had no intention of adding to these by charging himself with the maintenance of his young sister.

'Poor Dorothy, nearly broken-hearted at her bereavement and the terrible change in her circumstances, made no remonstrance, but sailed for New York, and from thence proceeded to Lester, where she was kindly received by the Sherwood family, who, speedily recognising her worth, retained her as governess to their children for four years; indeed, until I made her my wife and took her away to New Orleans.

'And now, Ben, I have told you your family history. Your Uncle Joseph is, I believe, still alive—

and a rich man. I doubt, however, if he is a happy one; his wife was no comfort to him, being peevish and irritable: indeed, I believe they separated by mutual consent about a year after marriage, each declaring that life was an intolerable burden while together. Your uncle afterwards lived entirely alone, save for an old man-servant who waited upon him, no woman being permitted to enter the house. He must be a rich man though,' continued Mr. Armitage, musingly. 'And you, Ben, are his proper heir. I wonder if he knew of your birth, if —— But no, there is no use of speculating what an old curmudgeon like Joseph may do; he is very superstitious, and as likely as not may leave all his money to found some church or hospital, hoping thereby to save his miserable soul.' And Mr. Armitage laughed bitterly.

Ben looked at his father timidly as he heard these words, and Mr. Armitage could not but observe the glance. 'I dare say,' he continued, 'you are almost shocked at me, Ben. You have been well instructed, I suppose, in religion? you have been told about God, and all that sort of thing?'

'Oh, yes, father!' cried the boy. 'We always went to church and Sunday school. Uncle and aunt are so good, father!'

'Well, my lad, let me again say to you, follow the teaching you have received, and be thankful for it. It must be a happy thing to feel that one has a Father and a Friend up above, but it is too late for me. No, no, Ben; say no more about it. Here we are at the hotel; now you must pack up all your possessions, and see that you leave nothing behind; we must start to-morrow by the mid-day train.'

As Ben slowly and somewhat awkwardly packed his books and clothes, his young mind was occupied with many bewildering thoughts. He was very young, and had never, as yet, met with any one but sober-minded country-folk who went to church and strove to do their duty as they best knew how to God and to their neighbours; but his father was not at all like these friends of his youth. Why was he so restless? Why did he never go to church? And, above all things, if he really thought that to be a believer was best and happiest, why did he not seek to attain to this state of mind? But questions such as these are problems that have puzzled wiser heads than Ben's, and we need not wonder that he soon gave up speculating about them, and turned his thoughts to the future with a boy's bright anticipations of the happiness to be found in a wild, free, roving life. Oh, how he wished Charlie Gordon could have been with him! for it must be confessed that Ben was longing greatly for the companionship of some one of his own age; but we cannot have everything exactly as we wish it in this world, and so Ben crept in beneath his mosquito curtain, and was soon fast asleep. His last night in the hotel of New Orleans.

The long railway journey now undertaken by Mr. Armitage and his son was at first very interesting to Ben, though after a while it grew wearisome, so that he was not sorry to find himself at length in the city of Chicago, that wonderful city, which in 1831 was nothing but an Indian trading-post, while at the time of Ben's visit to it, it had grown to a population of 112,000. The cause of this wonderful prosperity is the great facility it possesses for the grain and lumber trade, while its traffic in pork alone makes it one of the wonders of the world. Chicago is beautifully situated on the shores of Lake Michigan, whose sparkling waters yield abundance of fine fish as well as supply the inhabitants with an inexhaustible volume of water, which now is conveyed to the city through a tunnel two miles in length.

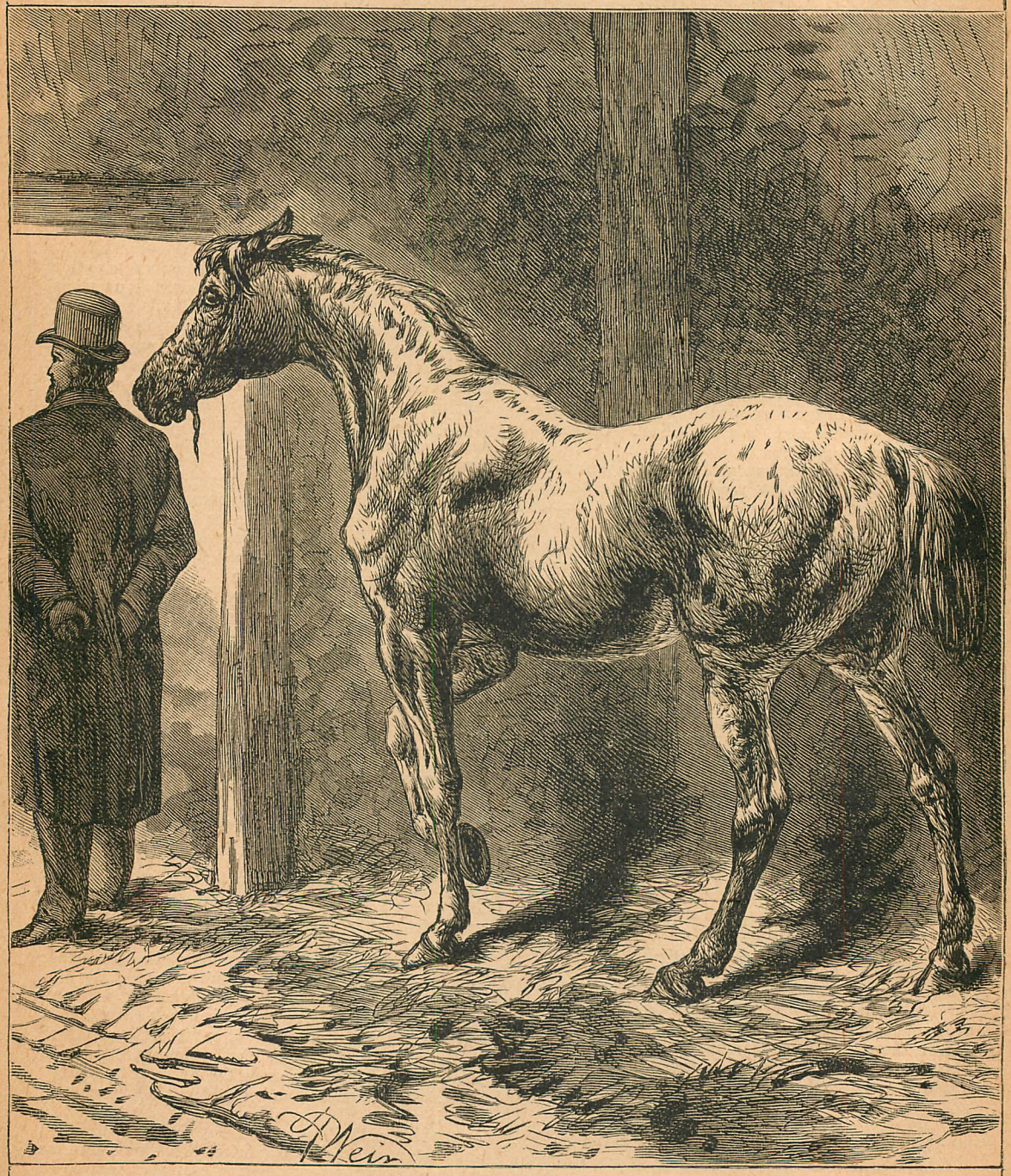
Ben, however, was too young to be greatly interested in matters such as these, his whole heart was engrossed with the thought that very soon he would be with his father in the open prairies or in the sombre forests of the far west, enjoying all the excitement and variety to be found in regions so new to him. Accordingly, great was his delight when, having left Chicago and reached the little settlement of La Foix, he first beheld a red Indian in his native dress of leather shirt, leggings and moccasins, a blanket thrown over his shoulder, and his dark but handsome face adorned with paint. This man was leaning against a tree, smoking his pipe with great dignity, and watching, with somewhat of sadness in his face, the noisy train that rushed past him, and disappeared in the depths of the forest. He was one of a friendly tribe, but well might he look sad. What changes had taken place since his ancestors were lords of the soil, roaming at will over the prairie, where herds of buffalo supplied them with abundant food, or steering their birch-bark canoes upon the beautiful rivers, all teeming with fish!

Ah, the red man has often been charged with treachery and ferocity, but is the educated white man to be held blameless? How cruelly has his superior knowledge been used to overreach the poor Indian, and to take from him all that makes life dear! But it is needless to pursue this train of thought. In every dispute between the two races there have always been abundant faults on both sides, but from educated and Christian men one expects better things than can be hoped for from the untutored savage.

(*Continued at page* 26.)

HORSE TRAINING.

A BEAUTIFUL and high-spirited horse would never allow a shoe to be put on his feet, or any person to handle his feet. When any one tried to shoe him he resisted all efforts, kicked aside everything but an anvil, and came near killing himself against that. His owner was on the point of consigning him to the plough, where he might walk unshod, when an officer, lately returned from Mexico, took a cord about the size of a common bed-cord, put it in the mouth of the horse like a bit, and tied it tightly on the animal's head, passing his left ear under the string, not painfully tight, but tight enough to keep the ear down and the cord in place. This done, he patted the horse gently on the side of the head and commanded him to follow, and instantly he obeyed, perfectly subdued, and as gentle and obedient as a dog, suffering his feet to be lifted without making resistance, and acting in all respects like an old stager.



Horse-training.

David in search of Grey Squirrels.

THE ADVENTURES OF BEN ARMITAGE.

(*Continued from p.* 23.)

BUT we have not as yet stated who were the companions who travelled with Mr. Armitage and Ben on this western expedition. These were only two in number, Colonel Stockman and Major Crook. Whether they were really military men or not is a question that need not be started here. They said they were, although they were certainly singularly unlike the colonels and majors with whom we are acquainted in England. They were of the class of men who may be seen frequenting the drinking-bars and shooting-saloons in many of the great American cities; men who have no apparent means of living, and yet contrive to flourish wonderfully, perhaps by preying upon the folly or inexperience of other men. Colonel Stockman was a big, long-haired man, with prominent eyes and a loud voice, stouter in figure than most Americans are, a great bully, and, as after-events proved, a great coward. Major Crook, on the contrary, was short of stature, thin, and fair-haired, with small light-coloured eyes, and a deep gash extending all down one side of his face. He did not speak much, but perhaps he thought the more; if he did, his thoughts invariably took the direction of how to circumvent his companions, and get everything to turn to his own advantage.

How Mr. Armitage, an educated gentleman, could have connected himself with such men seems strange; but perhaps the reason may be found in this, that though he had lost money, he had still, what seemed to them, ample funds which they longed to possess, or at least to reap the advantage of in some way or another; while they, by flattering his vanity, and persuading him that he was a very clever fellow indeed, had induced him to accompany them over the plains on the plea that they knew of a grand opening for a man of his talents somewhere or other in the far west, but begging him at the same time not to breathe a word as to their arrangements, even to his son, whom it must be confessed they looked upon with small favour.

Ben, of course, knew nothing of all this. His father, as we have seen, had parried his questions as to where they were going. These men were a curious study to him, but instinctively he kept as clear of them as possible, amusing himself as best he could, until at La Foix something occurred which caused him the greatest satisfaction, and removed the only trouble which he felt on accompanying his father into the wilderness. This was the accession of a boy to the travelling party, a boy of his own age. But we must show how this came about.

At La Foix two half-breeds had been engaged by Mr. Armitage as guides and hunters, one of these men being accompanied by his native wife. At first, the presence of a woman among them was strongly objected to by Mr. Armitage, on the plea that they might have hardships to endure which no woman would be able to bear.

The husband, however, very coolly remarked, that any hardships which he could bear his wife would be quite equal to, and in short, he would not go without her, saying that she was a capital cook, could carry any amount of baggage, and was quite necessary to his comfort! Seeing that this man, Michael, had been highly recommended to him as a faithful and trustworthy person, Mr. Armitage was obliged to submit to the arrangement, although he looked very doubtfully at poor Mrs. Michael, who stood meekly in the background waiting to hear her doom. The other man who went with the party was engaged on the suggestion of Michael, who undertook to see that he did his duty; which promise, however, he found it very difficult to perform, André being lazy and very apt to disappear whenever any extra hard work was in prospect.

This rather ill-assorted party had just concluded their arrangements, packed up their provisions, consisting of flour, pemmican, tinder, matches, tea, sugar, tobacco, whisky, and plenty of ammunition, when a young lad, much about Ben's age as we have already said, begged leave to join the party. He was of English birth he said, but had been long since deserted by his father, his mother being dead; and he could scarcely say how he had lived since. It had been a precarious, and not very comfortable life, but he had friends in the far west, if he could only reach them; and if the gentleman would only allow him to go for protection with their party, he would work hard, be truthful and honest, so as to deserve their favour.

This proposal of the boy would have been at once declined, had it not been for Ben, who, pleased at the prospect of having a boy to speak to, begged his father to agree to the stranger's request; which Mr. Armitage at once did, believing that the presence of a lad so young could cause no trouble, while the young fellow might be useful, and would be a companion for Ben. The matter was thus arranged, and whatever the elders of the party might feel, Ben began his westward experiences with a light heart and a contented mind. From the moment that this youth, David, joined the party he became a source of amusement to every one about him except Michael, who, having given his opinion that the boy should be sent about his business, and finding his advice disregarded, evidently considered it beneath his dignity to take any notice of the new-comer at all. Never was such an amusing boy, so quick-witted, so anxious to please, so ready to help, and yet so up to fun and frolic that Ben was fairly charmed with him, while Mr. Armitage, as a mark of his approval, conferred upon him a travelling suit, the same as his son's, the poor lad being very thinly clothed. When dressed in his new suit, every one laughed to observe how much the two boys resembled each other in height, bulk, colour of hair, and eyes—the likeness was complete. The other features of the face, however, were different, while the two voices were quite unlike.

And now, why should Michael have objected so strongly to the lad going with them into the wilderness? Just because with a sagacity for which the half-breeds are often remarkable, he had read the countenance of the youth, and had detected there a

something—a peculiarity of expression which convinced him that this boy, though so young, was old enough to become a source of danger to his companions, and unscrupulous enough to let nothing stand between him and the accomplishment of his desires. Whether Michael was right or wrong in holding this unfavourable opinion of David, the sequel of our story will abundantly show.

It will be recollected that Ben had not left Mount Pleasant and all his kind friends there until very late in the autumn. After that, he had spent a fortnight in New Orleans, and a similar length of time in Chicago, so that we can easily perceive that winter was close at hand very soon after the boy David had joined the travelling party. In these circumstances almost the first duty which lay to their hand was to build a hut for themselves, where they might spend the severer part of the winter. After some deliberation, Michael recommended that their winter quarters should be among the peaceful Wood Crees, whose encampment was on the borders of the endless forest, which stretched away northward. His reason for choosing this locality was, that these Indians were peacefully inclined towards the white race; while very good trapping-ground was within easy reach, and the buffalo, who had already crossed the river in great numbers, were likely to advance within one or two days' journey of their position. This would, of course, ensure them not only sport, but abundance of animal food.

Michael's well-considered advice was therefore at once agreed to, and immediate preparations were made for the all-important work of hut-building, in which sufficient occupation was found for every one of the party. Under Michael's direction, a rude enclosure was first made of rough poplar logs, morticed together at the corners of the building. The logs, however, did not by any means lie closely together, therefore the spaces between were filled up with mud, mixed with chopped grass to give it tenacity. A door was constructed of boards, while a piece of parchment made rather a melancholy substitute for window-glass. The roof was covered in by straight poles of young dry pines, over which a thick thatch of marsh grass was laid, weighted down by loose earth being thrown over. The walls of the hut being only six feet high in front, and little over five feet behind, every one cried out that the building was too low, unless Michael intended that they should creep into their dwelling on all-fours.

But the astute Michael knew very well what he was doing. The lowness of the building externally he soon remedied, by digging out two feet deep of earth from the inside, thus rendering the log-cabin much warmer than it would otherwise have been. The chimney, however, was a great difficulty, owing to the want of clay to cement the boulders. After some search, however, this was found, and the fireplace and chimney soon were finished, and a roaring fire kept up during the whole winter.

We can easily imagine that the heavy work involved in cutting down trees and branches for the construction of a log-cabin, could not be accomplished without revealing, in some degree at least, the characters of those engaged upon it. André, for instance, had begun his appointed tasks with great vigour, but had signally failed in producing any results worth looking at; indeed, had it not been for the good nature of Mr. Armitage, he would have been promptly dismissed by Michael, who felt indignant at the slothfulness of his helper. Stockman and Crook had lounged about with their hands in their pockets, criticising the handiwork of the others, while occasionally lifting a log and dropping it again as though it had burned their fingers. Finally, these two worthies had subsided beneath a sheltering tree, when, producing a pack of cards, they amused themselves after a fashion with which they were well acquainted. Mr. Armitage worked zealously and well, while the two boys gave some really valuable assistance—building a hut in the wilderness being an occupation which few youngsters could resist. David, however, soon wearied of this energetic pursuit, and began to make raids into the forest in search of the pretty grey squirrels, which swarmed there in countless thousands, though by this time the greater number of them had retired to their winter nests, and were already soundly asleep.

But of all the labourers at hut-building, poor Mrs. Michael had been the most industrious; truly as her husband had said, she was equal to any emergency: how diligently had she dug for clay, and carried it in baskets to her lord and master! what immense quantities of wood had she collected and stored for winter use! how skilfully she could prepare a squirrel stew for dinner! and how humbly thankful she was to find a few bones left, with which to satisfy her hunger after her companions had finished! Mr. Armitage and Ben had both felt uneasy at this arrangement, and had desired Michael to give his wife a goodly portion at the commencement instead of the close of the repast. But the half-breed sturdily refused to do so.—'It would quite spoil her,' he said. 'You don't know women. The way to manage them is to keep them down with a high hand—at least that is my way, and it succeeds very well.'

Ah, surely the dusky-faced women of many a far-off land may well bless the day when Christianity is introduced among them, raising them as it does from the sad position of slaves, and making them the friends and companions of men!

(*Continued at page* 34.)

A DINNER IN NEW GUINEA.

IN a recently published book dealing with missionary life in New Guinea, we find a note of a native meal strange enough to repel all but very hungry Europeans. The first course, boiled bananas, would be pleasant enough. But what should you say to eggs taken from a snake, and then to long pieces of the snake itself? The natives enjoyed the dish and pronounced it to be very much better even than pig. Water was brought in bamboos. Now to drink out of a bamboo is no easy task. You may have to tip up the tube in order to get a mouthful, but if you raise it too far down comes a deluge, and the drinker is left choking. He who travels in out-of-the-way places must be ready for out-of-the-way meals.

A. R. B.

THE OLD BRIDGE.

I'VE known the bridge as child and man,
And prize it as few others can.
I've crossed it, with love's armour girt,
When floods were out, and feared no hurt.

I've often dropped, in childhood's dream,
An idle pebble in the stream;
Or rested there my rod and line,
When youth and its bright hope were mine.

Over it, too, in Sunday best,
We trooped to church, while Heaven's own rest
Seemed writ in summer skies of blue,
And bridge and stream kept Sabbath too.

Billy absent from Roll-call.

A GOAT'S TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

NEVER had regimental goat been more attentive to duties than was Billy. At drill, parade, and roll-call, Billy was ever to the fore. He seemed to take as much pride in the regiment as the men did in him. And when the men—overgrown boys as they were—had leisure, as they had in abundance, they found in Billy as hearty a playfellow as they found him a ready comrade in duty.

Well fed, well groomed, well housed, well cared for in every way, Billy's lot among goats was indeed a happy one. But, alas! pride goeth before a fall, and Billy was to be no exception to the rule.

Billy had not merely the right of entry to the mess-room, but was always a welcome guest there,

and received many a dainty morsel from the friendly hands of the men. One evening, however, it happened that Corporal Price, in a spirit of thoughtless mischief, proposed that Billy should share the liquids as well as the solids of the mess-table. The suggestion was at once seized upon, and the men eagerly watched to see what Billy would do.

Corporal Price coaxingly held out his cup, and Billy, after a suspicious preliminary sniff, lapped up the contents. Another and yet another of the men gave Billy a drink, and at last the earthen vessel which held the beer at the head of the table was put upon the floor, and Billy was directed to help himself, which he did so greedily that he became—to the amusement of the men, I am ashamed to have to acknowledge—helplessly, unmistakably intoxicated.

I do not attempt to describe his symptoms. Suffice it to say that the next morning Billy was for the first time absent from roll-call, and did not turn out all day. Nothing would tempt him to leave his stable. When a second day brought a repetition of the desertion, and a second evening mess began without Billy putting in an appearance, Corporal Price was directed to bring the deserter before a courtmartial of the men's mess.

With some difficulty he persuaded Billy to leave his lair, and it was only by dragging him by main force that he could get him inside the door of the room which had been the scene of his orgies two nights before. Billy's appearance was greeted with a cheer, but sadly changed were his looks. His once glossy coat had an unkempt appearance, while the once proud and erect head was lowered in shame.

'Come, Billy, take a drink!' said the sergeant at the head of the table.

The words seemed to rouse the animal. He lifted his head, his eye lit up, his fore hoof beat the floor. Then with a snort, a rush, and a bound, Billy butted full against the large earthen vessel containing the men's evening allowance of ale, breaking it into a thousand pieces and deluging not only the table, but the men who sat near. Then, with his head once more erect, he stalked out of the room.

'And really, sir,' said the corporal to me in telling the incident, 'Billy's was the best blue ribbon lecture that ever was given to us.'

ORIENTAL 'CUTENESS.

A STRANGE idea had got abroad that any one having white-feathered fowls of any description in his possession would infallibly lose his life; that a snake would issue forth from the throat of each such bird, and inflict a fatal bite on its owner. This notion took such hold upon the popular imagination that long before the day named ducks, geese, and other birds of the fatal plumage had disappeared. They could be purchased for the most trifling sums.

I afterwards heard it uncharitably whispered at Teheran that the notion had been set on foot by Armenian contractors, who were charged with the furnishing of a new regulation plume for some of the Shah's troops, and which it was necessary should be composed of white feathers, and that these gentlemen had adopted this plan for receiving a plentiful and cheap supply.—*New Oasis.*

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

7. TAKE twenty lines, and put in the *first* something hot and comfortable, though dangerous.
In the *second* write down Abram's home of old.
In the *third* we will have the light of the body.
In the *fourth* set down a very base word.
In the *fifth* put what no one likes, or ever will.
Jot down for your *sixth* word what is on every thorn.
And for your *seventh* lay down two thirds of half a dozen.
While three fourths of an arch shall be your *eighth* word.
The *ninth* is the earliest navigator we know of.
The *tenth* is how best to prosper.
The *eleventh* is a slang word for something to eat.
And the *twelfth* is our own noble selves.
We ought to eschew the *thirteenth.*
While the *fourteenth* we need not eschew if we are temperate, but it is often dangerous like number one.
The *fifteenth* word is two thirds of our mother.
The *sixteenth* is a girl's name.
And the *seventeenth* a thing's designation.
The *eighteenth* is half a nose.
The *nineteenth* no man ever saw the end of.
In the *twentieth* and last place, or line, write down what you ought never to be—never, never, never!

When these are set down one beneath another, read the first letters, and you will find the two great factions, or parties, who divided Italy and Germany so much in the Middle Ages; and by reading the last letters you will find a most useful building, erected by Charles II., where better work is done than slitting throats for barren glory.

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8. THINGS in my *first* are always told,
My *second* smacks of matters old,
My *third* is ever bought and sold,
In shops or in the market cold.

Or, if you like it, on a stalk,
When in the summer fields you walk,
My *first* you'll notice, ripening fast;
My *next's* an adverb of the past;
My *third* in mart or warehouse stands,
And is for ever changing hands;
My *whole* it has a luckless lot,
It almost always goes to pot.

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9. ARRANGE as a pyramid the sentence below, and find out the word which reaches from the point to the foundation-stone. It will be found to be a spring-tide festival, suitable more or less to the subject of the sentence.

'Sweet spring at last is bursting the Arctic chains. Genial breezes refresh us sometimes. The snowdrop is gone. It has given place to the many later favourites, as daffodils and primroses. Birds, such as we all do love, provide music rare, and we should be joyful indeed were it not that we know winter departs not with the daffodils. Rude blasts have yet to roar around the garden. Fly away, Winter! fly away!'

N.B.—Great care must be taken to arrange all the letters in strictly level lines, and the letters of each line must be exactly below those of the line above, and exactly above those in the lines below, or confusion will be the result. The letter S will, of course, be the highest point of the pyramid.

[*Answers at page* 39.]

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

II.—THE STATES-GENERAL.

THE poor people in France were in a most miserable condition. Bread was very dear, and grievance of many kinds abounded. Once, not long after the young King ascended the throne, the poor rose up, and went with a petition to Versailles. The King appeared on a balcony, and spoke to them not unkindly; but, by the advice of his ministers, two of the leaders were hanged on a new gallows.

The King, by-and-by, had to reduce the expenses of his household, and Versailles became an altered place. The wolf-hounds were given up; then the bear-hounds; then the falcons; and one nobleman after another, who had a good salary, was dismissed.

A minister named Calonne, a clever man, did some service for a while in raising money, and so making the King's path easier; but it was all moonshine, as we say. Things were really getting worse. Calonne then proposed to do a very wise thing, we think, namely, to call together the notables, a thing which had not been done as long as the King could rule without them. These notables were peers, dignified churchmen, soldiers, lawyers, and men of mark, to the number of 137, who sat in seven companies, each under a prince. Calonne was for taxing *all*, even the upper classes, who stupidly thought they ought to be free. This was so little liked that Calonne had to resign and leave the country in haste.

After nine weeks' chatter the notables departed each to his home, without having done much, except to pave the way for a National Assembly.

A clever Swiss banker, named Necker, had also laboured, like Calonne, in the thorny path of managing the King's money-bags; but as he, like Calonne, advised that the Clergy and Nobles should be taxed, he was dismissed, but called back again amid the plaudits of the people. Necker's portrait was carried aloft in a procession through the streets of Paris; while a wicker figure of an Archbishop, who was very unpopular, was burnt on the Pont Neuf by a wild mob. A charge of cavalry was made, and many people killed and wounded.

No States-General had met for 174 years, and it was a hard matter to know how to get them to work together. But it was at last decided they should meet, to get France out of her troubles, and so the King sent a signal through the land in the frosty January of 1789. Men were everywhere ordered to elect their members, and to draw up a list of their grievances. And of grievances there were no end. In the month of April the members elected were arriving at Versailles, hunting up lodgings, and making preparations for the opening day. But before that day arrived a terrible event had taken place in Paris, showing the violence of the people. A certain paper manufacturer, named Reveillon, had his works in the most unruly part of Paris, named St. Antoine. Reveillon had been heard to say that a journeyman paper-maker might live well on fifteen sous a-day. This seems to have roused the wrath of the rough inhabitants of St. Antoine, and they gathered with menacing looks about the manufactory. Reveillon sent for some soldiers, who cleared the street, and posted themselves therein for the night.

But on the morrow matters grew worse, and so another detachment of troops were ordered to the spot. These men could hardly with gun and bayonet reach it, so choked with lumber and crowds was the street. The soldiers fired at the mob, who were already in the building, engaged on the work of destruction, and the mob replied with yells and showers of stones and tiles. As the riot went on, some of the King's Swiss Guards, with two pieces of cannon, were sent, and when the rioters saw the steady, determined faces of the redcoats, and their lighted matches, they slank away into their dens, leaving no less than four or five hundred dead men in that one street. The unfortunate paper-maker, who had lost all but his life, took refuge in the Bastille, and the dead were buried with the title of 'Defenders of their Country.'

Twelve hundred and fourteen gentlemen were now assembled at Versailles, and each one kissed the King's hand in the palace. It was noticed, however, that while the Nobles and Clergy had *both* folding-doors thrown open for them, the members of the third estate, or Commons, had only *one* opened for them. A spacious hall had been prepared, the King taking great interest in its fitting up. There was room in it for 600 Commoners in front, for 300 Clergy on one side, and 300 Nobles on the other.

On Monday, May the 4th, the town of Versailles was a human sea. Men clustered thick about roofs and chimneys, and every window was thronged with sightseers, all intent on the march of the twelve hundred deputies from the Church of St. Louis where they assembled to the Church of Our Lady where they were to hear a sermon. The Commons walked in black; the Nobles in embroidered velvet and plumes; the Clergy in their proper robes. After them came the King and Queen and royal household. Several men afterwards famous were among the Commons, as Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and Mirabeau. There, too, went the bilious Robespierre, spectacles on nose; and there was Dr. Guillotin, who gave his name to the instrument of death. 'With my machine,' said he, 'I whisk off your head in a moment, and you feel no pain.' One clergyman, the Abbé Sieyes, sat among the Commons.

Next day the States-General assembled in their noble hall, and the King made a speech to them. When he finished, he put on his hat. The Nobles followed suit, and put on their hats; and then the third estate, or Commons, did the same. Then arose a cry, 'Hats off! Hats off!' And some cried, 'Hats on!' The King, to put an end to a ridiculous dispute, took his own hat off again. This was but a slight thing, but it showed the temper of the Commons.

For six whole weeks the Commons did nothing but wait. They saw the Nobles and Clergy wanted to sit and act separately, and they were resolved to do nothing at all, until they could all act together as one body in one chamber. This the King and Court did all they could to prevent, fearing lest the weight of the Commons should incline the whole States General to take the direction of liberty, equality, and fraternity, things which the privileged classes always have hated, and always will. G. S. O.

Soldiers firing on the Mob.

In pursuit of Buffaloes.

THE ADVENTURES OF BEN ARMITAGE.

(*Continued from p. 27.*)

TO describe the exulting joy with which Ben, accompanied by David, plunged into the woods in search of birds, squirrels, late flowers or berries, would be quite impossible. Oh, the grand beauty of the forest in winter time, when the pines, some of which tower up above two hundred feet in height, are decked and wreathed with snow, and when no sound is heard save the occasional chirrup of a squirrel, or the explosion of trees, cracking with intense frost! Both boys, of course, had been well warned of the danger of losing themselves, and both were provided with a compass by which to steer their way, should they be unfortunate enough to get bewildered in the monotony of trees. But they never went very far from camp, a wholesome dread of wolves being uppermost in David's mind, while Ben would not have disobeyed his father, who had charged him to keep always in the immediate vicinity of the hut.

On one occasion, however, the two lads had proceeded rather further than usual, and having sat down on a fallen tree to rest, Ben pulled out his watch to note the time. It happened to be the first occasion on which he had displayed this treasure of his to his young companion, whose eyes sparkled with intense excitement at the sight. 'A watch!' he said: 'is it yours, or your father's? Hand it over, let me look at it;' and he dragged roughly at the delicate gold chain.

Ben felt vexed with him for this rudeness, and rather coldly withdrew his treasure, preparing to return it to his pocket. But David was too quick for him; by a dexterous twist of his arm he jerked it out of Ben's hand altogether, the watch falling on the carpet of moss at their feet. 'Now don't look like that,' he said. 'I mean no harm. I only want to look at it;' and opening the back, he eagerly examined the works, noting the beauty of the case and the inscription inside, which, however, he could not read. 'I will trade with you for it,' he said, eagerly. 'Come now, what will you take?'

'Take!' echoed Ben, contemptuously. What have you to give, I should like to know? And if you had a thousand dollars, do you suppose I would sell my mother's watch?'

'Oh, come now, don't be so high and mighty!' cried David; 'poor as I may be, I have something in my pocket here that you don't know of.' Here he pulled out a small soiled packet of white paper, tied round with a red ribbon. 'This contains some hair and a tooth of a great medicine-man among the Indians,' he said in a low whisper. 'Whoever has it in his possession can revenge himself upon any one who injures him—aye, and can compass his death, too, I believe. So, now, will you trade? I will give you my Indian charm for your watch, and it will be a good bargain for you, as I am sure you will find out some day.'

Ben glanced at the boy in utter astonishment as he heard these extraordinary words. Could David be quite mad? Did he really believe what he was saying himself, or was he only wilfully endeavouring to cheat him out of his watch? Alas! poor David had made his offer in real earnest, fully believing in the worth of his Indian charm; so utterly ignorant and neglected had been his childish days that no superstition was too strange for him to believe. But to the better-instructed Ben such a state of mind seemed to be quite incredible, and he inclined to think that David was merely chaffing him with his mighty offer of hair and bones; and, of course, he felt somewhat angry. 'Keep your wonderful charm to yourself,' he said, almost roughly, 'and never you touch my watch again. I declare you have nearly broken the case.'

So saying, Ben carefully smoothed out the chain, rubbed up the back of the watch, and then transferred it to his pocket. But had he chanced to observe the expression on his companion's face while he did so he would have been almost terrified. Malignant hatred was clearly written there, with a wolfish ferocity that almost made the youth look like some wild animal about to spring upon its prey. 'I'll have that watch yet, or I'll die for it,' was the firm resolve that found itself in David's mind. But Ben had not been watching his companion's face, and therefore he knew nothing of his thoughts. 'Come, let us go home,' he said; 'my father will think we are too long away.' And rather more silently than usual the two boys retraced their steps to the hut, but on arrival there they found everything in commotion.

The confusion and clamour which Ben and David found in the hut on their return to it had a ludicrous as well as a serious side. Stockman had pulled a can of boiling water over his leg and severely scalded it; but had the military hero been undergoing amputation of the member altogether, he could scarcely have made a greater outcry than he was doing. Mrs. Michael was applying a cooling lotion with all the skill which the native women possess, while at the same time she could not help glancing with some contempt at her burly patient, for inability to endure bodily pain is a weakness of character greatly despised by American Indians of both sexes.

At last Stockman's lamentations became so troublesome that Mr. Armitage felt called upon to interfere, and had just rather irritably begged him to hold his peace, when a diversion was caused in the state of matters by the sudden entrance of André, who had been sent to the Indian encampment to borrow a pair of snow-shoes, and who now burst into the hut with a pale face and every symptom of mental disturbance.

'What is the matter now?' cried Mr. Armitage, hastily, while all the others gathered round to hear. Andrew's story, when told, was rather a discomposing one. He had found the camp of the Wood Crees all in disorder. A party of the dreaded Sioux in their war paint had been discovered lurking in

the neighbourhood, and the peacefully disposed Indians were preparing to send their squaws and children into the depths of the forest for safety, lest there might be a midnight attack. 'And I rushed back at once,' cried the breathless André, 'thinking that the gentlemen would like to prepare themselves for defence.'

Here was a pretty state of matters, to be sure! Defend a log hut with only five men and two boys! How was such a thing possible? Mr. Armitage turned to Michael for advice; he was no coward himself, but he felt that in all matters of this kind Michael had a wisdom and discernment not to be attained by the white man who has spent his life in a crowded city. 'What shall we do?' he asked in a low tone. 'What would you advise?'

Michael's answer was ready. 'As to defending ourselves with any chance of success,' he said, 'only five men as we are, and one of them not worth his salt, it is out of the question. I advise you to send these boys at once to the Indian encampment, and let them go with the squaws and children to the woods; there is no use of sacrificing their young lives. Then let us secure all the ammunition, leave the hut to its fate, and join ourselves to the Crees; they are no great fighters, but they can throw up a defence behind which we can lie and do good work with our guns. Perhaps, after all, it is a false alarm. It would not surprise me to know that the Sioux are flying at higher game, but it is as well to be ready. Come now, get the boys away at once.'

Here the unfortunate Colonel Stockman interposed with a piteous exclamation. 'Armitage,' he said, 'listen, just a moment; and you, Michael. Every one knows that I am a fighting man, as many a scar upon my body can bear witness to; but how can even the bravest of men fight with a scalded leg? It is quite impossible, you know. Don't you think now that it would be only prudent if I went with the boys? Just on account of my leg, you know. Otherwise, I fear I might just be an encumbrance to you—don't you see?'

Michael turned his dark eyes full upon the coward. 'Go with the boys?' he exclaimed; 'go with the squaws, you mean. Well, perhaps you had better. I don't see that you could do us much good anyhow if you stayed.'

'That's just it,' responded the Colonel, cheerfully. 'A man, to fight with any spirit, must have two legs to stand upon. Now Crook knows very well that I am a fighting man, but . . . .'

Here Michael turned upon his heel. 'Just let him go, sir,' he whispered to Mr. Armitage; 'he is no good to anybody.' And the gallant Colonel was accordingly carried away. All this proved, however, to be, as Michael had said, a false alarm. The Sioux had never intended to interfere with the Wood Crees, whom they thoroughly despised; they were in search of their hereditary enemies, the Blackfeet Indians, and having encountered these unfortunates about a three-days' march from the hut of our friends, a bloody conflict ensued. Many of the Blackfeet were slain, and some dozen or so taken prisoners, and carried away by the Sioux to be tortured by their squaws and children.

(*Continued at page* 46.)

SHOE-BUCKLES.

SHOE-BUCKLES are said to have been first worn in England at the close of the seventeenth century. They were adopted by fashionable young men, but were much disliked by their elders.

A newspaper, printed in 1693, denounces these ornaments as 'new-fangled' and 'unseemly, effeminate and immodest,' and winds up by saying, 'It belongeth to the reverend clergy to tell these thoughtless youths, in a solemn manner, that such things are forbidden in Scripture.'

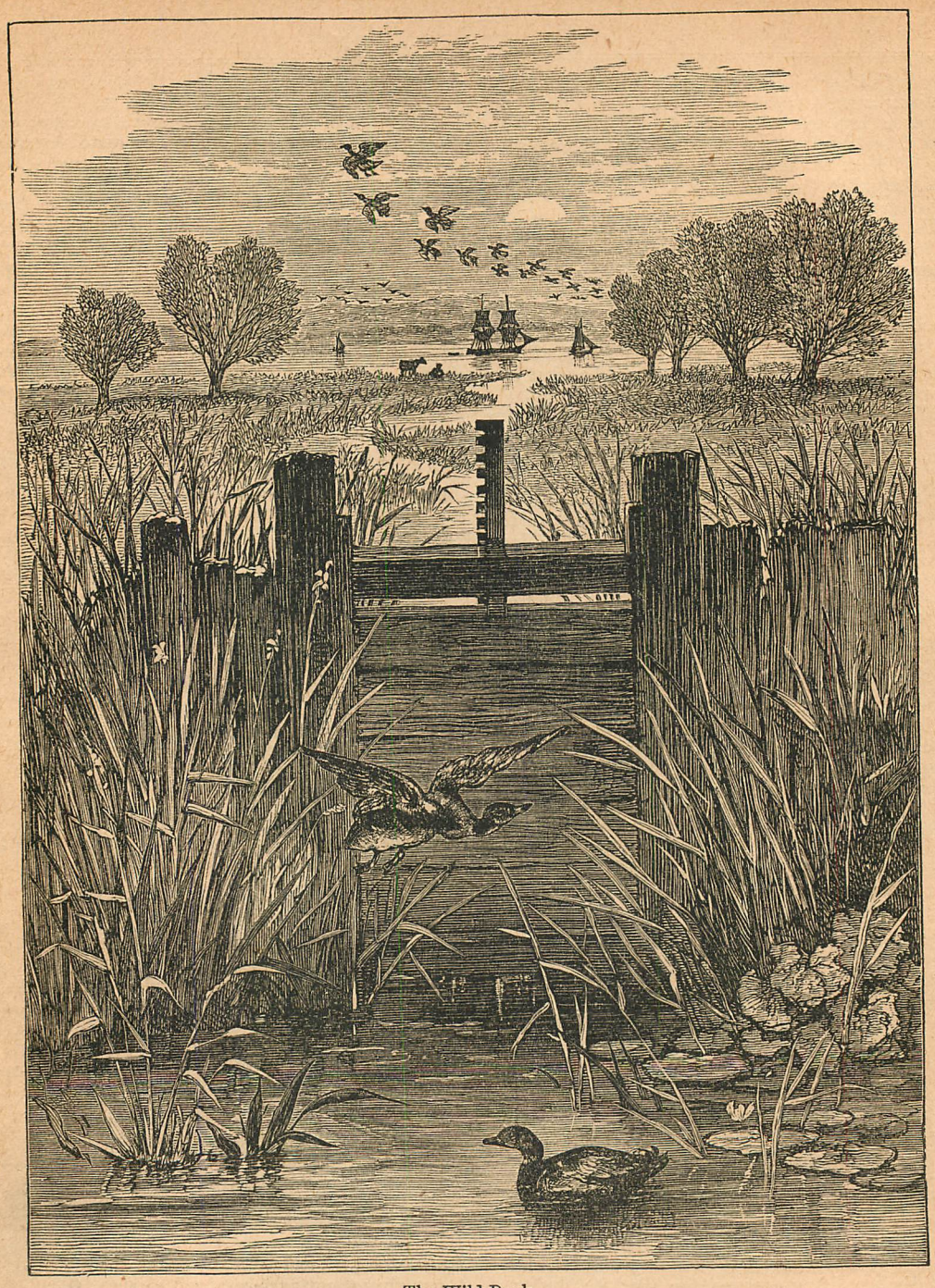
However, in spite of opposition, the buckles held their ground, and were in use for nearly a hundred years. At the end of that period the old-fashioned shoe-strings were restored to favour. This threw the buckle-makers out of employment, and being in great distress, they implored the Prince of Wales to take pity on them. He very kindly listened to their petition, and at once forbade any member of his household to appear in shoes tied with strings. But his attempt to struggle with Fashion proved ineffectual, and the buckle-makers had to find other means of gaining a livelihood. H. L. T.

THE WILD DUCK.

WHERE waters gather and the bulrush thrives,
There the wild mallard, bird of beauty, dives;
He feeds on plants or insects all the day,
'Swittering with his soft neb,' as people say.
And when he hears your footstep by his lair,
He rises, makes a circle in the air,
Scans you with his two keen, observant eyes,
Then to a feeding-place more lonely flies.

In every climate of the temperate zone
The duck, though called by other names, is known;
Pintail, or Shoveller, Teal, Widgeon, Gray,
All are one family, and have one way.
In the dark frozen north, where hunters' cheer,
Is salted beef all through the winter drear,
He hails the wild ducks and the food they bring,
Sure harbingers, to him, of happy spring;
They cause him joy, such as th' Italian knows
When the glad vintage by his homestead glows.

There is a bay, of which we now will speak,
Called by the curious name of Chesapeake,
Where wild ducks of two kinds live, move, and quack,
The 'bald-pate widgeon,' and the 'canvas-back.'
The widgeon loves the sappy herbs which grow
Down at the bottom, fathoms deep below;
But yet he cannot summon up the pluck
To dive for them himself—the coward duck!
So he, with many a flattering quack, pretends
The canvas-backs are his especial friends;
He never leaves their side, the widgeon sly—
Just watch him, and you'll know the reason why.
Down dives the canvas-back, with sousing flop,
To bring the dainty morsel to the top;
The widgeon, meanwhile, watching at the place,
While pleasure mantles in his knavish face.
He has a mind a little trick to play
On his dear friend, just in a business way;
And so he waits beside the whirly hole,
Made by the body of that honest soul,



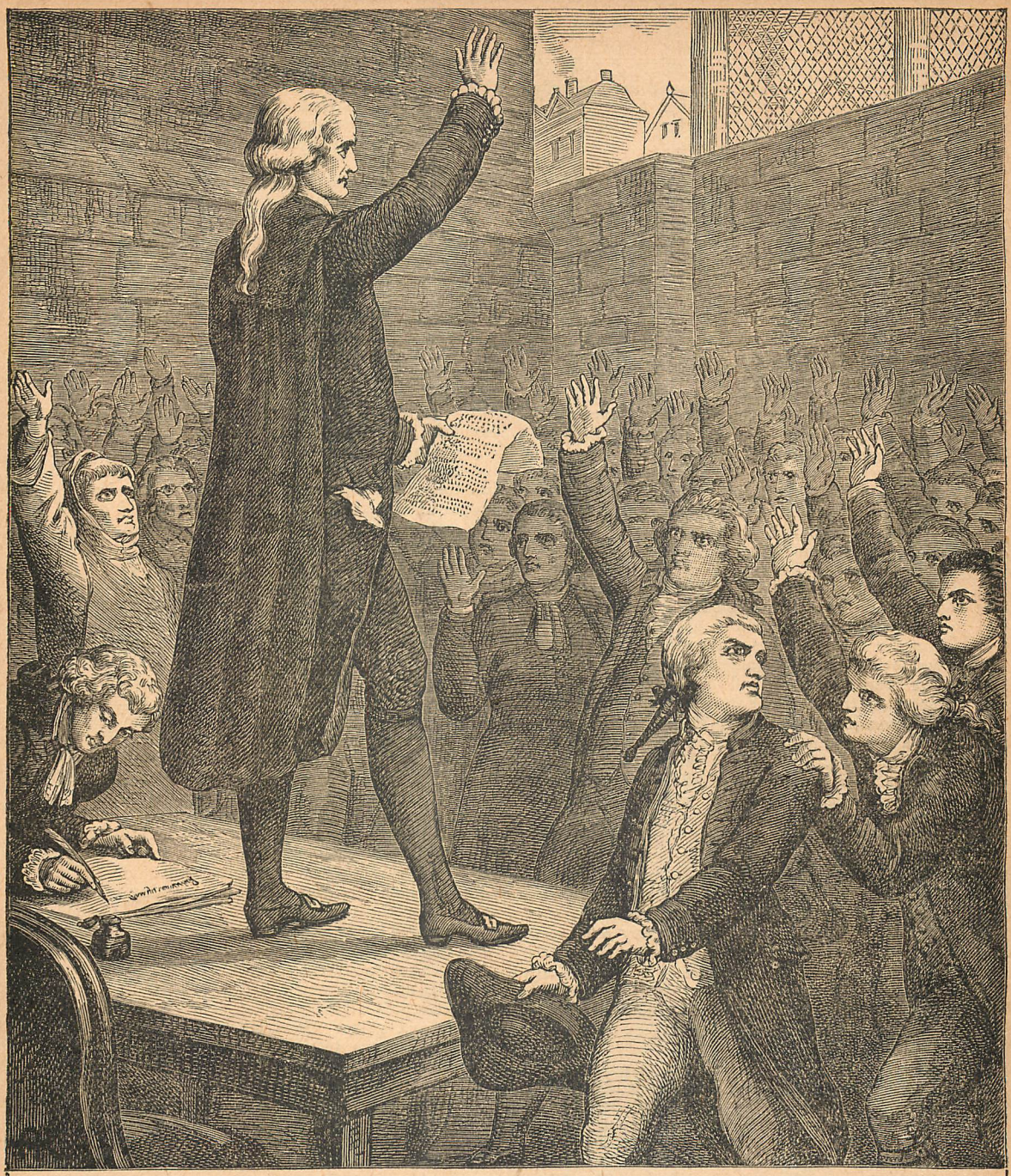
The Wild Duck.

Who thereabouts has left the sunshine upper,
That he may pick himself a bit of supper.

Alas! for him; just when his neb appears,
And water gurgles in his eyes and ears,
And, like a diver, who has been below,
He's scant of breath, and has to puff and blow,
Just then the roguish widgeon marks his game,
And steals the morsel without any shame,
Then scuttles off, to eat it all alone,
And never throws the canvas-back a bone.

O widgeon! yet 'tis well to look at home—
Who robs the bees of all their honeycomb?
Who shears the sheep? Who cheats the clucking hen
Of her white eggs? How widgeon-like are men!

G. S. O.



PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

III.—THE TENNIS-COURT OATH.

THE Commons, you remember, would not do anything at all, because the Clergy and Nobles refused to sit and debate with them. And the King and his Council did not wish the Clergy and Nobles to sit and talk with the Commons, for they were afraid the Commons would make them too liberal. And they were the more afraid because 149 out of the 600 Clergy joined the Commons. These were mostly clergy of the lower orders, and what we call parish priests. This made the Court resolve to do something. Some were for planting cannon opposite the hall of debate, so as to terrify the Commons into obedience. Others were for shutting up the hall and turning them into the street. The King was always

a mild man, and against doing anything violently, and he did not approve of the cannon business at all. He was therefore persuaded to order the Marquis de Brezé to shut the doors of the hall.

On Saturday, June 20, therefore, when the hour of meeting came, the President of the Commons, whose name was Bailly, went, in company with the members, to the hall. Bailly had received a letter from the Marquis, which told him the Commons would not be allowed to use the hall; but this letter Bailly put in his pocket and did not notice. When he and the Commons reached the door they found it guarded by soldiers, and within carpenters were at work, making the hall ready for some grand court ceremonial. The captain of the guard politely informed Bailly that he could not let the members in, and he showed the King's order. They might send some of their number in, to remove any papers that might belong to them, but nothing more. So Bailly and his secretaries went in, and carried off the papers with minds full of anger. The members stood some minutes under the shade of a fine avenue of trees, considering what was best to be done. They felt sure the courtiers were chuckling over their disappointment. The morning was cloudy, and a drizzling rain began to fall. Great was the hubbub of voices under the friendly shelter of the trees; loud were the complaints and cries of shame; many the plans of what to do next. Some were for meeting in a large court-yard called the Place of Arms; others were for going over to Marly, whither it was heard the King had driven; some were for forcing an entrance into Versailles Palace itself. But it was soon rumoured that President Bailly had found a convenient place. It was a tennis-court in the street of St. Francis, and thither the disgusted Commons took their way. It was a bare place, inclosed by four naked walls. A table and chair were borrowed of a neighbour, and, the President and his friends having opened their papers, the proceedings began.

Began with a solemn oath! A certain Monsieur Mailly proposed that the six hundred members should lift up their right hands to Heaven, and swear they would meet anywhere, and under any and every circumstance, until they had made suitable laws for the right government of France. When the oath was sworn, each member took a pen and signed his name. There was only one man who refused, a member from Languedoc, and him they declared to be 'wrong in his head.'

When the members had agreed to meet on the Monday following in the Récollets Church they separated. Bailly had shown himself a worthy leader, and was at that hour the most popular man in France, but the Court party were dreadfully vexed. When Monday came, myriads of people flocked into Versailles to see what might turn up. The King, perhaps alarmed, put off his ceremonial, and the Commons, in a solid body, marched to the church, where they found the one hundred and forty-nine clergy awaiting them. There was a scene of much emotion, men embracing each other and shedding tears. The next day, a very rainy day, the King invited the States-General to enter the hall, where he made a speech. He declared his resolve that the three Orders should vote separately. A number of articles were then read aloud, and the King said if they could not agree upon them he would effect them himself. 'Let each Order,' said he, 'now depart, to meet to-morrow in its own place, to dispatch business.' Then all filed out, except the Commons and those Clergy who had joined them.

It was now that Mirabeau showed himself as a leader of men. He rose to speak. While on his legs the Marquis de Brezé interfered with, 'Messieurs, you have heard the King's orders!'

'Yes,' replied Mirabeau, 'we have all heard what the King has been advised to say, but you are not the man to remind us of it. Go, sir, and tell those who sent you that we are here by the will of the people, and nothing but the force of bayonets shall drive us hence!'

It was not thought prudent to send soldiers to expel the audacious Commons; for they seemed inclined to show a mutinous spirit. A *ruse* was therefore tried. A *posse* of carpenters was sent into the hall to remove with much hammering and noise the platform. It was hoped their clatter would drown the orators, and stop the proceedings. But, lo, the carpenters, when they had worked a few minutes, stood open-mouthed on the platform, listening with wonder to the finest speaker they had ever heard. Mirabeau was now moving, that the Commons were a National Assembly, and that any person who dared lay a finger on any member should be guilty of a capital crime. This was put to the meeting, and made a decree. Before the week was out the rest of the Clergy and the Nobles had joined the Commons, the King begging them to oblige him by yielding to what was clearly the popular will. It was the last day of June when the States-General were united in one house, and great was the joy and many the lighted torches carried about everywhere.

But though the King had yielded to the Commons, he had done it very unwillingly; and he still hoped to punish his rebellious subjects by means of the sword, if he could do it in no other way. Suspicion of his purpose was aroused by the marching of regiments and the rumbling of great guns. Cannon were pointed at the Assembly Hall, and the members were alarmed by the tramp of armed men, and the never-ceasing tap of the drumstick on the drum. The General, named Broglie, had his headquarters in Versailles, and all the day long aides-de-camp were coming and going. Something was up, without a doubt, and some terrible damage would certainly have been done to the rebellious part of the States-General if it had not been for one fortunate thing, which was this:—The soldiers positively refused to draw trigger when their muskets were to be pointed at their brother Frenchmen! They made a solemn promise to each other in the ranks that they would never act against the National Assembly. In fact, the privates in the French army, having nothing to lose and all to gain, were as eager for change as the citizens; and quite ready to disobey their lordly officers if the orders given did not please them.

G. S. O.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

10. My *first* is what you first learn to do in arithmetic.
My *second* was the founder of the Norman duchy.
My *third* is Latin for thou.
My *fourth* is a great personal ornament.
My *fifth* is two vowels.
My *sixth* is a county in Scotland.
My *seventh* was a heathen goddess named in the Bible.
My *eighth* is an Archangel mentioned by Milton.
My *ninth* is the Greek K.
My *tenth* is a beautiful forest-tree.
My *eleventh* a musical drama.
My *twelfth* is no ornament to any one's face.
My *thirteenth* is two-thirds of a Scotch whaling port.
My *fourteenth* is the name of a book in the Bible.
My *fifteenth* we must all obey, or we shall catch it.
My *sixteenth* is a sound in the singing scale.
My *seventeenth* is anything and everything.
My *eighteenth* is what everything has.
My *nineteenth* is a favourite musical hand instrument.
My *twentieth* is what every man would like to be.
My *twenty-first* is a famous North American river.
My *last* is often hard to say.

Arrange these words, and the first letters read downwards will describe a great soldier; the last, similarly read, will describe three of his victories.

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11. Arrange the word Septuagenarian in a column of letters, thus:—

S
E
P
T
U
A
G
E
N
A
R
I
A
N

And then tell a story of old age, or make some remarks on old age, so that the whole will form a pyramid, with twice as many letters but one at the bottom as there are in the word itself, namely, twice fourteen wanting one, that is, twenty-seven. The letter S must remain alone, being the apex; the next letter, E, must have one letter on each side of it; P must have two on each side; T three on each side, and so on, until you arrive at N, the last letter, which must have thirteen letters on each side of it. The whole must form a connected sentence, having reference, as we said before, to the condition of old age.

[*Answers at page* 78.]

Answers to Puzzles Nos. 1 to 9.

1. Sardanapalus—Septuagesima.

S c i s s o r S
A x l E
R a P
D e b T
A m U sed
N e v A
A l m u G
P a t i e n c E
A r q u e b u S
L o I re
U l M
S a r s a p a r i l l A

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2. (1.) Alice—all ice.
(2.) Violet—violent.
(3.) Rose—proser.
(4.) Ellen—belle.
(5.) Rachel—ache.
(6.) Gertrude—rude.
(7.) Bertha—earth.
(8.) Arabella—Abel—Arab.
(9.) Emma—Emmaus.
(10.) Caroline—carol.

3. Bloomfield: who wrote the 'Farmer's Boy.'

4. Sir Richard Arkwright. Thomas Augustine Arne.

5. Somerville.

6.

(1.) Rodney.	(7.) Howard.	(12.) Vernon.
(2.) Winter.	(8.) Tromp.	(13.) Franklin.
(3.) Bligh.	(9.) Jones.	(14.) Doria.
(4.) Warren.	(10.) Parry.	(15.) Shovel.
(5.) Ulloa.	(11.) Anson.	(16.) Cook.
(6.) Benbow.		(17.) Hawkins.

7. Guelphs and Guibelines. Greenwich Observatory.

(1.) Grog.	(8.) Arc(h).	(15.) Ev(e).
(2.) Ur.	(9.) Noah.	(16.) Laura.
(3.) Eye.	(10.) Do.	(17.) It.
(4.) Lie.	(11.) Grub.	(18.) No.
(5.) Pain.	(12.) Us.	(19.) Ever.
(6.) Haw.	(13.) Ire.	(20.) Surly.
(7.) Si(x).	(14.) Beer.	

8. Ear then ware.

9. Septuagesima Sunday.

A DOG'S BRAVERY.

TWO lads, one of sixteen years old and the other about eleven, went into a pond to get out a couple of ducks they had "winged." As one of the boys arrived within reach of the birds, the youngest of them being up to his chin in the water, a piercing cry was heard from the elder boy, and the younger on looking saw a large snake swimming towards him, evidently with the intention of disputing his right to the duck. But the snake was not to have it all his own way, for a liver-colour spaniel, the favourite of the family, sprang into the water, seized the reptile, and swam to the bank with it in his mouth; and although the snake bit the faithful animal in several places, he would not drop his burden until the boys were out of reach; and when he saw they were safe, he went up to the lads and exhibited by his playfulness the joy he felt at having saved them.

The dog was treated for snake-bite by every available means, but he died in a couple of days to the regret of all the family.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

PRESENCE of mind is sometimes shown by saying the right word at the right time. When Admiral Blake was a captain in the West Indies, one of his ships blew up in an engagement with the Spaniards. Seeing his crew discouraged at this, Blake called out, 'Now, my lads, you have seen an English ship blown up, let us see what sort of a figure a Spanish ship will make in the same state.'

By this well-timed address he restored the courage of his men, and their antagonist was soon on fire.

A Dog's Bravery.

"What are you doing there, you young rascal?"

THE KING OF THE HOLLY

WHAT a jolly little fellow he looked swinging on the biggest bough of a great holly-bush in the red winter sunset! His clothes were of bright green, with rows of scarlet holly-berries for buttons, his little cap of some white stuff that sparkled in the light like frost-work. Any one could see that he was merry, for he whistled as he climbed from branch to branch; and he was busy too, for his movements were as quick as those of a squirrel. He was not more than a foot high, with yellow curls and a rosy face, and looked altogether the funniest little piece of royalty that ever was seen.

This was the King of the Holly. All the summer he kept hid among the green branches and listened to the stories the birds were so fond of telling him, enjoying the fine weather as much as anybody; but the winter was the time to see him! Being an evergreen, you know, the cold which nipped other people only made him more lively; and now on this bitter Christmas Eve he was as merry and busy as any elf to be found in Great Britain.

There had been snow in that part of the country for a few hours past, and the Elf felt tolerably certain that more was coming before Christmas morning; so he had a great deal of business on his hands, and was in the thick of it when some sound, floating on the still air, made him pause and listen. It was a child's voice, very high and sweet, singing an old Christmas carol,—

'Good King Wenceslaus looked out
On the feast of Stephen.'

After ascertaining this fact the King of the Holly stopped his task, and made one spring which seated him on the top bough of the shrub to which he was attending. From this perch he could see at no great distance a boy busily engaged in gathering the dried branches among the underwood. He seemed very cold and thinly clad, his feet in their old shoes sunk in the snow at every step. Although it was late in the evening he worked away bravely, never minding thorns or tangled thickets when he was reaching after some stick that looked dry and good for burning.

'Why!' muttered the Elf, nodding his head quickly, so that the bell on his little cap rang again; 'it's never young Limerick out in the drift at this time! Poor child! I'll help you a bit—see if I don't.'

And though the boy could not quite understand how it came to pass, it was wonderful how his fagot increased from that minute. Sticks seemed to show themselves in easier places every moment, and each time he returned to his bundle he thought to himself that it had grown larger. It was as much as he could carry at last.

On his way home he stopped to admire a clump of hollies lately uncovered by the Elf King; they were red with berries, and their glossy leaves sparkled with the moisture.

'We've none like that near us,' said the boy; 'I must have a little for mother and Lucy. I'm sure the Squire wouldn't mind if he knew; to-morrow's Christmas Day.' And he gave a lovely piece a shake.

'What are you doing there, you young rascal?' said a rough voice behind him, while an equally rough hand seized his shoulder. 'How dare you touch the green wood, eh? I'll remember this, you may be sure, and the Squire shall hear of it.'

'Please, sir,' gasped the frightened child, 'I was only getting a piece of Christmasing for mother.'

'Christmasing! a pretty excuse! Undo your fagot!' A strong push enforced the words.

So the boy knelt down on the cold snow and unfastened his sticks, gathered with so much care; but

these were all as dry as tinder, for the Elf had taken care to put no others in his way.

'You've come at last, Ned?' said a girl's soft voice, as the boy lifted the latch of a cottage some quarter of an hour afterwards. 'What made you so late, dear?'

Ned's face looked miserable enough as he threw the fagot into a corner, and proceeded to the hearth, where some wood-ashes were blazing.

'I couldn't help it, Loo,' he said; 'I met that old Rawlins, and he would look to see if there were any green sticks in my bundle, and;' added the boy choking a little, 'he would not give me a bit of holly for you to do the old place up with; it's bad enough at the best of times.'

Lucy's only answer to this was to draw her brother nearer the fire, and to set about warming his cold hands between her own.

'Isn't it a shame?' he asked again.

'Never mind, dear,' said the sister, laying her head on his knee; 'never mind, dear; it does not so much matter since we're together and have a roof over our heads; and mother is better to-day, you know.'

Reminded by this speech, Ned rose to lean over the bed on which lay the sick mother.

'How have you been, mother?' he asked, as his healthier face touched hers, so pale and wan.

'Better, my boy,' was the answer; 'better, thank God!'

The cottage was, indeed, bad enough at the best of times, as Ned had remarked; such a wretched, tumble-down place was it, that when Mr. Rawlins had asked the new Squire what rent he was to charge the poor people who had just taken it, the Squire replied by asking if they seemed honest folk; and remarked that they might have the place as it was, for the present, free, and that when the year advanced enough he would build them a better. And Squire Freestone held to his determination in spite of his steward, who went away very wrathful at his master for encouraging those tramps; and still more so at a regulation made at the same time by the new Squire, namely, that the poor on his lands should be allowed to gather the dry wood on the heath, which until now had been Mr. Rawlins' perquisite.

'They'll break or injure the trees, sir,' he had growled in answer to this command; 'the wood's in fine condition now, and it is a shame it should be spoilt.'

'In that case,' answered Mr. Freestone, 'you can apply to me.'

Mr. Freestone had only lately come into the Beechingstoke property on the death of a distant relation of his wife's. He was a kind, good man, and desired to watch over the poor on his estate, as placed under his care by God. But he had found much to alter, and things like these can only be done gradually. At first his steward's civil manner had deceived him, and led him to believe in the good character given of him by his late master, who, provided he got his rents to spend in London, cared for nothing else. Thus Mr. Rawlins had long been accustomed to have all things pretty much his own way; and this way was, according to Mr. Freestone's thinking, by no means the right one.

To none of the wood-gatherers was the steward more spiteful than to the young Limericks. It was against his wish that they had settled there at all, and a double injury that they were allowed to live in the old cottage without paying rent.

'Now, Ned!' said Lucy, as she hung the old kettle on the fire, 'now, Ned! supper will be ready directly, and you're not.'

Thus admonished the boy tramped off to the second room, changed his soaking boots for another pair equally old and thin, remnants of better times, and smoothed his hair, washing also the hands and face, which were already tolerably clean for a boy's.

'Here, mother dear,' said Lucy, smiling as she spoke, 'you must eat a good tea now, and afterwards Ned will sing to us, and we will have a happy Christmas Eve together.

'The snow's coming down like anything,' put in Ned, as he came back from his toilet; and as he opened the door a blast of icy wind, that had been watching its chance to come for a warm at the fire, swept in to confirm his words.

'Oh, shut the door, Ned!' cried his sister, as the fire began to blaze too vigorously. 'But for the Squire's kindness we should be cold enough now.'

'Yes,' said Ned; 'and it's a good thing I brought in that big fagot of mine, in spite of the steward, for we shall want all that's in the shed before we can get any more, if the snow goes on like this.'

'We're well off to what we might have been,' said the mother, thankfully.

'Only I wish I had that holly, Lucy,' sighed Ned, as he closed the door, and seated himself at the supper table; 'it was *such* a jolly piece, and an awful lot of berries on it!'

He did not see in the darkness a tiny scarlet and green figure dance lightly along through the snow, nor hear it mutter, 'You shall have it, my boy; you *shall* have it, never fear!' as the Elfin King skipped away on another errand.

The Limericks had not always been so poor as they were at this time. Ned and Lucy's father was a small farmer, anxious to bring up his children well and give them a good education for their station in life. Two years ago they were living in a happy home of their own, many miles away from Beechingstoke Heath. Their father had then brought them Christmas presents—not grand ones, but quite sufficient to show his love to them and to please them; and their mother was well and bright. But in working in the winter weather the father caught a cold, which settled on his chest, and in a few days he lay dead in the once pleasant farmhouse.

Truly it was a struggle at the best of times, and when the mother was ill (as was too often the case), comforts were necessary that they would not otherwise have dreamt of. They wanted also to keep up Ned's schooling; and so in the evenings Lucy got him to write and do sums on a slate, and read aloud to her out of one of their few remaining books. Ned's ambition was to get on in the world, and be steward of some estate, so that he might have a house of his own, and have his mother and Lucy to live with him; but as he was only fourteen the stewardship was a long way ahead, and in the meantime they were all obliged to work hard in order to maintain themselves decently.

Four miles across the heath (now deep in snow) lay Beechingstoke, and in the village, flanked by

"You've come at last, Ned!"

great elm-trees, with graystone lions guarding the steps before its old-fashioned red-brick front, was the Manor-house belonging to Squire Freestone. To-night the blinds of the dining-room were not down, and a cheerful gleam shot from its windows over the snow. Their Christmas Eve was gladdened by the coming of a dear child back to her home from school. All day long the house had been preparing itself. The mother had laid a new book in its silver-paper wrapper by the carved oaken book-shelf, and a smaller parcel, which looked very much like a trinket-case, beside it. The brothers had spent their day decking the old church with wreaths and berries, as Isabel loved to see it adorned; and the gardener had sent in his best nosegay; for, as the Scotch maid said when she put them in their blue vase on the drawing-room table, she knew Miss Isabel loved the 'bonny flowers.' The Squire, who had been too busy among his cottages to go and meet his young daughter, had, perhaps, for that very reason, thought as much of her as anybody, especially when he saw the snow-clouds gathering at the close of the short day.

Within the dining-room the great fire, piled quite up into the chimney, cracked and sparkled gloriously. The tea-table was covered with a snowy cloth and spread with a supper fit for hungry travellers. The Squire sat in his arm-chair dozing, thinking of the work about which he had been busy all day; and Mrs. Freestone moved about quietly, as was her wont, arranging first one little thing and then another, and looking between whiles through the window, where nothing could be seen or heard but the dance of the falling snow, and the howl of the wind in the trees outside.

'My dear,' said the lady, after one of her inspections of the weather, 'what a wild night it is! I do wish you could go and meet Isabel.'

The sleepy Squire turned a little in his chair.

'They can't be here for another hour yet,' he said. 'Thomas is as steady as old Time, but the roads are sure to be blocked up and heavy.'

'They would leave the station at five,' reckoned the lady.

'If the train is punctual,' suggested the Squire.

'Then it is seven o'clock now; even allowing for the state of the roads, they ought to be here presently.

At the end of half an hour in rushed a couple of big boys, with much stamping and shaking off of loose snow from boots and cloaks.

'Where's Isabel?' anxiously asked the mother; 'haven't you heard anything of the carriage, Willie?'

'No, mother! I wish we had; it's a bad night to be out in I should fancy. Rawlins has just been telling us the snow is two feet deep now on the heath, and plenty more coming. Is tea nearly ready, mother?'

'You shall have your tea now,' said the mother, sighing as she spoke.

Though the boys' meal was a long one it ended at last, and still there was no sign of the carriage. The Squire, now thoroughly roused, got on his hat and cloak, declaring that he would go a little way to meet it.

'And I'll come too, father,' said Willie, springing up at once. 'Jack, you stay with mother.'

It was a sad Christmas Eve in Beechingstoke — one long remembered there, and spoken of with horror. Without raged the storm, and in it were men struggling on, almost for their lives, searching for the missing ones; within, a mother watching in an agony of fear for the fate of her child, finding no comfort or peace, except as she knelt in prayer within the deserted room. The slow hours slipped by one after another, still bringing no tidings.

Towards daybreak, some of the men came upon a sad sight not a mile from home. On the snow by his dead horse, lay the body of old Thomas, the coachman, frozen to death. The fresh-fallen snow had covered all traces of horse or man, so that it was not possible to tell from what direction they had wandered there. It was supposed he had left the carriage in some drift and set out to try and get help, and becoming exhausted, when his horse fell, he had staggered to the shelter of the clump of hollies, near which he had been found.

Christmas morning broke, clear and still. No hope was now left to the searchers, except that of finding the body of their kind master's daughter in the deserted carriage—it was hardly possible that she had survived that bitter night on the wold.

(*Concluded at page* 52.)

Old Thomas found in the Snow.

EDUCATION THROWN AWAY.

THERE was a magpie went to school,
He learnt to read and write by rule:
His master taught
Him as he ought
That nought times noughty-nought were nought,
That nothing from nothing leaves nothing at all,
And nothing *plus* nothing is smaller than small.

Addition, subtraction, and multiplication,
While he was at school were his whole occupation;
But, ah, ever since
His every action
Would seem to evince
His preferring subtraction!

POSTSCRIPT.

I've heard, since those last lines were penned,
The magpie's most untimely end.
Caught in a most outrageous theft
He was of life at once bereft—
His head cut off with prompt decision,
He learnt a sum in short division. TOM HOOD.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

12. There are fourteen letters in a very famous book, the name of which you have to guess by paying due attention to the following remarks:—

(1.) When the *first* letter goes, a fruit which has it straightway becomes a wide mouth.
(2.) By adding the *second* to another letter, you get a famous river.
(3.) The loss of the *third* turns, alas! an honest tar's room into a murderer!
(4.) While the loss of the *fourth* makes what is fanciful a bit of wood.
(5.) Add my *fifth* letter twice to a vowel, and straightway you have a lady.
(6.) At any time of the year by adding the *sixth* to the present moment you get something cold and white.
(7.) Take away my *next*, and what was made to swim can fly.
(8.) The removal of my *eighth* turns a king's seat into agony.
(9.) By the loss of my *ninth* the name of a person becomes a bird.
(10.) The addition of my *tenth* turns a carriage into a shellfish.
(11.) Take away my *next* from an important feature and you get an insect fond of a candle.
(12.) Add my *twelfth* to a coal mine and you get a kitchen utensil.
(13.) Add my *thirteenth* to a domestic animal, and you find something to wear.
(14.) And for the want of my *last* letter a mariner's guide becomes good to eat.

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13. Names of Musicians are to be found in the following sentences:—

I have the *tic*. *Are you willing*, Ben, to rub my jaws? Thank you, *but you must rub lower yet; here is the towel; don't rub too hard*, for it is rough, *and Ellen* made it worse by darning it so badly. *Dick entertained us very handsomely yesterday. He cooked the dinner, and I saw him melting at the fire.* No doubt the *Crofters in Skye cook their own meat*, but it seemed funny to have no cook in a respectable family like his; *but bachelors do strange things*, and Dick will be an *old boy certainly as long as he lives. I hear a bell;* what is it for? *It is surely past evensong, for I see the star near the poplar.* Which colour pleases you best? Red, *purple, yellow, or green? Edward* always vexes me by saying he can't tell red from brown; *but yet he may speak the truth for all that.* By-the-by, *how is Edward? Did you ever see such a large cobweb, Ben?* Thanks for your services. Now, tell me, when you play at whist, *ought you to play your king first or ace?* There is a dance to-night at Mrs. Brown's, and I'll lay a wager *old Bob is hopping about like a dry pea* on a drum head. The very thought of it cures my tic. Thanks, Ben, and good night.

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14. My *first* is in Tadpole, but not in a worm,
My *next's* in the tempest, but not in the storm;
My *third's* in a tunic, yet not in a coat,
My *fourth's* in a bison, but not in a goat;
My *fifth* is in yellow, but never in blue,
My *sixth* is in cinders, yet not in the flue;
My *seventh's* in the tailor, but not in his man,
My *lasts* not in kettle, but always in pan.
If you put these together, a bard you will see,
And most people think him the top of the tree.

[*Answers at page* 78.]

THE ADVENTURES OF BEN ARMITAGE.

(*Continued from page* 35.)

THIS danger, therefore, having blown over, tranquility once more settled down upon our woodland hut, whose occupants now began seriously to set about the important work of procuring a supply of buffalo meat for their almost empty larder. The first thing to be done was to procure horses accustomed to the peculiar sport of bison-running, and these animals they were able to get from the Wood Crees, who gladly supplied them on the promise that all the buffalo meat should be given to them except the hump, ribs, tongue, and marrow-bones, which were to be the perquisites of the hunter. As the other parts of the bison are very tough and coarse food, Mr. Armitage gladly gave the desired promise, and very early, one fine, clear morning, the whole party of five started on this their first hunt, the two boys, greatly to their disgust, being left behind with Mrs. Michael. As neither of them could have managed a horse, and to have gone on foot would have been dangerous, and indeed impossible, no other alternative remained. But it must have been a trial indeed to see the others mount and ride off without them—a trial in which the boys who read this story are sure to sympathise.

After two or three miles of travelling, Michael, who had been in advance, suddenly wheeled round and cantered back to his companions, crying in an excited manner but with subdued voice, 'They are there! they are there! close at hand!'

The others then rode up as quickly as possible, and saw to their great delight a herd of nine bulls feeding about a mile off, and other bands in the distance, about sixty in all. Girths were now tightened and guns examined amid much nervous excitement, each man feeling that the great crisis was at hand. The five men rode in line, Michael, as captain, being in the centre. Having arrived within a quarter of a mile of the largest band, the animals began to move slowly off, though without any appearance of panic. Upon this Michael imitated the lowing of a buffalo calf, when the other groups looked up from their grazing, and trotted off to join the main body, who were still walking quietly along. The horsemen then went forward at a canter, upon which the herd, having collected together, broke into a lumbering gallop. The hunters, however, gained upon them rapidly, when the animals went off at full speed. Now was the exciting moment. Michael stood up in his stirrups, and gave the signal with a wild 'Hurrah! hurrah!' and away they all went, helter-skelter, a mad, wild charge. The herd now broke up into bands of three or four, and each man then selected the animal that lay most favourably for himself. A succession of shots soon told that the work of slaughter had begun, but all were quickly separated, each knowing nothing of the success of the others until the run was over.

Truly this was sport indeed, and sport of the most fascinating description. The wild charge all together into the thick of the herd, the spice of danger in it from the possible charge of a wounded animal or a

fall from horseback caused by one of the holes so numerous on the prairies; all these combine to render the chase very exciting. It was curious, too, to see how the wolves seemed to spring up as it were out of the ground at the sound of the first shot. Two or three appeared on every little eminence, where they sat watching the progress of the hunt. When one of the dead animals was left after the best pieces of meat had been taken from it, they began to steal towards the carcass, and unless they had been driven away, the bones of the buffalo would have been picked clean before the morning.

In this run every one was successful, though the animal brought down by Stockman was only an old cow in very bad condition from an unhealed wound on its flank. Crook brought down a fine young bull, while Michael easily killed two, and Mr. Armitage a fat young heifer, who led him a long chase before she yielded to the fatal bullet.

The Wood Crees having followed the hunters with carts and sledges, the meat was all secured, as well as the hides, and carried back to camp.

We cannot suppose, even amid such exciting sports as those which we have just narrated, that a good, affectionate boy like Ben Armitage, could have quite forgotten the kind friends of his childhood at Lester. On the contrary, he thought of them often, and with much affection, though he had no desire as yet to return to his old home. The love of adventure had been fairly kindled in his young heart, and he longed every day more and more for the breaking up of the frost, that he and his travelling companions might pursue their way still further West, and see more of the wonders of the great American continent. He had, of course, written home, but only on two occasions, as his opportunities of writing were few; one of these letters being to his good aunt, Mrs. Lee, and the other to Charlie Gordon, in which he gave a glowing account of all he had seen and done since leaving the quiet farm, thereby working up that young gentleman to an indescribable pitch of envy, as he remembered the superior advantages at present enjoyed by his old schoolmate, Ben.

Just as this letter to Charlie arrived at Lester, John Lee received a morning visit which rather surprised him. It was from an elaborately-dressed and rather crafty-looking individual, who announced himself as Mr. Silas Tegg, an attorney from Montreal, who begged to put a few questions to Mr. John Lee on a matter of very great importance.

'All right,' said John, heartily; 'let's hear your questions. Of course, I won't promise to answer them all till I hear what they are; but, at least, I'll promise to tell you no lies, so fire away.'

Whereupon Mr. Silas Tegg drew forth a formidably long paper, containing a string of questions which would certainly exhaust the patience of John Lee before they were all satisfactorily disposed of, the worthy farmer having a strong objection to lawyers and everything connected with the legal profession.

'Well, sir,' began Mr. Tegg, with a bow, after fixing a glass in his left eye, 'do you happen to know a lady of the name of Whitmore—Miss Dorothy Whitmore—of English birth and upbringing?'

'Know her!' echoed John Lee, heartily, 'of course I do! or rather did, for the good woman has been dead these many years past, more's the pity. But why do you want to know?' he added, becoming the questioner in his turn; but Mr. Tegg only waved his hand.

'Dead!' he repeated, making a memorandum in his note-book. 'And now, can you prove the death?'

'I can't prove anything about it,' said the farmer, testily. 'I was told by her own husband, if you think that is any proof of the fact.'

'You were told it by the husband?' repeated Mr. Tegg. 'Then she had been married! Now, who was the man, and can you prove the marriage?'

'What does the man want?' cried the farmer. 'Can't you tell us what you're driving at, instead of repeating questions there like a poll-parrot?'

Thereupon Mr. Tegg, finding that he must approach John Lee more cautiously, if he hoped to get answers to all his questions, unfolded his tale, which was sufficiently interesting to cause Mrs. Lee to suspend her household duties, that she might draw near and listen; while even Bessie and Agatha lingered about the room, looking doubtfully at the wonderfully-got-up stranger, while yet eagerly drinking in his story that they might retail it all again to Charlie Gordon.

(*Continued at page* 50.)

BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

OLD ENGLAND was a merry land
When the tall maypole used to stand
On every village green;
And the smart rustics flocked about,
With pipe, and song, and gleesome shout,
To crown their happy queen.

And Christmas, too, whene'er it came,
Stirr'd youth and age to mirthful game;—
The milkmaids and the squires,
The Lady Janes, the village wights,
Made merry for its twelve fair nights,
Around the Yule-log fires.

But modern man has grown too sad,
It seems, to frolic like a lad,
As men were wont to do:
He never sees a May-queen crown'd,
He dances not the May-pole round,
His holidays are few.

But though he's sombre all the day,
His children still keep bright and gay,
And full of merry freaks.
They think, and rightly too, no doubt,
That laughing makes limbs strong and stout,
And rosy-hued the cheeks.

And boys and girls may yet induce
Their dad, once more, to look a goose,
With kerchief-bandaged eyes;
While kindly buffets here and there,
And tweakings of his coat and hair,
Provoke their mirthful cries.

But let that boy be voted 'Muff,'
Who is too old for Blindman's Buff,
Or any honest spree;
A lad who is not sick or lame,
Unless he's ready for a game,
Is not the lad for me.

G. S. O.

Blindman's Buff.

Ben and Michael taking "the welcome rest at night."

THE ADVENTURES OF BEN ARMITAGE.

(*Continued from p. 47.*)

MR. TEGG'S story was as follows: A friend of his, a lawyer in Liverpool, England, had written to him on behalf of a client of his, now upon his deathbed, and who wanted to trace out certain relatives of his before making his will. The sick man's name was Joseph Whitmore, spice-merchant, who having had an only sister who had emigrated to Lester many years before, desired to know if this lady was still alive—married or unmarried; if dead, had she left any family? and if so, how many, and where were they to be found?

'To my certain knowledge,' continued Mr. Tegg, solemnly, 'the worthy spice-merchant has a pretty sum to bequeath, and if you can help me to find heirs for him I'll promise that you yourself and your worthy family don't lose anything by your good nature.'

'What do you mean by that?' asked John Lee, abruptly. 'Do you want me to help you to cook up some story to please a dying man? for, if so, I can tell you you've come to the wrong place for the assistance you want. I can give you reliable information about the lad whom I believe to be the true heir; but for helping him to his uncle's inheritance I want neither fee nor reward.'

'All right,' responded Mr. Tegg, cheerfully; 'and a very beautiful sentiment, too: but, all the same, it is not my way of doing business; if I take trouble for any man I expect to get paid for it, more especially in a case like this, where there is plenty of money going. But if you think I want to cook up any false story you are altogether wrong, Mr. John Lee; to do so would not serve my turn: besides, I am as honest a man as you are, or, at least, I believe I am. However, let me tell you the whole story. This merchant, Mr. Joseph Whitmore, seems to think that he was hard upon his sister in their young days; perhaps he was, and perhaps he wasn't—it is no affair of mine. He is now in the grip of a disease which the doctors say will inevitably be fatal, though he may live for some months yet. His conscience is up in arms, so to speak, and now that he can't keep his money any longer, he wants to make a bargain with Heaven (I am quite familiar with this in my profession). He will bestow half of his cash upon his true and proper heirs, when he can find them, and the other half will go to found some charity in his native city; in consideration of which piety on his part he hopes to go to glory when he dies. This is what my friend tells me. Well, so anxious is he to find his sister or her heirs before it is too late, that he has promised to give my friend five hundred pounds if he succeeds in the search, and sends reliable information, all duly certified and above suspicion, within the space of three calendar months; and my friend, not finding it convenient to cross the herring-pond at this season of the year, has written to me, offering me one hundred pounds, if I will bestir myself in the matter, there being no time to lose. I, again, in all honesty and good faith, intended to offer you a very tidy little sum for the information you have to give—true information, of course, no other would serve my turn; but if you are so magnanimous as to give it for nothing, all right, and so much the better for me. My experience of men, hitherto, has led me to think that they don't like to give anything for nothing, but there are exceptions to every rule.'

These last words were said with a polite bow to John Lee, who, feeling somewhat soothed, began to narrate to his visitor all that he knew of Ben and his father. He and Mrs. Lee had been present at the marriage of Dorothy Whitmore, the ceremony had been performed by Mr. Sherwood, who had since died; but the fact of the wedding had been duly registered, and a copy could, of course, be procured. The boy, only child of the marriage, had been born at New Orleans, where also the mother had died. Ben had lived at Lester for ten years, and then had been sent by his father's desire to join him at New Orleans. A sudden change in the plans of Mr. Armitage had caused him to leave New Orleans, and he was now travelling westward. The last letter received (being the one addressed to Charlie Gordon) was dated from La Foix, an insignificant place, which they were just about to leave when Ben wrote his letter. Where they were now, John Lee did not know, but probably another letter would be received ere long, and if so, he would immediately communicate with Mr. Silas Tegg at Montreal.

This communication being considered as satisfactory as was possible in the circumstances, the lawyer now took his departure, the two little girls watching his progress along the country road with the deepest interest. 'Mother,' cried Bessie, when he had turned the corner and disappeared from view, 'mother, do you think Ben will really get a great deal of money?'

'It seems very probable, Bessie,' said Mrs. Lee, smiling. 'Fancy our Ben a grand English gentleman!'

'Oh, mother!' cried the little girl, almost dancing with glee, 'won't I make him give me lots of things! I want a little sleigh all to myself—Mary Jones has one—and it must be lined with buffalo fur; and I want skates, and a new fur tippet, and oh, ever so many things!'

'But, Bessie,' said her mother, almost gravely, 'you forget that the money will be Ben's and not yours; and besides, my dear, everything you have named is something for your individual self. I hope, Bessie, you will not be a selfish girl.'

Bessie coloured a little, and gradually crept out of the room; she felt her mother's rebuke, and, truth to tell, she needed it somewhat, for Bessie was just a little inclined to be selfish. It was well for her, then, that she had a mother who was wise as well as kind, and who would check the first risings of such an unamiable quality in her little girl.

As Bessie disappeared, Agatha whispered in her mother's ear. 'Mother, if dear Ben really gets all that money, will it spoil him, do you think? It would be such a pity, mother, he was always so good.'

'To acquire money suddenly and unexpectedly is

always a danger, Agatha, even to older and wiser people than our dear boy,' said Mrs. Lee, thoughtfully; 'but we will hope that it may do him no harm. Surely he will write again soon? You know he promised to write to your father next.'

'Yes, mother, we must watch for the postman every day.' But weeks and months passed away and no letter ever came.

We must now return to our adventurers, who were beginning to find winter in a log hut a somewhat tiresome experience. As we have seen they had obtained a supply of meat by a raid upon the wild bison of the prairies, which was sufficient to last them for some time, therefore Michael now turned his attention to the trapping of smaller game in the woods.

In this work he had a willing assistant in Ben, who, with his father's permission, equipped himself for his new career, with a heart beating with exultation and delight. He would have been glad if Michael would have taken David also (for Ben had quite forgotten the unpleasantness about the watch), but Michael refused to do so.

'One boy is quite enough,' he said. 'If there were two of you there would be as much chattering as would frighten away the game. Besides, I distrust that lad, as you know very well. No, Ben, you may go with me, but he must be left behind.' And it was arranged accordingly.

In this raid upon the forest game Michael was working upon his own account. He was a professed trapper as well as a guide, and the fur which he now hoped to secure he intended to sell, whenever he reached a suitable market.

Now the animals of these regions who furnish the most valuable fur are the silver foxes, the marten or sable, the otter, and the lynx, while among those of less worth are the wolverine, beaver, ermine, and musk-rat. Michael, of course, intended to secure the fur of the silver fox, if possible, it being very valuable, but like a wise man he intended to take anything he could get, and only hoped the dreaded wolverine would give him no trouble.

Behold, then, Michael and his young companion as they set out for the depths of the forest, each carrying his thick blanket, folded double, with a lump of frozen meat inside sufficient for five or six days' consumption; also a tin kettle and cup, some steel traps, tea, sugar, &c.

In addition to these necessary articles, Michael carried a gun, with plenty of ammunition, an axe, a knife, and a fire-bag, while Ben had only a knife and a small axe, Michael wisely considering that a gun in his inexperienced hands might be no assistance, but, indeed, a source of probable danger. Thus equipped, man and boy trudged forward into the gloomy woods, speaking but few words, for the trapper is of necessity always a silent man, but keeping a wary look-out for the foot-prints of the various animals they were in search of. The steel traps carried by the pair of friends resembled our ordinary rat-traps, though without teeth, the spring being double. These are placed in the snow and carefully covered over, fragments of meat being scattered about, and the place smoothed down so as to leave no trace. To the trap is attached a chain with a ring at the free extremity, through which a stout stick is passed. When an animal is caught (generally by the leg) it runs off, carrying the trap with it, but is soon brought to a standstill by the stick becoming entangled among the trees and fallen timber, when it is easily secured by the hunter.

We have said that Michael earnestly hoped that the dreaded wolverine might give him no trouble, so a word about this animal may not be uninteresting. The wolverine, or North American glutton, is the greatest enemy that the fur-hunter can have, on account of the pertinacity with which it follows his footsteps and destroys his traps. This curious animal is rather larger than a fox, with a long stout body mounted on exceedingly short legs of great strength. During the winter months he obtains a livelihood by availing himself of the labours of the trapper, and such serious injury does he thus inflict, that he has received from the Indians a name which, being translated, means 'The Evil One.' He hunts day and night for the trail of man, and when this is found he follows it unerringly. Having arrived at one of the wooden traps (which are in commoner use than the steel ones), he cunningly avoids the door, but tears open an entrance at the back, and seizes the bait with impunity.

In this manner he demolishes the whole series of traps, and when once a wolverine has established himself on a trapping-walk, the poor hunter's only chance of success is to change his ground altogether, and with renewed labour build a fresh lot of traps, trusting to secure a few furs before his new path is found out by his indefatigable enemy.

To say that Ben was not often sorely fatigued while out in the woods with Michael would be quite a mistake; often he felt almost done to death. The long, laborious march, loaded with a heavy pack and cumbered with a quantity of thick clothing, through snow and woods beset with fallen timber, was fatiguing enough; but still he found in this life a something strangely attractive. And then, after the labours of the day, the welcome rest at night, lying on a soft elastic couch of pine boughs; at his feet a roaring fire of great branches heaped high, with Michael rolled in his blanket close beside him and soundly asleep. Oh, it was indeed a life to delight any boy! and the only sad thing about it was that it must of necessity come to an end very soon.

And, indeed, after six days' work, it did come to an end, the two friends returning to camp very much wearied and jaded, but with a goodly supply of marten skins, which Mrs. Michael at once took in hand—to supple them and dress them partially, so that they might not spoil ere reaching the market, where they were to be disposed of. But on arriving at the log hut everything was found in confusion, the cause of which we must now explain.

(*Continued at page* 58.)

SAM,' said one little urchin to another, the other day, 'Sam, does your schoolmaster ever give you any rewards of merit?' 'I s'pose he does,' was the rejoinder; 'he gives me a lickin' every day, and says I merits two.'

THE KING OF THE HOLLY.

(*Concluded from page 45.*)

BUT to return to the heath and its lonely cottage. It is past nine o'clock now, still Lucy and Ned are busily at work. Lucy has just completed a long strip of embroidery, and folded it neatly away, wondering if the bright young lady who may chance to wear it will ever think how many hours of patient work it has cost. Ned has forgotten his afternoon's trouble in the manufacture of a basket—rough, but handy—meant to hold wild strawberries, hazel-nuts, or blackberries, for Ned has a plan of his own for the summer: in his spare time he wishes to gather the berries which then grow in such plenty near them, and carry them for sale among the gentry and farmers round. Thus he thinks he may turn a penny, which will come in nicely for a little winter schooling, for he and Lucy both feel that he is getting beyond her teaching.

Mrs. Limerick has been dozing, but she is awake just now. Suddenly she raises herself on her elbow and listens. Borne on the wind, loud and clear, sound the Beechingstoke chimes.

'Why, Lucy,' she exclaimed,—'why ever are the bells ringing so early this evening!—it's surely not nigh twelve o'clock yet?'

'No, mother,' answered Lucy, 'it's not ten; perhaps it's the custom here.'

'Can any one be lost on the heath?' asked Ned.

'God grant not!' replied the widow, clasping her hands. 'Ned, my boy, sing something to me, dear; I shall sleep quieter for it.'

After a moment's thought Ned began an old carol, sung often by the Beechingstoke children.

Before they could begin another verse, a sudden noise made them all start up in affright: there was a sound at the window, as of some sharp substance brushed across it twice.

'It's some broken branch blown against the window,' said Ned, stoutly. 'Don't look such a goose, Lucy! What things girls are! Here, you hold the door open, and I'll go and see what it is.'

'Not far, Ned,' called the mother, feebly; 'mind the drift, dear!'

'Never fear, mother,' answered Ned, seizing a long pole he had used in the autumn for nutting and sallying out.

It was pitch-dark. There was nothing, as well as Ned could make out; but as he peered into the night beyond, he saw on the snow some darker heap.

'Hold the door, Lucy!' he shouted, by way of caution; and feeling the depth of snow before him with his pole, he toiled a few yards further to the dark outline. What was his horror on bending to touch it to meet the form of a human face, death-cold and still! He tried to raise the girl—for such she was—but the task was beyond his strength. There was no time to be lost. Back he dashed to the door.

'Mother! Lucy!' he exclaimed, 'help me! Here's some one nigh frozen to death on the heath!'

Without waiting to put on cloak or hat, Lucy followed her brother, and between them they managed to lift the body, and bear it into the warm cottage, fearing that they were too late, and that life had fled.

Lucy brought the mattress from her own bed and laid it on the floor, as far away from the fire as possible. On this they put the poor girl, and then, under the mother's direction, began rubbing the chilled limbs. Mrs. Limerick dragged herself from her sick-bed to help, and though she had not strength enough to do much, she could tell Lucy what to do.

Who could the stranger be? they wondered; and how came she there, wrapped up in her delicate furs and shawls? Were there others out in the storm? Ned went again round the house, shouting and holloaing till he was hoarse, but could see or hear no sign of any other living being within reach.

It was long, long before any signs of consciousness rewarded their efforts to revive the young girl. Often tired out with the rubbing, they were ready to give in from sheer fatigue, but Lucy always said, 'Let us try a little longer, Ned: who can tell what good it may do?'

And at last a feeble, struggling sigh, parted the lips, and in a few minutes longer the pale eyelids unclosed for a second. It was a hopeful sign, however slight, and what between fatigue and pleasure tears sprang into Lucy's eyes, and the first thing Isabel Freestone knew after sinking hopeless in the tempest was those warm drops falling on her face.

It was still early on Christmas morning,—early, that is to say, for the dead of winter. The sun had as yet made no attempt to pierce the grey clouds which covered the sky. But he meant to appear very shortly, and in the meanwhile within the cottage Lucy was making the best use of her time. She looked pale, for she had not slept much during the night, but had kept the fair, chill hands of the young lady folded within her own to warm them, and listened to her murmurs of 'mother' and 'home,' whenever she roused at all. It seemed as if the thought of the unhappiness her absence was causing at home troubled her. But just now Isabel was sleeping sweetly, and Mrs. Limerick, too, looked really mending; so Lucy hastened to give Ned his breakfast, and sent him to try and reach Beechingstoke to tell Squire Freestone of his child's safety. The mother gave him leave to go, with a kiss, and many cautions to be very careful how he went. Then Lucy tied him up warmly, after rubbing a lot of tallow over his boots to keep out the wet longer, and Ned, pole in hand, threw open the cottage-door.

Ned found walking much harder work than he expected. At last, when he reached a little rise not half way to the green road, he saw, not indeed the track, for that had been long ago hidden—but a great heap of something that looked like a carriage, round which several people were standing. Not sorry to be saved a longer journey, Ned made towards them.

Squire Freestone was standing silent, with a sad, white face; and the men near him were arguing in low tones as to what had best be done next. Poor Willie was leaning into the carriage, apparently

searching among the wraps it still contained for some further trace of his lost sister, but really to hide the bitter tears that *would* come, lest they might add to his father's distress.

Ned walked straight up to the Squire, who, thinking him to be some one from the village, took no notice of him, until lifting his cap he said, 'I've good news for you, sir.'

But the boy was frightened when, after he had told his errand, the poor gentleman's quietness broke down, and he cried like a child.

You can fancy how Squire Freestone hurried to the heath cottage, and found Isabel, weak and delicate-looking indeed, but safe, sitting in Mrs. Limerick's arm-chair by the fire in the kitchen. What a meeting it was! and what thankfulness and joy the news spread in the village, and above all to the poor mother in the Manor House, who had given up all hope of ever seeing her daughter alive again! Just as the bells were ringing on Christmas morning, a broad-wheeled, covered waggon and six horses trundled patiently along the blocked road into Beechingstoke, and up to the Manor House gate. Then the Squire lifted out Isabel, one roll of cloaks and shawls, and gave her, like one brought back from the dead, to her mother.

When Isabel was strong enough to tell the story of that dreadful Christmas Eve, she related how the road had become more heavy as they got further from the town; and how, when they reached the moor, it was hardly possible to proceed. To add to their trouble, old Thomas became confused by the darkness and storm, and could not tell in which direction he was driving. Vainly the old man then regretted that he had left the town at all that evening, or at least that he had not taken an extra horse. At last the carriage fairly stuck fast in a drift, and he then decided to take the horse and one of the carriage lamps, and try to reach the village to get help. He first wrapped Isabel up as warmly as he could, and begging her on no account to stir until he returned, he set off. Isabel waited for what seemed to her a weary time, and must in reality have been between two and three hours. She grew bitterly cold, and felt as if she must be frozen unless she moved about. While thinking this, she suddenly heard the Beechingstoke bells ringing, as she rightly guessed in order to guide them, so, taking courage from the hope that she could not really be far from the village, and should very likely meet her father or brothers coming in search of her, she got out of the carriage, and tried to fight her way in what she supposed the right direction.

"At last a feeble, struggling cry parted the lips."

But chilled as she already was by the piercing wind, the dragging her stiff limbs through the snow soon exhausted her, and she sank down overpowered with drowsiness, when a few steps further would have shown her the outline of the friendly cottage.

A few weeks later saw the Limericks settled in one of the most comfortable cottages in Beechingstoke.

All Lucy's work was now taken by Miss Isabel, and as she received full shop price for it she felt quite rich. The Squire sent Ned to school, and promised him a farm when he was old enough to undertake it; and between better living and the dawn of happier times, Mrs. Limerick grew quite well and strong again. so that, altogether, they made as happy a household as you could find anywhere. In the Manor House, too, all prospers, though Mrs. Freestone is never quite at ease in a stormy night, and has a horror of any excursion ending in a late drive across the heath.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

15. FIND the name of a Poet in each of the following sentences:—

(1.) Is martyrdom a thing to desire or not?
(2.) Is it better to go to church ill, or to stay away?
(3.) Does ever a cow perplex her mind with politics?
(4.) What other animal can kick, eat, strike with her horns, and low?
(5.) When a man looks grim, a song will often cheer him up—will it not?
(6.) How do you like such names as Robert, Philip, Arne, Llewellyn?
(7.) Who was best up in daring deeds in the Crimea?
(8.) What is the complexion of the Ningpo people?
(9.) What sort of things are sap, phosphorus, and nitrogen?
(10.) Have any of the poets been pig lovers?
(11.) Where do printers throw all errata they make?
(12.) With care we can avoid such mistakes, can we not?
(13.) Have not ships of war tonnage greater, as a rule, than merchant vessels?
(14.) Where do papers, pens, ermine robes and wigs, most congregate?
(15.) Should the English government supply such things as horses, sheep, cows, hens to needy colonists, or not?
(16.) Pray do not give dry denials to all these important questions. Answer all you can; but above all find the buried poets, sixteen in all, who are buried in this, which is truly a Poets' Corner.

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16. MY *first* is in willow, and never in ash,
My *next* is in wound, but not in a gash;
My *third* is in wormwood, yet never in gall,
My *fourth's* in the landlord, but not in his hall;
My *next's* in the throstle, but not in her mate,
My *sixth's* in all women, yet never in Kate;
My *seventh's* in the tongue, but it's not in the head,
My *eighth* is in slumbers, but not in one's bed;
My *ninth* is in scarlet, but not in red cloak,
My *last's* in a hammer, but not in its stroke.

Together, my letters a poet declare,
Who once wore the laurel about his white hair.

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17. MY *first* is a very common two-wheeled vehicle.
My *second* is an ancient city, captured by Joshua.
My *third* is a king, rather mad, but made worse by the unkindness of his children.
My *fourth* is a sound in the singer's scale.
My *fifth* enters into every agreement that is made.
My *sixth* is the sign of the genitive case.
My *last* is found plentifully in the woods.

Take the first letters, and they form the name of a flat-bottomed vessel, generally used as a bomb-ship against forts or batteries erected on the coast. Take the last letters, and they form the name of a singular quadruped.

[*Answers at page* 78.]

NO one sees the wallet on his own back, though every one carries two packs—one before, stuffed with the faults of his neighbours, and the other behind, filled with his own.

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

IV.—THE FALL OF THE BASTILLE.

A PICTURE of the Bastille, or State prison, shows us a great mass of masonry, with round towers. It stood at the east end of Paris, in the street of St. Antoine. It was begun in 1369, and finished in 1383. Its strong walls were surrounded by a wide ditch, which itself was defended on its outer side by a wall thirty-six feet high. The towers had several eight-sided rooms one over another, each with a narrow window. There was no fireplace, and no article of furniture, except an iron grating raised six inches from the floor, and on which the prisoner's bed was laid. The rooms in the walls were more comfortable. The interior consisted of two courts, called the 'Great Court,' and the 'Court of the Well.' The prison had a well-paid governor, several officers poorly paid, and a certain number of Invalides and Swiss, who had a small daily allowance, with firewood and candles. One unhappy prisoner was confined in these dreary walls for fifty-four years. Two prisoners, and only two, ever managed to escape. They contrived to make two ladders, which they hid under the floor; and one dark night they climbed up the chimney, cut through the iron gratings, and got on the roof. Thence they descended about one hundred feet to the bottom of the fosse or ditch. Then they made a hole in the wall next the Rue St. Antoine, and so escaped. This was February 26, 1756.

The month of July, 1789, had come. It was now Sunday, the 12th, and, owing to all those movements of troops we spoke of towards Paris and Versailles, all men's minds were in a flutter. Great placards on the walls urged you to keep indoors, but if you did not, you could hardly move without meeting a foreign soldier. 'We are to be mown down, then, are we?' asked one citizen of another. Had you been in Paris that Sunday, you might have seen Camille Desmoulins, poet, editor, and speaker, mount a table with a pistol in each hand, and ask the crowd around, 'Whether they were willing to die like hunted hares? The hour is come,' cried Camille, 'and now it is either death or deliverance for ever. To arms!' A thousand voices echoed the last words of Camille, 'To arms!' He then said, 'My friends, we must have some sign to know each other by; let us wear cockades of green—green is the colour of hope!' The multitude then rushed to embrace Camille, and some one handed him a piece of green ribbon, which he pinned in his hat. Next, they went to an image shop, where they got two wax busts; one of the favourite minister Necker, who had been just dismissed, and the other of the Duke of Orleans, a royal prince who hated the King, and became for a time on that account one of the leaders of the revolution. The multitude now kept moving on

and growing in numbers. Armed with all sorts of weapons, they soon came into collision with the foreign troops, who, by order of Prince Lambesc, fired on them, and hacked at them with their sabres. The mob dispersed, but only to reunite in some other place. 'To arms! To arms!' resounded all over Paris. The bells were tolled at sunset; the shops of gunsmiths were broken open and rifled; the blood of the great city rose to boiling heat that evening. Around the Hôtel de Ville a raging multitude clamoured for arms all night, but the authorities knew not what to do, and slipped away as best they could. A few daring spirits took their places, and sat up all night at the Hôtel, giving such directions as they thought best, and ordered a Paris militia to be at once enrolled.

Monday morning broke on the restless city. There was no work done in Paris that day, except by the smiths who were making pikes, and by the women who were sewing at cockades. These were not green, however, but red, white, and blue. All shops were closed but bakers' and wine-sellers'. 'Arms! Arms! Give us arms!' Such were the constant cries. About 360 firelocks, belonging to the old city watch, were served out. The Arsenal was broken open, but nothing found inside except rubbish. Two small Siamese cannon, and some swords and armour, were snatched from the King's armoury. Deserters from the regular army came trooping in. At two in the afternoon, more than 3000 good soldiers left their officers and joined the mob. The newly-ordered militia of Paris already numbered many tens of thousands, but arms were yet few. Fifty thousand pikes, however, were made in thirty-six hours; so the smiths were busy enough.

It oozed out that in the cellars of the Invalides Hôtel there were twenty-eight thousand muskets. The governor there was an old man named Sombreuil, whom we shall hear of again. He, suspecting his old soldiers of siding too much with the rioters, ordered them to unscrew the muskets; but they went to work very unwillingly, and in six hours had done very little. About nine o'clock on Tuesday morning the Invalides Hôtel was attacked, and broken into, and the arms found, amid great rejoicing. And now, having got so many useful arms, the cry was raised 'To the Bastille! To the Bastille!'

The governor's name was De Launay. He had eighty-two old Invalides in the Bastille, and thiry-two Swiss. His walls were nine feet thick, and he had cannon and powder; but he had only one day's supply of food. About noon, a man named Thuriot obtained admittance into the prison. He found De Launay unwilling to surrender—nay, he threatened to blow the prison into the air. Thuriot and De Launay went on the battlements, and the governor turned quite pale at the sight of Paris rolling onward against the doomed Bastille. But he would not yield—he would die rather. A second and third deputation tried to move the governor; but his patience waxing thin, he pulled up the drawbridge and ordered his men to fire on the people.

And now began a dreadful scene. Men fell wounded or dying here and there; shouts rose incessantly, mingled with ceaseless volleys of musketry. An old soldier, named Louis Tournay, was seen striking with his axe at the outer chain of the drawbridge: he was aided by another veteran, named Bonnemère; and at length the chain was broken, and the ponderous drawbridge fell thundering down into the ditch.

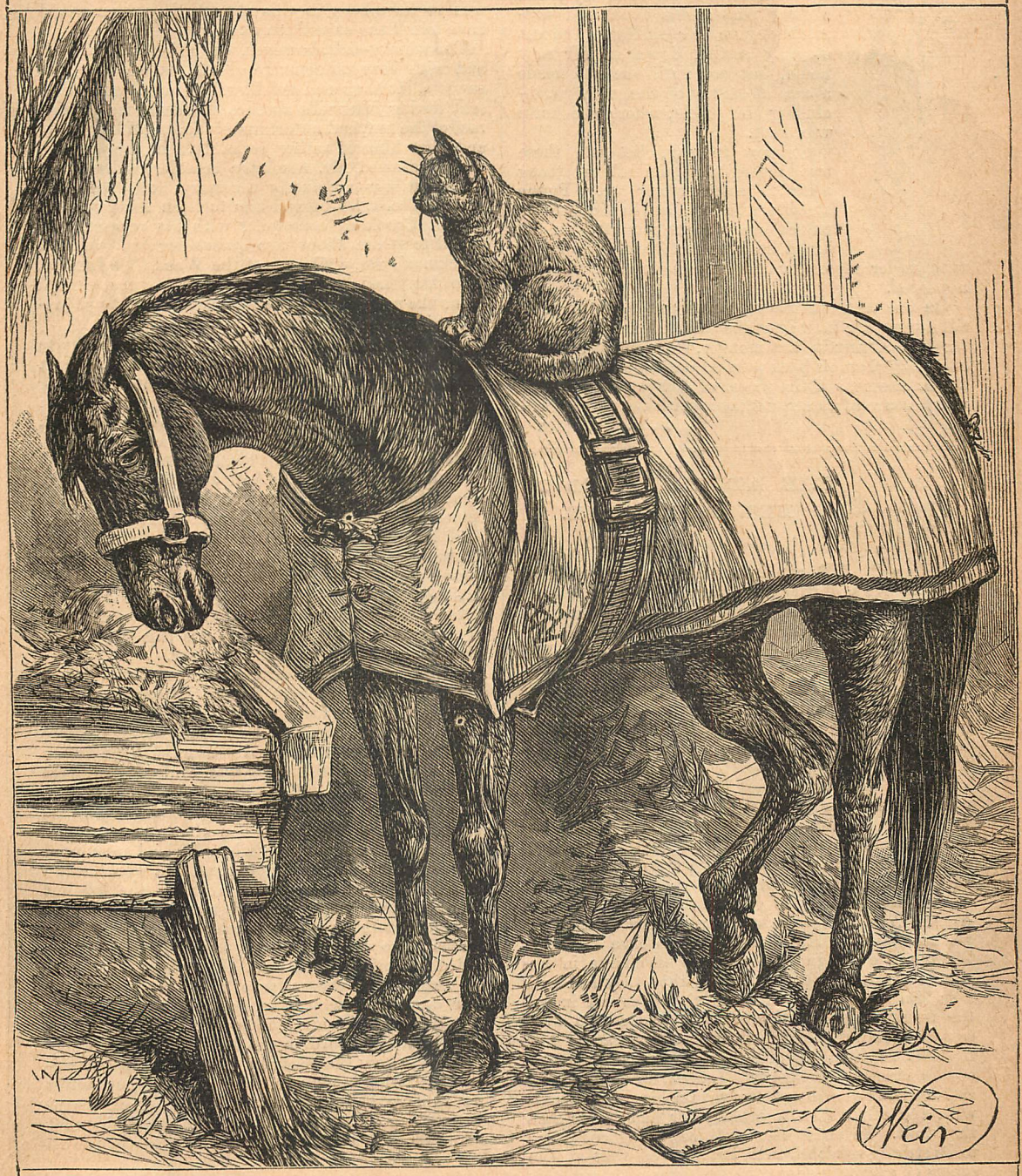
Two officers chanced to be in Paris at the time, named Elie and Hulin. These men directed the troops, whilst a marine, just come from Brest, levelled the Siamese cannon against the walls. Men who were wounded were carried away, and those who were dying entreated the assailants not to cease fighting until the cursed prison was level with the ground. Three fresh deputations arrived from the Hôtel de Ville, asking De Launay to surrender, and promising him favourable terms; he, however, could not hear what was said owing to the great noise, or, if he guessed what they said, did not believe them. And so the furious fight went on, from one o'clock when it began, until five, when the Invalides made a white flag, and a porthole was opened, as if some one would hold a parley. A man named Maillard advanced gingerly on a plank toward the porthole, snatched a letter held out to him by a Swiss, and returned. It ran thus:—'The Bastille shall be surrendered, if pardon is granted to all.' The promise was given on the word of one of the officers, and the second drawbridge was lowered, and the mob rushed in. The Swiss stood grouped together in their white frocks, and there too were the Invalides, all disarmed. The first comers, who had heard the bargain, meant to be true to their word, but they could not. For others, mad with vengeance, came up, and in a few moments one of the Swiss soldiers who tried to escape was killed, and an Invalide lost his right hand. The rest were marched off to the Town-hall to be tried for the crime of slaying citizens. De Launay, dressed in a grey frock with a poppy-coloured ribbon, was about to stab himself, when some people interfered and bore him off, escorted by Hulin and Maillard, to the Hôtel de Ville. On the way, however, the miserable De Launay was torn from the shelter of his escort, and brutally murdered. The only part of him that reached the Town-hall was 'his bloody hair *queue* held up in a bloody hand.' One or two others of the garrison were massacred; the rest were saved, though with much difficulty, by the Gardes Françaises. Inside the hôtel, Elie was busy forming a list of the Bastille heroes. Outside was a perfect forest of spears and bayonets. Along the streets were carried the seven prisoners found in the Bastille; also seven heads on pikes; also the keys of the captured fortress. Through the whole of the following night the stones of which the prison had been built came down with a sound of thunder.

And what of the King's palace? That very evening there was a grand ball in the Orangery. It was 'Nero fiddling while Rome was burning,' once more. In the dead of night the Duke of Liancourt came to the King's bedside and told him what the Paris mob had done. 'Why, it is a revolt!' said Louis.

'It is more,' replied the Duke. 'It is a revolution!'

G. S. O.

The Fall of the Bastille.



Strange Friends.

STRANGE FRIENDS.

A GENTLEMAN living in Peebleshire, who was fond of cats, one day found a stray puss at his door, and hospitably gave her shelter. The cat speedily settled down in her new home, but not until she had made a careful survey of the premises, including the stable, where one horse was kept.

Strange to say, between these two incongruous animals a strong affection soon sprung up. Pussie steadily refusing a bed in the kitchen, passed every night mounted on the broad back of her friend, who in his turn never seemed completely happy till the cat appeared.

On one occasion the horse was not brought home till a very late hour; but the faithful puss was ready for him sitting in the manger, from whence she at once leaped on his back purring out her satisfaction to the amusement of the writer of this paper, who had the pleasure of an acquaintance with the two friends.

D. B. McKEAN.

THE ADVENTURES OF BEN ARMITAGE.

(*Continued from p.* 51.)

OUR readers must have observed by this time that Mr. Armitage was a man of not very high principle, rather vain, and very easily led by those who had any motive to lead them to do so. On one point, however, he had been very firm, ever since the start on the westward expedition, and this was that he insisted on keeping his supply of ardent spirits entirely in his own hands.

He was well aware that Stockman and Crook, if only they could have got possession of it, would very soon have the camp in an uproar, while it is a sad but well-known fact that all red men, and also men of mixed race, have such a fatal propensity to drink, that to have allowed André to taste a single drop would have been a dangerous experiment. Michael, as Mr. Armitage believed, would have been above the temptation. He himself had no love of drink. Many sins could indeed be laid to his charge in bygone years, but no one could say that they had ever seen him intoxicated. This sobriety was not indeed the result of good principle, but was caused by a certain peculiarity of constitution which caused him to suffer frightful tortures if he transgressed the rule of the strictest abstinence. Indeed, on the only occasion when he had attempted to take his glass of spirits with the other men a brain fever had nearly been the result. In these circumstances, being compelled to be strictly sober himself, he resolved that all the others of his party should be the same, although this determination on his part caused intense disgust to our two ex-military men, who grumblingly observed that never in all their lives had they spent three months without a single drop of anything to comfort their hearts, and had they only known what their fate was to have been in this respect, they never would have joined the expedition at all.

The whisky-cask, however, was at length broached, and with very unfortunate results, as we may well suppose. It happened as follows. André, having been sent during Michael's absence to repair the outside roof of the hut, had unfortunately fallen off his ladder and hurt himself rather seriously. In the collapse which followed Mr. Armitage considered that some stimulant was absolutely necessary, and giving his keys to Crook, he begged him to fetch some without delay. Crook, in complying with his request, contrived to secure about two quarts for his own and Stockman's use, while one of the Wood Cree Indians, who happened to be present at the time, carried home the news that the pale-faces had plenty of fire-water in their possession.

The effect of this intelligence upon these hitherto quiet and peaceable people was quite astonishing. To a man they collected round the log hut, beseeching and almost demanding a share of the coveted spirit; which request Mr. Armitage, in a foolish moment, consented to, hoping thus to get rid of his troublesome neighbours. But the small quantity given was like oil upon flames. In half an hour a free fight was in full operation, each man seeming to be quite demoralised by the mere taste and smell of the spirit. And have we not seen white men in a Christian community as thoroughly demoralised by the same cause; men not naturally unkind, who under the influence of drink become raging wild animals, from whose presence their innocent little children are glad to flee? Let every boy who reads this story avoid drink in any shape, once and for ever.

It was upon this degrading scene that Michael and Ben walked in, both feeling intense disgust at the sight. After their return, however, order was speedily restored, Mr. Armitage's authority once more asserted, the Crees summarily dismissed, Stockman and Crook, both of them hopelessly intoxicated, were dragged off to bed, and the dangerous liquid at once put under lock and key. But a feeling of sulkiness seemed to have taken possession of every one of the party, and no one was sorry when Michael announced that the frost was breaking up, and in a week or two he believed that they might abandon the log hut altogether, and pursue their westward way.

There is nothing so interesting to travellers in these regions as to watch how very rapidly winter is succeeded by spring. The frost all at once breaks up, the imprisoned waters once more rush along on their downward way, leaves and flowers appear as though by magic, and the joyous note of many a singing-bird is heard in the land.

This was now the pleasant experience of our adventurers, who, having to cross a broad but gently flowing river, had engaged two birch-bark canoes to convey them and their effects to the other side, but to land them at a point about ten miles further down than where they started.

After leaving the canoes, they would have thirty miles of rather rough and dangerous country to

traverse, when they would reach St. Roux, at which place a stage-waggon would be found, which would carry them safely to their journey's end.

Oh, the beauty of the scene, as our party gently glided down stream in their tiny boats! It was a beautiful day, bright with promise of many a summer day to come; the utter stillness of the woods, only broken by the dip of the paddles, the occasional splash of a fish, or the cry of various birds. The squirrel played and chirruped among the branches, the spotted woodpecker was busy hunting for insects on the hollow trunk of many a tree, while, perched high on the topmost bough of some withered giant of the forest, the eagle uttered his harsh and discordant scream. Here and there along the banks swarms of black and golden orioles clustered on the bushes, ducks and geese floated on the water, while the long-tailed American pigeon darted like an arrow high over the tree-tops. As night approached a hundred owls hooted around them, and the loon, the most melancholy of birds, sent forth her wild lamentation from some adjoining lake.

Having shot several ducks for supper, the party went ashore at sundown, and, drawing the canoes out of the water for safety, encamped for the night on the edge of the prairie. Next morning they commenced their last arduous thirty miles.

Many people are under the impression that a prairie must always mean a perfectly level expanse of smooth grass. Such persons would soon be undeceived were they to travel over a wide expanse of American prairie-land, heights and hollows being of continual occurrence, deep holes, where many a wolf finds shelter, old water-courses, while every now and then an oasis of trees appears, with perhaps a raging torrent and a precipitous fall of water.

Such was the broken and irregular land which our party had now to traverse, with an addition of about five miles of dense forest and two or three miles of swampy ground.

Thirty miles do not count for much when one has a coach, a waggon, or a steamer; but thirty miles on foot, and over land of this description, is tough work, and Michael calculated that the journey would occupy at least ten days.

However, there was nothing particular to hurry them, therefore they resolved to take it leisurely, rejoicing in the assurance that no hostile Indians were known to be in the locality; if any red men were met with at all they were almost certain to be Crees or Blackfoot Indians, neither of whom would prove troublesome. The two boys rejoiced greatly in this part of the journey. The revived beauty of nature, the delicious scent of the woods, the sight of the many grey squirrels, all combined to interest them, while the fact that no hostile Indians were to be dreaded caused Mr. Armitage to give them more freedom of action than they would otherwise have enjoyed. Often they strayed away from the party altogether, always, however, turning up at supper-time, so that no alarm was ever felt, even if they should be absent for several hours at a time.

On one occasion, however, things were very different. The whole party had rested to take their mid-day meal in a very charming spot. The river which they had crossed in canoes, and on whose banks they were still wandering, had very much changed its appearance. From a broad and tranquil stream it had become narrowed by the gradual closing in of its banks, so that it flowed much more rapidly, at length becoming a raging torrent. The face of the country, too, was changing. The level prairie, with its carpet of countless flowers of every hue, had given place to broken and rocky ground, with a dense forest in the distance. Here the river, after playfully leaping over several rocks and boulders of immense size, made one mighty plunge, hurling itself down into a deep and awful chasm, where it disappeared altogether from view. Continuing its course for nearly a mile under ground, it once more emerged into the light of day, and soon became again a broad, unruffled stream.

It was just above this grand and imposing waterfall that our party seated themselves one day to rest and enjoy their noontide meal. The sun, even thus early in the season, was powerful enough to make a shady retreat almost necessary during the mid-day hours, and it was therefore with much satisfaction that the travelling party threw themselves down on the smooth turf underneath a group of several branching trees, which grew on the very edge of the torrent. The boys, however, careless alike of fatigue or heat, kept wandering about, throwing stones into the chasm and otherwise amusing themselves till they were recalled by Mr. Armitage, as the party was about to move on.

'But we have had nothing to eat yet, father!' cried Ben, in dismay, when he learned how the time had slipped away.

'Your own fault, my boy,' said Mr. Armitage. 'However, we need not hurry you. Stay till you have finished your meal, and then follow at your leisure. You can scarcely lose yourselves here, for the track for the next few miles lies like a silver thread on the edge of the forest—so Michael tells me. But we must be off now, so as to secure a good camping-place for the night.'

'All right,' cried Ben, cheerfully. 'Come, David, unpack the grub, for I am desperately hungry. Good-bye, father, for the present; we will pick you up again soon.'

(*Continued at page* 70.)

A SURPRISE.

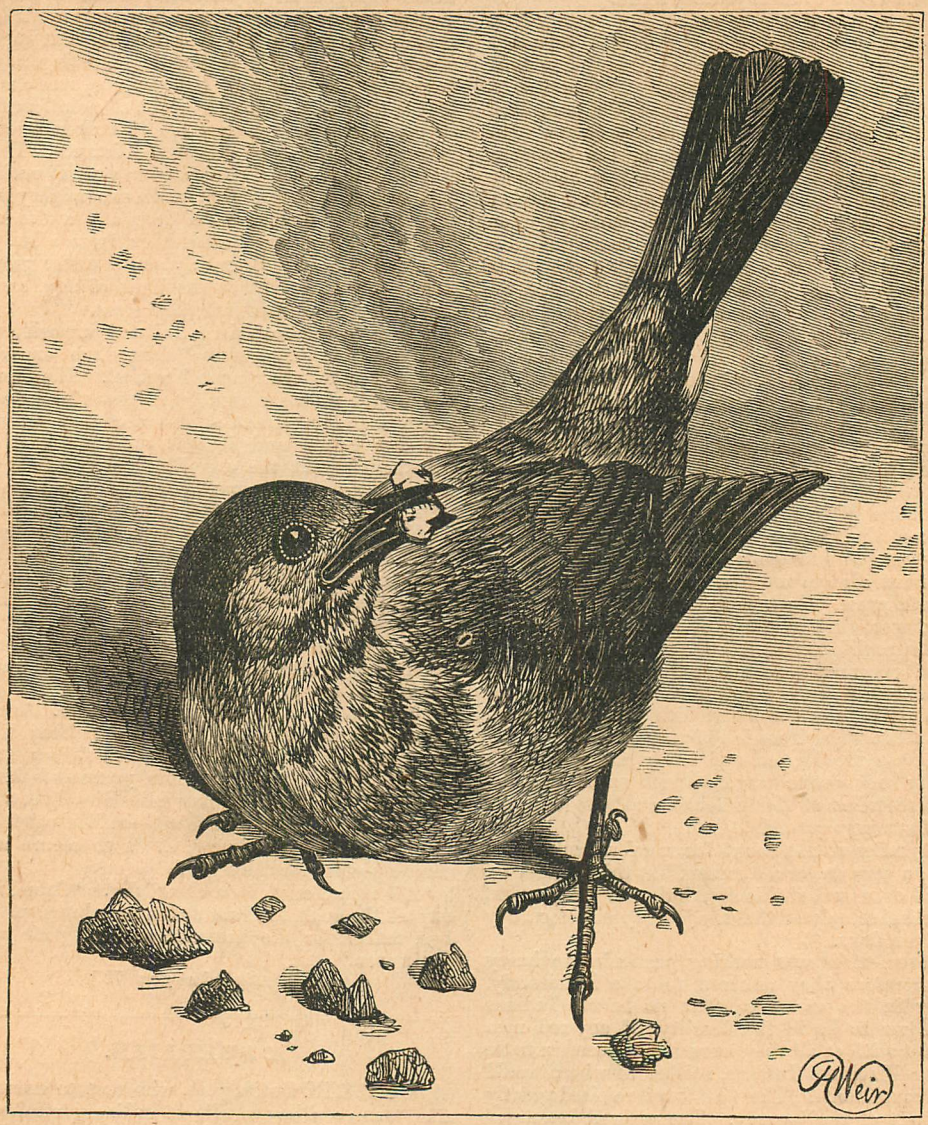
A CERTAIN Dutch poet, who rose to great fame, was as a boy so idle in ordinary affairs as to give great anxiety to his parents. One day his father came to him, newspaper in hand, and read an advertisement from a Society at Leyden, decreeing a valuable prize to the writer of a poem signed, 'An Author eighteen years old.

'You ought to blush,' said his father; 'here is a lad only your age, who by his industry, although so young, must be the cause of great joy to his parents, whilst you——'

'Father,' said the lad, 'it is I!'

Henceforth, the son was allowed to follow the bent of his genius, and became an ornament in his own country as well as the joy of his parents.

A. R. B.



DICK'S DINNER.

DEAR little Dickie, come hop down here,
From your perch on that tree so brown and bare;
All your pretty companions with summer are flown,
And poor little Robin is left alone.

The cold cold snow falls fast and thick
On your feathery coat, my poor little Dick!
But God made the coat, and it's warmer maybe
Than we may quite think in that leafless tree.

See at my window, Dick, how I've spread
All about dainty crumbs of soft white bread,
For your dinner, my birdie; and every day
You'll always find some, if you come this way.

'Pick, pecky, pick!' how I love the sound
Of your sharp little beak on the frosty ground!
Then your sweet 'chirrup twee!' as away you fly,
I'm sure it means 'Thank you! good-bye, good-bye!'

Come then, my blithe little birdie dear,
And eat the nice dinner I've spread for you here;
Then off to your tree you can flutter away,
And sing us your song through the winter day.

THE PET SNAKE.

THE common English snake is quite harmless, has no poison fangs, and may be handled without any danger. I knew a boy who kept one which his father had found in the fields and brought home with him. It was a little more than two feet long, and its slender body was beautifully marked and ringed. It was placed in a large cage which had been used for white mice, and there it lay closely coiled up. But the boy was greatly troubled to find that his strange pet would eat nothing that he offered it. He had read in a book on Natural History that English snakes lived on mice, and lizards, and frogs; so he procured a frog and placed it in the cage. But after two days the snake was still coiled up, whilst the frog was quietly squatting in a corner by itself; so he took them both out of the cage, and putting them on the garden path waited to see what they would do. The snake took no notice of the frog, but began gliding along the path at a great rate, to the delight of its master, who, however, took good care that it did not escape. The frog jumped away to a place of safety as soon as it found itself at liberty. After this he often let the snake out in the garden, and amused himself by watching its swift and graceful motions.

Sometimes he took it out with him, coiled round his hand, which he kept in his pocket; and 'the boy with the snake' became an object of much interest, and still more terror, especially to his young-lady friends; for though they were all anxious to see the strange creature, no sooner did he withdraw his hand from his pocket, and they caught sight of the small head and gleaming eyes of the reptile, than they fled as if it had been a rattlesnake, instead of a little English snake which could do them no more harm than a caterpillar! The boy's assertions that it would not bite them did not tempt any of them to come near it, for they seemed to think that all snakes were like boa constrictors, and would not only bite them, but swallow them up altogether! This, however, did not weaken the boy's liking for his singular pet, and he was sadly grieved when one day, as he was watching it twisting and darting about the flower-beds in the garden, it suddenly disappeared; nor could he ever find it again, though he searched carefully for it. It had doubtless slipped under the leaves of the plants, and then down into some hole in the earth. It was long before the children in the neighbourhood got over their fear of meeting the snake in some lonely spot in the evening.

The only venomous snake in Great Britain is the adder, or viper, as it is sometimes called, and it is easily known from the common or ringed snake. The adder is shorter, and thicker in proportion than the common snake, and its colour is quite different, the under part of the body being black instead of being dusky and bluish-white at the sides, as in the common snake. The shape of the head in all venomous snakes differs greatly from that of the harmless ones, owing to the poison glands and the arrangement of the fangs. No snakes, however venomous, will bite any one unless they are molested. They are naturally timid, and always try to glide away unnoticed if they can.

SOME STRANGE ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE American gentleman, who lost his book and advertised for it in the daily paper, sets so good an example that his notice is worth recording.

'The present locality of a copy of Longfellow's *Hyperion*, belonging to me, is beyond my knowledge. As it contains something besides the context, interesting only to myself, I want it. Will somebody return it, and oblige AUG. F. HARVEY?'

The following advertisement once appeared in a London newspaper, and offers of a similar nature have been made in the provincial press more than once.

'To be disposed of, for the benefit of the poor widow, a blind man's walk, in a charitable neighbourhood; the comings-in between twenty-five and twenty-six shillings a-week, with a dog well-drilled, and a staff in good repair. A handsome premium will be expected. For further particulars inquire at No. 40 Chiswell Street.'

Apparently the price of a blind man's or beggar's walk does not vary much in any town, for a business of this kind in Scotland was advertised as bringing in about thirty shillings a-week. In this case, too, some 'good will' was required. A. R. B.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

18. MY *first's* in a substantive, not in a noun,
My *second's* in Cambridge, yet not in that town;
My *third's* in the South Pole, but not in the south,
My *fourth's* in all breathing, but not in the mouth;
My *fifth's* in the kitchen, yet not in the house,
My *sixth's* in no wild game, still ever in grouse;
My *seventh's* in the coal, but yet never in flame,
In fault my *next's* never, yet always in blame;
In cabbage my *next* is, but not in one plant,
And my *last*, who will never be taught by the ant,
Is in *beggary* always, yet never in want.

These letters ten make up a soldier brave,
Who fought and fell beside a distant wave,
And now, in Malta, has an honoured grave.

19. THERE was a poor man called Johannes Bull,
Who children did possess, a quiver full;
And who yet managed somehow to scratch on,
By the true help of daughter and of son.
Six little workers had he, each of whom
Earned something for the household at the loom.
I will not tell you how much each did gain,
For I'm a puzzler, and I don't speak plain;
But, as I would you should possess a clue,
Some tell-tale facts I'll now disclose to you.
Week after week, Jane, Ann, Joe, Bet, Rose, Jim,
Earn ten and tenpence, father says, for him,
And in this way:—The eldest daughter, Jane,
Gains sevenpence more than sister Ann can gain;
Ann eightpence more than Joe; while Joe can get
By his endeavours sixpence more than Bet;
Bet, not so old, earns not so much as those,
But by her hands gets fourpence more than Rose;
Rose, though not up to Jane, yet means to thrive,
And every week beats Jim by pennies five.

Now, say what each child-worker should receive,
When father draws the cash on pay-day eve?

20. I AM a thing, which once was borne aloft,
Over the hill, the woodland, and the croft;
Yet I, who thus could rise like any lark,
Am now the servant of a banker's clerk.

Add but a letter, or, it may be, twain,
And changes yet more strange shall I sustain,
As thus:—a heap of copper I become,
If *c* and *e* are added to my sum;

And if a sacred mount you give to me,
Cash am I still, and mount to £ *s. d.*
But pounds and shillings, yea, and pennies fail,
If *u r y* are tacked upon my tail.

21. IN the lamp-globe my *first* is, but never in heat,
In the anchor my *second*, yet not in the fleet;
My *third's* in all ropes, yet it's not in a ship,
In no faces my *fourth*, still 'tis ever in lip;
My *next's* in all bakers, yet not in one man,
And my *sixth's* in the pot, but it's not in the pan;
My *seventh's* in the thoroughfare, not in the way,
My *eighth's* in the mower, but not in the hay;
My *ninth's* in the jury, yet not in their box,
My *tenth's* in my stockings, but not in your socks,
And my *last's* in the harbour, yet not in the docks.

An English soldier in this puzzle lies,
A General famous for his victories;
Some judges think all other captains yield
To this man's prowess in the battle-field.

[*Answers at page* 78.]

OUR BIOGRAPHY.—No. II.

SYDNEY SMITH.

ON the 22nd of February in the year 1845 died the Rev. Sydney Smith. He is chiefly remembered now as a famous wit. But his own times knew him also as a powerful writer and preacher, an equal master of reasoning and ridicule, and the enemy of all hypocrisy and meanness.

He was born at Woodford, Essex, in 1771; he went to Winchester, where he became captain of the school, and thence to New College, Oxford. Having taken his degree, and become a Fellow of his College, Sydney Smith was ordained. His first curacy was at a village in Salisbury Plain. Here he was offered the post of tutor to the Squire's son. The two were to have visited a German university. But the Continent was then torn by the French Revolution, and a residence at Edinburgh was substituted. At this place he was familiar with the men afterwards famous as Lord Brougham, Lord Jeffrey, Francis Horner, and others.

It was during Sydney Smith's stay at Edinburgh that the famous *Edinburgh Review* was started, and by his own account he edited the first number.

In 1806 he was appointed to the Vicarage of Foston-le-Clay in Yorkshire. It was an out-of-the-way place, so much so that Sydney Smith described it as 'twelve miles from a lemon.' He lived for some time in London, doing duty by proxy, but at last he went to live at Foston. It was long since an incumbent had resided there, and the curates do not seem to have been energetic preachers. At any rate, the new Rector afterwards said, 'When I began to thump the cushion of my pulpit on first coming to Foston, as my wont is when I preach, the accumulated dust of fifteen years made such a cloud that for some minutes I lost sight of my congregation.'

Every one soon learned to love him. He was Doctor as well as Rector of the parish, and sought the good of his flock in every way. With the children he was a prime favourite. They would follow him through the village, well aware that in his pockets he generally carried sweets or pennies for their benefit.

After fourteen years' stay he was made Rector of Combe Florey, near Taunton, and Canon of Bristol Cathedral. Three years later he became a Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's. His powers of conversation remained vigorous to the end of his days. Those who knew him best agreed that he might have been called with equal justice the 'wise' as well as the 'witty Canon.'

A. R. B.

A BRAVE MAN.

THE River Adige, having overflowed its banks during a rainy winter, the flood swept before it the whole bridge of Verona save a single arch, on which, as was then the custom, a house had been built. A crowd at once gathered, and saw to their alarm that the inhabitants of the threatened house were within, and stood calling from its windows for help.

'I will give a hundred French louis to any person who will deliver these people,' cried a wealthy nobleman who was amongst the crowd.

In answer to his appeal a young person stepped forward, entered a boat, and pulled off alone to the trembling arch. Mooring the craft to some large stones, he dragged the family on board, and pushed off again to the shore, which he reached in safety.

'Here is your money, my brave fellow,' said the nobleman, when all were landed.

'No,' said the peasant, 'I do not sell my life. Give the money to these poor people who need it.'

This was done, and their loss from the flood was thus repaired.

A. R. B.

A NEGRO WAIF, AND WHAT HE BECAME.

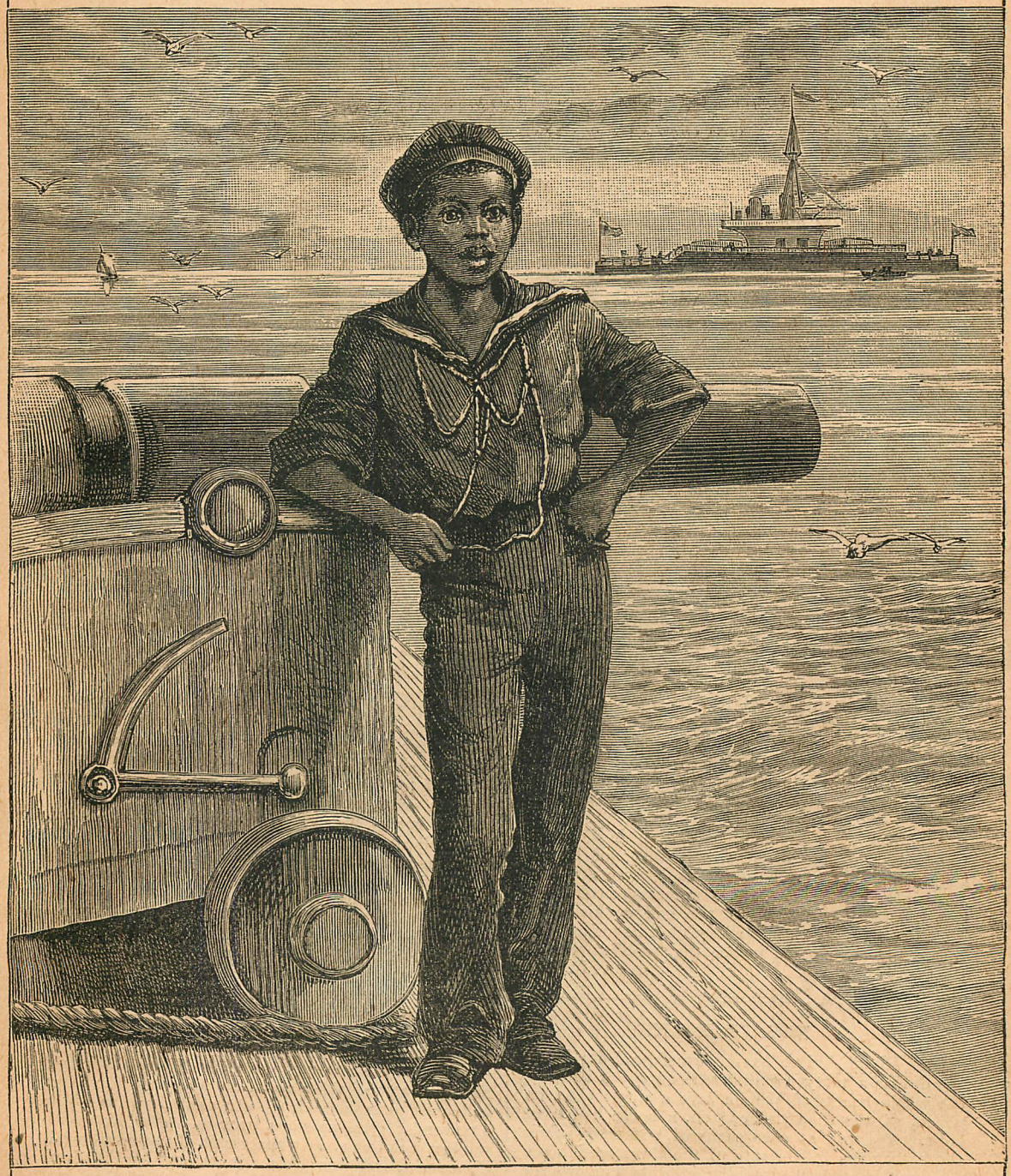
MANY years ago, a worthy seaman, captain of a merchant vessel trading between Liverpool and various African ports, brought home with him in his ship a negro lad of eleven years. This boy was of good birth in his own country, and had been given to the captain's care by his father, a very intelligent native, who greatly desired an English education for his son.

Unfortunately, however, the good captain died suddenly ere reaching home, and without leaving any instructions as to the boy, who was now left friendless and alone in a foreign land. Being destitute he would have been sent to the workhouse had he not been befriended by a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who, pleased with the intelligent face and good conduct of the little fellow, took him into his service and employed him about his stable and garden. In this humble situation young Dominique lived for two years, doing faithful service for his master, and in his leisure hours profiting greatly by the good education which was provided for him. He soon showed talents of no common order, and was as well-informed as any English boy of his age and position in life.

But all his desire was towards a sea-faring life, and at last he was allowed to follow out his inclinations. But before joining his ship he was questioned closely as to his African home and friends, and asked if he would not like to return thither. But this he declined, saying that when he was a full-grown man, and a good seaman, like his old captain, whose memory he loved, he would then go to his African home and teach his countrymen all that he had learned himself while in England. This boy acquitted himself well on board ship, he was frank and simple in manner, and strictly attentive to duty.

When, in the course of years, he did make his appearance among those relatives who had for long believed him to be dead, we can easily imagine what a power for good he must have been, for his good conduct was not simply the result of a fine natural disposition, but was distinctly caused by his firm faith in God. What was the after fate of this fine young man we cannot tell.

M.



A Negro Waif.

"Ride for your lives, all ye who may!
Foot-soldier, cast your arms away!

Leave bag and baggage on the shore,
Run as you never ran before!"

BALLADS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

THE LAST DAYS OF KING JOHN.

IT is the little town of Lynn,
And horse and foot come trooping in;
The soldiers these who fight for John,
And the old throne he sits upon.

Here, in his dress of Lincoln green,
The Sherwood archer may be seen;
And knight, and squire, and man-at-arms,
Jostle with rustics from the farms.

But who is this comes up the street,
Spattered with mud from head to feet?
Sure he must bring big news indeed
On such a spent and weary steed?

'Tis but a scrap, ill writ, worse spelt,
And stuck inside his leather belt:
'Come, quickly come! nor count the cost,
Or Lincoln Castle will be lost!'

The bugle sounds—the host advance,
Helmet and hauberk, bow and lance,
And Lynn, of late so gay and brave,
Becomes as silent as the grave.

Now, mark the long-drawn line of men,
As it files slowly through the fen,
By pool and bog and clump of reeds,
Wherein the strong-billed bittern breeds.

But mark them chiefly when the host
Is dotted o'er that wild sea-coast,
Where Welland, ending, ploughs her way,
In many a runnel to the bay.

Some hint of danger on these sands,
But he who issues the commands
Will brook no contradiction—they
Must follow where he leads the way.

The mule that bears the treasure chest,
The high-born knight with nodding crest,
The rank and file, with bow and bill,
Must bend to John's imperious will.

Yet murmurs rise, 'Why need we drown?
Why risk our lives for this man's crown?
Hark to the ocean's solemn sound!
See how the waves come creeping round!'

At length the King has marked the tide,
And thinks it time to turn and ride;
High time, in sooth! and well for him
He strides a steed so strong of limb.

Ride for your lives, all ye who may!
Foot-soldier, cast your arms away!
Leave bag and baggage on the shore,
Run as you never ran before!

But, O poor treasure-laden ass!
What wilt thou do in such a pass?
And thou, poor horse, who, all in vain,
Dost drag the overloaded wain?

When the King turned his frightened face
Upon the hindmost in the race,
He saw an army put to rout,
And the white breakers all about.

They toyed with arms of every kind,
As if they had a playful mind,
Yet merciless in mood as well,
As men and horses drowned could tell.

The slant October sun is setting,
The miserable King is fretting;
To Swineshead he is slowly wending,
His hopes are dead, his life is ending.

What though to-night his bed be made
Beneath an abbey's quiet shade,
No peaceful sleep is there for him,
But fevered dreams and spectres grim.

They say a monk, who wished him dead,
Did medicate his cup and bread;
And turned to torment every thought,
By the dark poison as it wrought.

Once more did John his deed of hell,
Once more heard Arthur's dying yell,
And saw his body sink again,
In the black waters of the Seine.

And other horrors saw he there,
Imaged upon the midnight air;
Who sows *his* deeds must terrors reap,
Instead of God's belovèd sleep.

He got him up at break of day,
Called for his horse and rode away:
Slowly he rode away to die,
And no man spake a kind good-bye.

* * * * * * *

Come here, and watch the silver Trent
Laving a castle grey and rent;
In its old walls great deeds have been—
Chief actors in life's busy scene.

And here by turns has Fortune made
Laughter and sunshine, tears and shade;
The clash of swords, the fond embrace,
The feast of wine, the dead man's face.

Tread softly here—a wicked king
His life's last wish is whispering;
Oh, what a dagger is the thought
That he has sold his soul for nought!

That he, for such a weary crown,
Struck father, friend, and brother down!
Yet judge him not, but drop a tear
On the unhappy monarch's bier. G. S. O.

SIR THOMAS MAITLAND, when Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, had to invest a Knight of rebellious tendencies with the collar of St. Michael and St. George. Stooping down to his ears, as he placed the collar on his neck, he said, 'You know it should be a halter, you scoundrel!'

A WHITE MONKEY.

A FRIEND of mine residing in an Indian hill station, had a very pretty and docile, tame white monkey, which lived in a box, like a small dog-kennel, placed on a post close to the house. Albo, as the little creature was called, was allowed to run about loose all day, but at night a chain was fastened to his collar, and the other end to a large ring encircling the post so that he could run up and down at pleasure.

There were a good many jackals about, and Albo usually took good care to hook the large ring on to a peg at the top of the pole, placed there for the purpose, and carefully gather the slack chain into his box, so that no prowling animal might jump up and seize it to pull him out. One night, however, he omitted to take this precaution, allowing a large loop to hang down. A wily jackal soon found this out, and jumping up caught the chain in his teeth, and would soon have captured poor Albo but that his master woke up and went to his assistance. The struggle had been a severe one, and though the poor little fellow's life was saved, the narrow collar had cut into the side of his neck and caused a deep wound.

Albo was not a good patient, and continually tore off the bandages and sticking-plaster with which it was dressed, so that all that could be done was to apply plenty of oil; and he was placed in a basket near an empty fireplace, where he remained apparently contented for two or three days, by which time he had sufficiently recovered to feel confinement and want of exercise irksome, and, both doors and windows being shut, he forthwith scrambled up the chimney, clambered from tree to tree, and so reached the roof of the next bungalow, where, feeling cold or curious, he popped down one of its chimneys. Meantime, his master returned from parade, and finding Albo gone began to search for him everywhere. While doing so, a message came from the lady living next door, requesting him to come and take his monkey away. Hurrying over, he was met by the indignant lady of the house, and conducted to her bedroom, where there was a pretty to-do. Albo, it seems, had come down the bedroom chimney, and, careless of the mess he was in from the soot mingling with the oil from his wound, had crawled all over the nice white counterpane, and then, catching sight of himself in the looking-glass, had sprung on to the dressing-table, and was clawing and screaming at his own image; while, in his struggles to get at what he supposed to be the other monkey, scent-bottles, combs, brushes, and other requisites of a lady's toilette, all more or less stained and broken, lay scattered on the floor.

My friend caught Albo, and making profuse apologies—which, however, were not very well received—hurried home.

Albo took the numerous practical jokes that were played upon him in good part, but really lost his temper once when some young officers obtained a few bottles of Judson's dyes, and stained his body green, his arms yellow, his legs black, and his fine, white beard crimson. He seemed to think something had happened to the jacket he wore on cold days, and made the most determined efforts to pull off his bright clothing, but, finding he could not succeed, he remained sulky and savage until the dyes wore off as his hair grew and he resumed his natural appearance; but the mere showing him an empty dye-bottle had always the effect of sending him scampering out of the house. O. W.

A KING'S FANCIES.

IT is recorded of Louis XI. that he had 'a mighty curiosity' for tame and wild animals. Dogs of all kinds he collected from every part. For a certain mule he sent to Sicily. Naples and the surrounding country was searched for any additions to his stock, and officers were sent to Denmark and Sweden for specimens of the elk. But what is more curious is, that when the animals had been safely brought to France he seemed to take no further interest in them: when they were his own he was quite satisfied.

THE ROOK.

IN every climate, warm or cold,
Well known are we, as I am told;
Names have we also not a few,
As Toolloo-ak and Kaw-kaw-gew,*
Der Kolk-rabe, Corvo, Korp, Corbeau,
Raven and Corbie, Rook and Crow.
We're much respected where we're known,
As every one, I think, will own.
We're bold, familiar, and sagacious,
Though some malign us as rapacious;
And there are others, envious folk!
Who call our silvery caw a croak;
And we can talk, when taught to do,
As well as any cockatoo.
One of our race, whom I knew well,
Could imitate a sentinel,
Could say 'All's well,' and turn the guard
Out of the guard-house in the yard.
I don't know why, but ravens cling
Like misers to a shiny thing—
A silver spoon, a shilling bright,
Can trance their senses with delight.

I've heard how, by a hunter keen,
A raven once was flying seen,
His mates pursued him with loud caws,
For he had something in his claws,
As though they said, 'Come, halves at that'—
And he, 'Well, I'm not such a flat!'
They, by their noisy altercation,
Aroused the hunter in his station,
Who took his gun and levelled straight
At him who bore the precious freight.
Alarmed, or hit (the first we hope),
The raven let the treasure drop,
And when the hunter ran to see
What such a bone of strife might be,

* These are Esquimaux and Indian names for the rook.

The Rook.

He found a *lock*, and not a platter,
Had caused those fisticuffs and clatter.
That hunter to his fellows said,
'Why was there such a hubbub made?
The bird could not the lock digest,
Nor could he use it for his chest.'

No, hunter, yet he had, perhaps,
A fancy for old rattletraps.
Why not, as well as Lady Dinah,
Who spends her cash on coins or china?
Why mayn't a chap with wings and beak,
Have tastes for what he thinks antique?

G. S. O.

FOX TERRIERS.

FIFTY years ago fox terriers were little known except as attached to packs of fox hounds. They were used to follow foxes when run to earth, and they either drove them out, or, by their barking, showed whereabouts the fox lay, if it was decided to dig him out. Thus they obtained their name. In a well-bred dog the body should be short and compact, with strong neck, and small head and pointed nose; the legs slim but very strong, and the feet small; and the markings, if any, placed evenly on the two sides of the head or body. The ears should be thin and soft.

Happily for the terriers, cropping their ears has quite gone out of fashion. It was useless and cruel, not only in the operation, but by depriving the ear of its natural covering it allowed rain or particles of earth to fall into it, and caused deafness. The coat is usually soft and silky. Their keen nose enables them to follow animals by scent with ease, and when properly trained they can tell their master for a certainty whether the owner of a rabbit-burrow or rat-hole is at home or not, while their pluck in fighting with animals, such as the otter or fox, often much larger than themselves, is wonderful.

THE ADVENTURES OF BEN ARMITAGE.

(*Continued from page* 59.)

THE two youths, thus left to please themselves, were not long in finishing the contents of their dinner-basket; too soon, indeed, was the repast at an end, for the free and healthful breezes of the prairie had bestowed upon each of them a very keen appetite. And now, having finished dinner, they sat a while conversing, principally, as to the changes that would take place when they reached St. Roux.

'You will have to hook it then, you know, David,' said Ben, almost regretfully, though he had little reason to love his young companion. 'My father, I fear, will not take charge of you any further. Where do your friends live?'

'My friends!' echoed David, with a laugh; 'that was all gammon. I've no friends, but I wanted to get away west; there is always something sure to turn up for a fellow the further west he goes: so I've always heard. But I say, Ben, you might ask your father to take me further on. I don't want to be stranded at St. Roux, I want to reach San Francisco.'

'San Francisco!' echoed Ben; 'so far as that! But I don't know that my father is going in that direction at all.'

'You are nothing but a greenhorn,' said David, with contempt. 'I declare I know more of your father's movements than you do. Do you suppose I have lived a whole winter in the log-hut without hearing two or three things not intended for my ears? I can tell you San Francisco is your destination, my boy, and I wish you would be good-natured and get your governor to take me on too. Now, won't you, Ben? I'd do as much for you.'

But Ben made no reply. There were many things in this speech of his companion's which were very disagreeable to him; but he did not wish to quarrel.

'We will see when the time comes,' he said, after a little reflection. 'But I say, David, what is that in the tree right above our heads? It looks like a bunch of something.'

'It is a nest of some kind,' said David, after staring at the tree for a minute or two; 'a squirrel's summer nest, I dare say. I've heard that they hang their summer nests from a bough, just as that one seems to be suspended. What a pity it is out of our reach!'

'It is not out of our reach,' said Ben, stoutly; 'I could be up there in a couple of minutes if I were to try.'

But David laughed derisively. 'I don't believe you could,' he said; 'you would come slap down into the torrent if you tried, so I'd just advise you to stay where you are. Look! there is the mother squirrel, and, I declare, a lot of young ones!'

This was too much for Ben; he cared nothing about the squirrels; if he had the whole nestful he could not keep them; but what boy does not know the intense delight of securing a nest of any kind, and capturing some little young thing, bird, or squirrel, or whatever else it may be? Ben shared this boyish feeling to the full, and instantly prepared to climb the tree.

'Look here, David,' he said, 'just give me a back, for the stem is quite bare far above my head. Stand steady now.' And cautiously mounting on his companion's broad back, Ben launched himself into the first fork of the tree, and looked down triumphantly.

'All right,' he cried. 'Now, when I reach the nest, I shall throw it down to you; don't let the young ones escape, mind, they will hop off like crickets.' And very cautiously the boy crept along the branch, keeping his eye fixed on the coveted treasure, till he felt the bough swaying ominously beneath him. Then he glanced down for a moment, but immediately closed his eyes, sick with sudden terror: he was right above the fearful chasm into which the river fell; he could see down into its terrible depths, and its muffled roar sounded fearfully in his ears.

'David,' he called, faintly, 'I can't hold on any more. Oh, David, catch me! the branch is breaking!'

These words were scarcely uttered by the dazed and bewildered lad than the treacherous and half-rotten branch gave way, nest and branch and lad together falling to the ground.

But not into the chasm; mercifully saved from such a frightful doom, Ben was lying not two feet distant from its rocky side; but, alas! silent and motionless, stunned and bleeding. That he was terribly injured was evident at a glance to his young companion. For a moment David stood still, looking down upon the helpless boy with a strange expression of countenance; then his cheek flushed, and his eyes kindled with a terrible light, as thought after thought surged through his brain. Here was the opportunity he had long looked for; but, now, what should he do?

It has been said that if we cherish evil designs in our hearts, Satan will sooner or later give us an opportunity of putting these designs into execution. This was apparently true in the present case. David had for long cherished the idea of appropriating to himself the gold watch which belonged to Ben Armitage. So often had he gloated in secret over the thought of its beauty and usefulness, that the desire to possess it as his own had become a perfect passion not to be resisted. And now his chance had come. Stooping down over the prostrate figure of his young companion, the heartless boy ripped open Ben's jacket, seized the watch, and immediately hung it round his own neck with a pride and pleasure which seems truly revolting in the circumstances. Then carefully concealing it from view, by buttoning up his waistcoat, he stood a moment meditating over his plans for the future. What should he now do? What story should he carry back to camp about Ben? Suppose he were to draw him back from the edge of the cliff to a place of safety, then run to camp and tell the simple truth; Mr. Armitage, of course, would come to the rescue, Ben would revive and miss his watch, when, of course, the thief would not be far to seek. Clearly this plan would not serve his turn. But might he not silence Ben for ever by just gently pushing him over the cliff down into the depths of the chasm below? David grew cold and sick at the very thought. No, he was not quite so fiendish as to do this of set purpose; but suppose Ben should roll over himself? If he (David) just left him lying close

at the edge, where he had first fallen, he would almost inevitably topple over on recovering consciousness. And, if so, whose fault would it be? Not David's, surely; it would be nothing but an unfortunate accident. Yes, this must be his plan of operation; therefore, moving poor Ben, if possible, still nearer to the edge of the cliff, without one feeling of compassion for the boy who had been his companion for months, and who now lay pale, unconscious, and apparently fast dying at his feet, the young murderer (for in heart he was really a murderer), turned away and sped towards the camp. On and on he went, ever and anon glancing fearfully behind him, as though he expected Ben to be in full pursuit; then on and on again, till, breathless and faint, he sat down on the edge of the forest for a minute's rest. . . . .

Daylight was fast drawing to a close, the evening camp was all comfortably arranged, while Mrs. Michael had concocted a savory pigeon stew and was only waiting orders to dish it up in style, when Mr. Armitage looked up from the gun which he was cleaning, and addressing Michael, asked him what could have become of the lads.

'They have had abundance of time to come on here,' he said, 'but I can see nothing of them. Can they have got into any mischief, Michael?'

'It is hard to know what lads can't do,' answered Michael, grimly, 'but in the present case I don't know of anything that could harm them. They have lingered too long—amusing themselves, I suppose.'

'But it is quite dark,' observed Mr. Armitage, with just a touch of anxiety in the tones of his voice; 'they cannot find their way in the dark!'

'No, of course not!' said Michael, coolly. 'I guess they must have camped out for the night. Why, it won't do them any harm; I suppose they can light a fire as well as we can do.'

'But they have no food!' again said the anxious father, who did not seem able to reconcile himself to the absence of his son.

'Well, they will just be the hungrier to-morrow,' was all the response made by Michael, who added immediately, 'And if some of us do not go out shooting immediately, we will all be starving together; we have nothing left but a few pounds of flour and a couple of squirrels.'

Mr. Armitage rose up and peered along the road which led to the waterfall, but all was dark and silent. 'I wish I had sent André after them an hour ago,' he remarked; 'but it would be useless to send him now, I fear.'

'Quite useless,' said Michael; 'but if you feel anxious about your son, which, I confess, seems to me quite unnecessary, then send him off in the morning; I guess he will meet the youngsters halfway.'

But André did not meet the boys next morning, nor did he see the slightest trace of them, though he had gone as far as the waterfall and back again.

'What is to be done now, Michael?' said Mr. Armitage, more distressed than he cared to show to the half-breed, who evidently thought his anxiety something to be despised, as womanish and absurd.

'Well, if you will undertake to shoot something for dinner, I will go myself after the lads,' he said. 'André is not expert as a tracker; I ought to have gone myself this morning had it not been for our empty larder, but I shall go now.' And so saying, Michael prepared to leave the encampment, but was stopped by Mr. Armitage.

'Don't think it strange, my good Michael,' said the unhappy father, 'but I cannot rest in this uncertainty. I will go with you. André and Crook can look after the pigeons; what matters about the dinner?'

Michael only smiled. 'As you will,' he said; and both together, the two men set out in search of the absent lads. Having arrived at the waterfall, the quick eye of the half-breed at once discovered the broken branch, and immediately drew his own conclusions. One lad had climbed the tree, the branch had broken, he had fallen into the chasm, while the other lad, in attempting a rescue, had shared the same sad fate.

But, feeling compassion for the feelings of a father, Michael did not at once point this out to Mr. Armitage. 'They are certainly not here,' he said, looking all round him. 'But what! here is a foot-print leading away towards the camp, a smaller print than any of ours, let us follow it up;' and almost before the words were out of his mouth, the half-breed was diligently tracking the hasty steps which David had taken only the evening before. Soon he came to the place where the boy had sat down to rest, and here even Michael was at fault, heavy rain having fallen through the night, which rendered the task of tracking a light footstep very difficult, if not quite impossible.

'I think,' said he, 'we had better give it up for the moment; the lad at this point has entered the forest, but I cannot with all my searching follow the faint track: but we will return, the whole party of us—my wife included—and beat the wood, keeping within hail of each other, when, doubtless, we shall find the wanderer. You are too much afraid, sir; you must keep up your heart.'

'But I cannot understand,' said Mr. Armitage, 'why there should be only one boy's steps here. Why should they separate? Could they have quarrelled? What do you think, Michael?'

But Michael would not give an opinion; he now was inclined to believe that one lad had indeed fallen into the chasm, but that the other one, not being able to do anything for his comrade, had, in his fear and desperation, run off to carry the news to camp. But he could not bear to say this to Mr. Armitage, who would be certain to think that his own son was the one lying dead in that awful abyss.

'Let us waste no time in surmisings,' said he, anxious to avoid the subject altogether; 'but let us go home, prepare food for the expedition, and return to-morrow, every one of us to the wood.'

'Are there any wolves here?' asked Mr. Armitage, fearfully; but Michael only laughed.

'At this season of the year,' he said, 'the wolves are never seen; keep your mind easy as to that. Courage, sir! we shall soon have a happy issue out of all this uncertainty I do hope and believe.'

(*Continued at page* 74.)

Ben falling over the Chasm.

"'Stranger,' he said, 'you are in perfect safety.'"

THE ADVENTURES OF BEN ARMITAGE.

(*Continued from page* 71.)

BUT the next day it poured of rain, with thunder and lightning, so that tracking in the wood would have been impossible; it was, therefore, on the third day after the boys had been lost that the whole party with food for the wanderers, and well-armed, in case of any unforeseen emergency, set out for the spot of ground where Michael's sagacity had enabled him to say with certainty that the boy wanderer had left the path and entered the forest.

'Why he should have done so I cannot imagine,' he said; 'probably he was attracted by something he saw—a bird, a flower, who can tell? but that he did enter the wood at this point is certain. Now, sir (addressing Mr. Armitage), 'you, André, and my wife, turn to the right, and look well and carefully on every side of you; these two gentlemen and I will go to the left; every few minutes we shall hail each other, and we must wait for an answering hail before we proceed any further. Now, let us go.'

Slowly and carefully did the two parties now proceed on their several paths, Messrs. Stockman and Crook grumbling not a little that such extraordinary work should be laid upon them; but Michael had intentionally taken them with himself, knowing well that he was the only one who could keep them in proper order.

'Step well out, sir,' said he to the burly Stockman, 'there are snakes hereabouts;' at which intelligence the Colonel leaped from the ground with an agility which made even the grave Michael smile.

'Snakes!' cried he. 'Why did you not warn us of it before? I would have put on my long leather leggings. I say now, this kind of thing can't go on, you know; is a man's life to be sacrificed for a couple of young fools like these boys? I say, Crook, I think we had better turn back; without my leather leggings I can be of no possible use.'

But Michael touched his arm. 'Stand still,' he said slowly, with his eyes fixed on a clump of low bushes right ahead of him; then pointing his finger, he said almost in a whisper, 'Look, there is the boy!'

Yes, it was too true, the prostrate figure of a lad did indeed lie beneath the thicket, his face turned towards the earth, but all so silent, so motionless, and his clothing so saturated with rain! While even as Michael slowly approached the spot a cloud of flies rose up, buzzing from their prey. The boy was not only dead, but decomposition had already commenced its terrible work, so that they could scarcely venture near the body. Michael gave a loud hail, which was answered by the other party; then immediately after he uttered a sound, well-known to his wife, which meant that something had been found.

'We must go back,' said the woman; 'Michael has something to tell us;' and silently but rapidly Mr. Armitage retraced his steps.

'Oh, Michael!' he said, as he saw the silent figure that lay beneath the brushwood, 'oh, Michael! is he dead?'

'Yes, he is dead,' replied the half-breed, solemnly. 'Do not go near him, sir; we must bury him just as he lies.'

'But—but—oh, Michael, which of them is it? Can you tell me?'

Mr. Armitage could scarcely speak these words, his voice was husky and faint with emotion.

'Sir,' replied Michael, 'you will never know which of the boys lies here, the face is sadly destroyed by rats or other small animals, and you know in figure and dress they were so much alike.'

But Mr. Armitage looked up with a sudden thought. 'Michael,' he said hurriedly, 'if this is the body of my son, he will have his mother's watch suspended round his neck. Poor boy! he never laid it aside even for a single day. Michael, can you ascertain this for me?'

But even Michael hesitated. All Red men, and even men of mixed race, have a superstitious objection to interfere with the dead; but sympathy for the distressed father at length overcame his scruples. 'Sit down, sir,' he said, 'and compose yourself; you are all trembling; I will ascertain the truth.'

Then Mr. Armitage sat down, bending his head on his trembling hands, while silence fell on the awe-struck party, each one waiting to hear which of their bright young fellow-travellers lay dead before them. Michael was not long of returning.

'Sir,' he said in a low tone, 'it is your son; but grieve no more for him, his sorrows are all past—he is at rest.'

Mr. Armitage took the watch in his hand almost mechanically; then he whispered, 'Michael, was he starved to death?

'Oh, no, sir!' was the immediate reply, 'he had been bitten by a rattlesnake, the mark was clearly to be seen on his left wrist. Sir,' he added, 'André has dug the grave; follow me, if you would see us lay the body in its last resting-place.' And Mr. Armitage followed his faithful servant; but as he saw the sad work duly completed, and the lonely grave all smoothed over, these words seemed to ring in his ears, 'Buried in the wilderness like a dog! No coffin! no shroud! My Dorothy's only child!'

* * * * *

We must now ask our readers to accompany us to quite another scene, and to look in upon a neat wigwam standing amid a group of five or six others in an open glade, situated in the depths of a forest many miles away from that lonely spot, where the sad burial took place which we have just recorded. This little encampment of Red men presented quite a homely and cheerful appearance. All seemed happy and contented, children played about the doors, dogs large and small were there in any number, while men and women alike were employed on some industry, the men stretching and dressing skins, making traps, pointing arrows, and other implements of the chase, the women sewing with variegated thread the leggings and moccasins worn by the men, or cooking the evening meal.

It is needless to say that these were peaceably disposed Indians—Wood Crees, and like their relatives, with whom we have already had some

acquaintance, they prided themselves upon an honesty quite unknown among their lawless brethren of the prairie. They were also strong in family affection, and altogether presented the Red man in a more lovable aspect than any other native tribe has ever done.

In one of these wigwams a middle-aged Indian sat at work making traps for game, in which occupation he was ably assisted by a bright, intelligent boy of about twelve years. A moss-bag, or Indian cradle, lay in a corner of the lodge, and in this comfortable little nest lay a well-grown baby, whose rounded limbs gave promise that he would one day be as expert a hunter as his father.

The wife and mother of this family was engaged in preparing a cooling drink from several dried herbs, of which she possessed a goodly store, and having concocted it to her satisfaction, she carried the wooden cup across the cabin to a couch of buffalo skins, on which lay a tall young lad, whose sunken features and attenuated limbs told a tale of long and wasting sickness. As the Indian woman tenderly lifted him up that he might drink, the boy suddenly opened his fever-bright eyes, and looked fixedly in her face, then all about the room, with a strange, questioning glance. He then spoke, the first time that voice had been heard (save in moans and sighs) for many weeks, and, strange to say, he spoke in English. 'Where am I?' he said, in bewildered tones; 'is my father here?'

As soon as these words were uttered, the Indian rose, and approached the couch; he could understand the language of the pale-faces, though his wife could not.

'Stranger,' he said, 'you are in perfect safety, you are in the lodge of Otter-heart, who never deals treacherously; drink then, and do not fear.'

Poor Ben, for it was no other than he, listened to these words, with but faint appreciation of their meaning. 'Who brought me here?' he again said. 'Where is my father?'

Then Otter-heart, seeing that his young guest had really recovered a measure of consciousness, related to him all that had taken place during the past six weeks.

'We were travelling,' he said, 'my wife and I, miles away from here, with Misqua, our boy, and the little pappoose, when, on reaching a certain waterfall, we found you, lying on the bank sorely wounded, apparently by a fall from a tree; you were quite alone, which seemed strange to us: no camp was near, nothing but solitude. We could not leave you to perish, but we scarcely knew what to do, the dog-sledge was loaded with meat, the pappoose also lay there, for little "Bright-eye" was sick, almost unto death. Stranger, you had been deserted by your own people, but we could not abandon you. Misqua unpacked the sledge, and carried the moose-meat on his back and the child in his arms, for my wife was well-loaded with the tent-poles and our other goods. We then placed you on the sledge, though when we saw your injuries we feared you might die ere we reached our camp. But it was not so; the Great Spirit has preserved you in life, and has restored to you your reason; but you have never spoken a conscious word until now. Stranger, this is all we have to tell.'

As Ben listened to these simple words, and remembered how burdensome he must have been to these kind-hearted Crees, tears filled his eyes, for he was still very weak.

'My father will repay you,' he said, 'although nothing can ever repay such goodness; but, oh! how am I to reach my father?'

'Where is the camp of the pale-faces?' asked Otter-heart, in reply to these distressed words.

'I cannot tell you,' said Ben. 'We were travelling towards St. Roux, when I met with this accident.'

'St. Roux is very far away from here,' replied the Indian. 'It lies towards the setting sun; we are far further north. In a few weeks our camp will be broken up, and we must follow the moose still further away. Have you no other friends to whom we could convey you?'

Ah, when Ben heard this question, how his heart turned with a passionate longing to Lester—to Mount Pleasant, his dear friends, his good uncle, his aunt, and the merry little friends of his childhood! Oh, would he ever see those dear ones again?

The Indian saw his emotion, and almost despised him for it, but excused it on account of his evident weakness.

'You could not travel yet,' he said, 'even if you knew where to turn your steps; be content, remain with Otter-heart and his squaw, they will not harm you, and Misqua here will be your friend and companion.'

And so it was arranged; Ben feeling the truth of what the Indian had said that he was as yet quite unfit for travel, and so the days and weeks passed on, Otter-heart promising that when the camp did break up, they would carry Ben with them, and, if possible, leave him at La Foix, from whence he knew that he could, without much difficulty, reach home.

Having passed through La Foix already with his father and the others, there were persons there who would remember him well, and who would advance money by which he might reach Lester and his friends.

During this enforced residence with the Wood Crees, Ben found in little Misqua a most intelligent and delightful companion. He was younger than Ben by two years, and, of course, had no book-knowledge of any kind, and could neither read nor write; but his forest lore was something quite surprising.

With his light gun on his shoulder and his axe in his belt, the little fellow would stalk away to the forest with his pale-faced companion, exhibiting all the dignity and confidence of a practised hunter. No track or sign escaped his observant eye, he could make and set traps with wonderful rapidity and skill, arrange the camp, cut wood, and cook meals with the readiness of an old trapper.

He could also carry weights, and use his axe in a manner very surprising to his English companion, though Ben was as handy with tools as most lads of the Anglo-Saxon race.

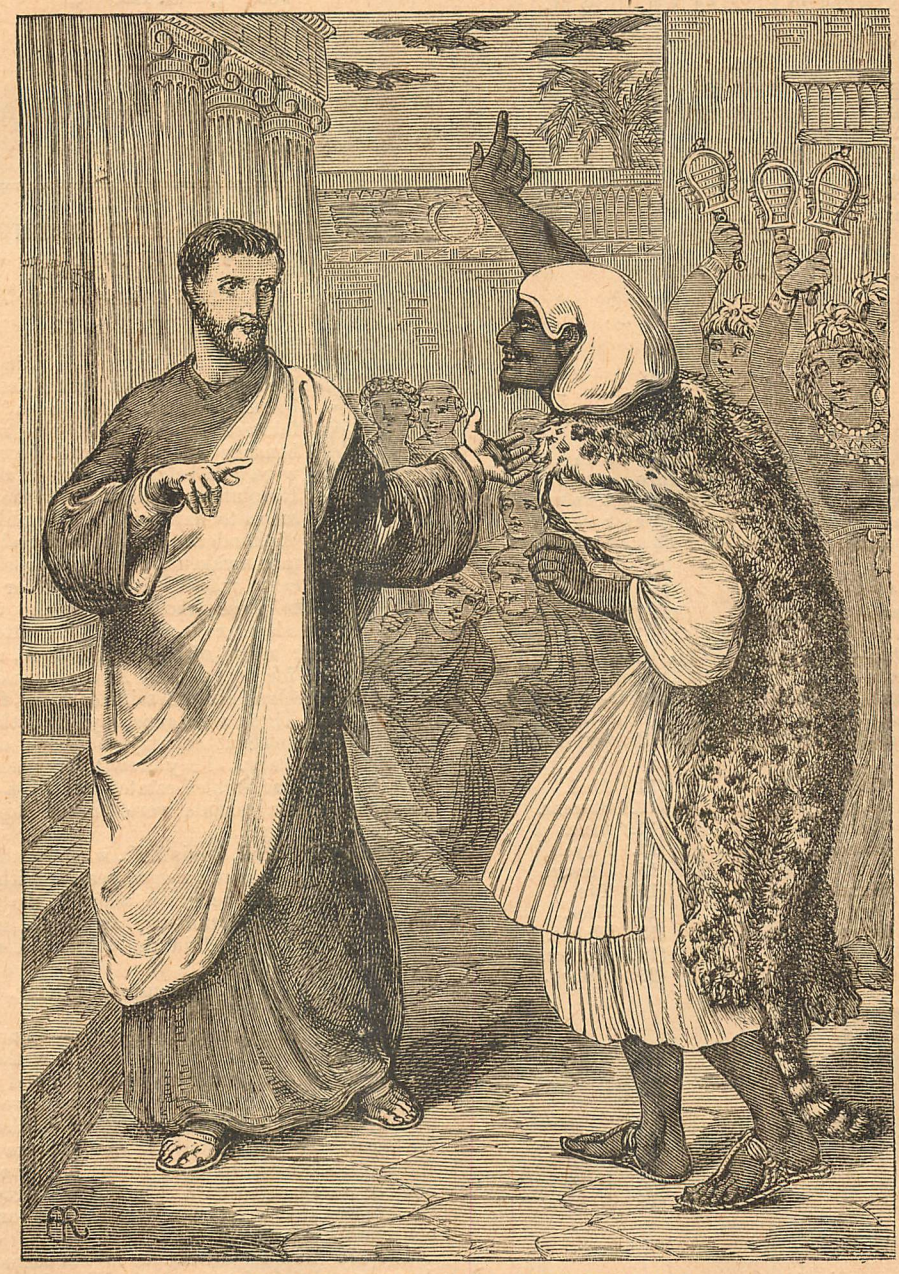
Altogether Ben respected his dark-faced little companion, while Misqua almost worshipped his new friend. He had greatly assisted in saving his life, for had he not carried a heavy weight of moose-meat on his back, and the pappoose in his arms, in order

Michael's Discovery.

that the wounded pale-face might be laid in the little sledge?

And it is a well-known fact that we always learn to love those whom we have been able to befriend, while it is also true that if we are wicked enough to injure any one we are almost sure to learn to hate them also. A very good reason surely why we should cultivate all manner of kindly feelings one towards another.

(*Continued at page* 82.)



ATHANASIUS AND THE PAGAN.

IT is related of Athanasius, that as he was crossing the great square of Alexandria during the celebration of a Pagan festival, some crows happened to be flying overhead filling the air with their cries, and one of the Pagans tauntingly asked him if he knew what they were saying.

'The birds are deriding you,' replied Athanasius; 'for they say that the reign of your false gods is at an end, and that these festivals will soon be prohibited.'

Whether the Primate had any previous knowledge of it or not it is impossible to tell, but sure enough, very shortly after, the Emperor issued an edict prohibiting all Pagan celebrations.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES NOS. 10 TO 21.

10. Arthur, Duke of Wellington. Douro, Salamanca, Waterloo.

(1.) Add.	(8.) Uriel.	(16.) La.
(2.) Rollo.	(9.) Kappa.	(17.) It.
(3.) Tu.	(10.) Elm.	(18.) Name.
(4.) Hair.	(11.) Opera.	(19.) Guitar.
(5.) U o	(12.) Frown.	(20.) Tall.
(6.) Ross.	(13.) Wic k.	(21.) Ohio.
(7.) Diana.	(14.) Ezra.	(22.) No.
	(15.) Law.	

11.

S
WEE
T'UP'TO'
THE'TERM
INUS'UNLES
S'WITH'ACHES'A
ND'PAIN'GRIEVOU
SLY'SAD'HE'IF'WEAK'H
AS'HIS'BONNY'DAUGHTE
R'AND'HIS'BRAVE'SON'TO'CA
RE'FOR'HIM'SO'ROW'DOES'NOT'
SEEM'SO'HEAVY'IN'HIS'FEEBLER'
STATE'HE'HAS'LEARNED'TO'BE'QUIE
T'AND'RESIGNED'AND'TO'BE'PEACEFUL.

12. *Robinson Crusoe.*

(1.) *G*rape—gape.	(8.) Thr*o*ne—throe.
(2.) P*o*.	(9.) *C*lark—lark.
(3.) Ca*b*in—Cain.	(10.) *C*rab—cab.
(4.) *I*deal—deal.	(11.) M*ou*th—moth.
(5.) *N*un.	(12.) *S*pit—pit.
(6.) *S*now—now.	(13.) Coat—cat.
(7.) Boat—bat.	(14.) Beacon—bacon.

13.

(1.) Carey.	(11.) Abel.
(2.) Blow.	(12.) Stevens.
(3.) Weldon.	(13.) Arne.
(4.) Handel.	(14.) Pleyel.
(5.) Kent.	(15.) Greene.
(6.) Himmel.	(16.) Tye.
(7.) Croft.	(17.) Wise.
(8.) Nares.	(18.) Webbe.
(9.) Bach.	(19.) Storace.
(10.) Boyce.	(20.) Bishop.

14. Tennyson.

15.

(1.) Smart.	(9.) Sappho.
(2.) Churchill.	(10.) Glover.
(3.) Cowper.	(11.) Waller.
(4.) Keats.	(12.) Carew.
(5.) Mason.	(13.) Warton.
(6.) Parnell.	(14.) Spenser.
(7.) Pindar.	(15.) Shenstone.
(8.) Pope.	(16.) Dryden.

16. Wordsworth.

17. GALLIOT. Giraffe.

(1.) Gig.		(4.) La.
(2.) Ai.		(5.) If.
(3.) Lear.		(6.) Of.
	(7.) Tree.	

18. Abercromby.

19.

Jane earns	3*s.* 2*d.*	per week.
Ann ,,	2*s.* 7*d.*	,,
Joe ,,	1*s.* 11*d.*	,,
Bet ,,	1*s.* 5*d.*	,,
Rose ,,	1*s.* 1*d.*	,,
Jim ,,	8*d.*	,,

20. Pen—Pence, Pension, Penury.

21. Marlborough.

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

V.—THE BURNING OF THE CHATEAUX.

LONG had the French labouring classes been trodden down by the feet of the French Nobles. We have not the faintest idea now of the miserable bondage in which the poor people were held before the days of the Great Revolution. The fall of the Bastille seems to have aroused them like a clap of thunder. They rubbed their eyes as men awakened from a deep sleep, and asked whether it were real, or whether they were like those who dream. The wretched down-trodden slaves rose up with the bitter recollection in their hearts of ages of ill-usage, and with a keen relish for vengeance. And amply did they revenge themselves on the seignieurs, as the lords were called. These men generally idled their lives away in their elegant country mansions, or in the gay circles of Paris. They drew their means of enjoyment from rack-rented estates, and from grievous dues; and their tenants were ground down with penury and misery.

One day, it is said, Louis XV., when hunting gaily as his custom was, met a ragged peasant with a coffin at the corner of some green alley in the wood of Senart. He stopped the man, and asked him who was going to be buried in the coffin, and the man told him.

'What did he die of?' inquired the King.

'Of hunger,' replied the peasant.

It is to be feared that was a very common disease in those evil days. Every now and then this bitter hunger drove the people to rebellion, and in 1775 they gathered in great crowds, as we have already heard, around the Palace of Versailles, clamouring for bread. The King showed himself on the balcony, and spoke soothing words to them; but two of their number were hanged on a new gallows, forty feet in height; and that was the answer they got—an answer not soon forgotten.

The old Marquis Mirabeau, in his memoirs, has drawn a painful picture of the French peasantry. He describes them as 'savages descending from the mountains,' as 'frightful men, or, rather, frightful wild animals; . . their faces haggard, and covered with long greasy hair; the upper part of the face pale, the lower part distorting itself into the attempt at a cruel laugh. You can fancy you may starve

these people with impunity,' said he, 'always till the catastrophe comes. Such government as this will end in the General Overturn.' And it did come, when those haggard wretches, as the Marquis called them, rose up against their superiors, and drove them from their homes.

Soon after the fall of the Bastille, many of the highest in the land, afraid of losing their lives, hastily left the country, and some of them had much difficulty in escaping. Prince Condé was pursued to the Oise, and others fled in disguise, with friends in lieu of servants on their coach-boxes.

One immensely rich man, named Foulon (whom the people hated with a deadly hatred, because he had said they might eat grass), thought to escape them by pretending to be dead and buried; but about a week after the fall of the Bastille he was found alive, and, one morning early, the villagers of Vitry, where he lived, dragged him to Paris. Bare-headed and decked with nettles and thistles, he was hurried to the Hôtel de Ville to be judged. After some time a man stepped forward and said, 'What is the use of judging this man? Has he not been judged these thirty years?'

The yelling crowd applauded, and the old man was put to death without further loss of time. He was hanged to a lamp iron, pleading for life, but in vain; and, after he was dead, his body was dragged through the streets and his head was carried about on a pike point, the mouth filled with grass.

His son-in-law, named Berthier, was also arrested, and brought from Compiègne to Paris. He was a brave man, but his look became ashy when he met Foulon's head on a pike point. Though Berthier was protected by a large body of men with drawn swords, the mob broke through them and snatched him out of his escort's hands. He seized hold of a musket, and defended himself with the courage of a lion, but it was all in vain. He was hanged on the same lamp-iron, and his head, and his heart also, flew over Paris.

These two may serve as instances of the hatred of the people towards their rich oppressors. 'These men were the tyrants of the poor,' said their murderers; 'they drank the blood of the widow and orphan.'

A great stillness had fallen on Versailles. How different it was now to what it had been a year or two ago! The Queen was become the most hated woman in France, and often shed many tears, and the King must have felt his throne tottering beneath him. It was a fearful hour. Bread was dear, and grew dearer day by day. Money was very scarce, and the people's hearts heavy and bitter. An Englishman, named Arthur Young, has left a book behind him, in which he tells us many things he saw in his travels through distracted France. He once overtook a poor woman who, though not yet twenty-eight, looked at least sixty years old. She told how hardly they had to live, she and her husband and seven children, and how poor they were after paying rents and quit-rents, hens to one lord and sacks of oats to another. Besides these, and taxes to the King, and other dues, the good man was obliged to do a certain amount of statute labour, for which he got no pay. It was no wonder that the poor woman said, 'The dues and taxes crush us.'

And now, when the Bastille had fallen, and the people had found out their strength, the work of destruction went on all over France. Every night the darkness was dispelled by some great fire. The church bell of the village was rung, and the whole parish assembled to commit havoc as they chose. And they often chose to wreak their vengeance on the church itself; for the clergy, as being a privileged class, were almost as much hated as the great lords.

These great lords, with their delicate ladies and children, were obliged to fly, often by night, glad enough to escape with their lives. The tax-gatherers had to disappear, their occupation gone at least for a season.

The same Arthur Young says, 'The grand seignieurs were shocking bad landlords. They lived in the midst of ill-managed fields, and wastes, and great woods filled with deer, wild boars, and wolves. If I were King of France for one day,' said he, 'I would make these great lords skip again!'

They did not combine, as they perhaps might have done, in their own defence. But they were scattered widely over France, and were often jealous of each other, though no one doubts their courage. One man did indeed rid the earth of a number of his poorer neighbours, by inviting them to a banquet at his château and then killing them by igniting a barrel of gunpowder.

Of course, law was not yet utterly powerless to put down robbery and mob violence. Some of the house-burning ruffians were tried, condemned, and hanged on trees by the road-side as a terror to evil-doers.

Such, then, were the scenes common in France in the summer months of 1789. The wheels of industry ceased turning; the soldiers seemed disposed to be mutinous; and at Strasburg they openly embraced the mob, and helped them to set fire to the Town-hall.

It was hardly safe, as Arthur Young found, to travel about France in those evil days. Many times shot and slugs came whistling about his ears, and sometimes his carriage was hit by them. Whether he was aimed at as an aristocrat flying the country, or whether the badly aiming peasants 'shot at the pigeon and hit the crow,' we are not told; but he complains of the thing in his book. During this autumn the 'first emigration,' as it is called, went on without ceasing, and many landed on the shores of England.

Meanwhile, hunger pressed heavily on the people, who had to stand in long *queues*, or tails, at the bakers' shops. This was done so that they who came first were first served, and the others in the order of their coming. A man would sometimes stand half a day in a queue, and then receive only a bit of dear, bad bread. A rigid search was made all over the country for grain, and farmers who would not sell, and bakers who adulterated their bread, were threatened with the halter. The bread at St. Denys was so bad and black that the people hanged the Mayor for it. The corn-market at Paris had to be guarded by six hundred soldiers. And thus went on the French Revolution in the summer and autumn of 1789.

G. S. O.

Berthier seized by the Paris Mob.

"With a groan the injured man staggered."

THE ADVENTURES OF BEN ARMITAGE.

(*Continued from p. 76.*)

THE two youths spent their time in the woods merrily enough, for it was impossible for Ben to be dull with such a lively companion as Misqua.

It may seem strange that they could fraternise so well as they did, seeing that the young Indian knew no English, while Ben had only two or three words of the Cree language.

Yet this very circumstance was a prolific source of amusement, and nothing delighted Misqua more than to instruct his companion, falling into fits of laughter at his mispronunciations and mistakes. And after all, it is very easy to acquire a little knowledge of the native languages, the gestures and expressive pantomime with which they illustrate their speech rendering it not difficult to understand, and in this kind of gesture-language Misqua was quite an adept. His perceptions were so quick, and his attention so constantly on the alert, that it was difficult to believe that he hardly understood a word of English.

Many a trap did the two youths construct and fix in likely places; but the wolverine was a match for them, nearly all their traps were broken, and the bait devoured, so that, out of all patience with their want of success, they took a birch-bark canoe, and launching themselves on the silvery lake, they soon caught as many fish, and more, than they could possibly use.

But all these weeks when Ben was thus amusing himself, and laying in a stock of renewed health and strength, had he quite forgotten his father, and Michael, with the others of his party? Not at all; though he never spoke of them in the lodge of Otter-heart, they were in his mind night and day. How was it, he thought, that his father had deserted him, leaving him to the chance compassion of strangers? And what had become of David? Was it he who had stolen his watch? for, of course, Ben never for a moment suspected his new friends of having robbed him of his treasure. And where was his father now? was he grieving over his lost son?

All these questions pressed upon the boy's heart so much, that he was often restless and sad when those about him did not at all know the cause of his depression; but poor Ben was at length obliged to banish such agitating reflections from his mind; he could find no solution of the difficulty, yet he did not lose faith in his father's love, he knew that there must be some strange mistake somewhere, which, perhaps, some day would be made plain. He would, therefore, patiently wait the turn of events. And very soon he had little time to give to his own reflections, for the whole camp was upon the move.

Otter-heart and his wife took down the tent-poles, Bright-eye was once more placed on the sledge along with all the cherished possessions of the family, while Ben and Misqua, armed with long dog-whips, took charge of the restless team; and so this Anglo-American boy was spending day after day among the Red men, ignorant of all that was passing in the civilised world, ignorant of his own position as the heir of his uncle's wealth, ignorant of the repeated visits of Mr. Silas Tegg to Mount Pleasant.

Mr. Tegg began to fear that the young heir would never turn up at all, and that consequently he would altogether lose his 100*l.* Often had he written to John Lee, more than once had he again visited the good farmer, but only to hear the same sad intelligence, 'We have no further information.'

'Where can they possibly be?' said he, on one occasion, in his perplexity. 'My friend writes that his client, Mr. Whitmore, is extremely anxious to see his nephew—wishes him to be sent to England, in fact. Yet here we are placed in such a shocking dilemma, the heir not to be found at all! Why, the old man will probably think that we have been deceiving him all along, and may alter his will at any moment! Where can they be? Can they all have been scalped and murdered together?'

'Heaven only knows,' replied John Lee, solemnly. The truth was that the farmer was oppressed by sad forebodings as to the fate of the travellers. If not murdered by savage men, as seemed quite likely, might they not, every one of them, have lost their lives by some distressful accident,—a landslip, an earthquake, an overturned boat, privation of food?

Many tears had been shed by Bessie and Agatha over their lost companion, and many a sad talk had passed between husband and wife as to their dear boy, but still nothing came of it. All was darkness and mystery.

* * * * *

'My good sir, you must exert yourself, you cannot go on like this! Come now, we are quite out of food, suppose you and I go off to the woods with our guns. We can easily knock over a few squirrels or pigeons, and to-morrow, you know, we must leave this, and proceed on our way; or else, when we do reach St. Roux, we may find that the stage-waggon has already left!'

The speaker was Michael, the hunter and guide, who, distressed at the apathy and gloom which had oppressed Mr. Armitage since the supposed death of his son, was thus trying to rouse him to an interest in the ordinary affairs of life.

But Mr. Armitage could scarcely respond to this well-meant effort on the part of his faithful guide.

'Michael,' he said, 'I have no heart for anything now. Why should I care to reach St. Roux? and these men, Stockman and Crook, are utterly distasteful to me. I cannot bear the sight of them. Michael, since my son's death, my spirit seems quite broken.'

'But, sir, that kind of thing won't do,' replied Michael, with decision. 'You must be a man; why, one of our women would be ashamed to speak as you do! Come now, here is your gun, let us go, the day is suitable and fine.'

And the two men (who, though they were master and servant, had become almost dear friends) accordingly left the camp, and went into the

forest. Very soon Michael was busy enough—myriads of grey-coated squirrels were about him, leaping from bough to bough in the utmost enjoyment; but nearly a dozen had fallen to his gun before Mr. Armitage had fired a single shot.

At length, stimulated by the excitement of the scene and the reproaches of Michael, he shook off the depression that had hung about him for so long, and lifting his gun to his shoulder, he took aim at some pigeons and fired.

Alas, alas! there was a frightful crash, the gun had burst, shattering his left hand, and wounding him severely on the cheek! With a groan, the injured man staggered, and would have fallen to the ground had it not been for Michael, who, catching him in his arms, laid him gently down, and at once proceeded to examine his injuries.

Any stranger, watching Michael as he set about this painful task, would have been ready to think that the half-breed was destitute of all feelings of compassion, so composedly did he examine the terrible injuries which Mr. Armitage had received, and so coolly did he take his pocket-knife and amputate two of the fingers which hung by a mere fragment of skin to the wounded hand.

But in thus judging they would have been entirely mistaken. Michael truly loved his master, but long training in a life of hardship and continual danger had given him a self-possession only to be acquired by men who may be said to carry their lives in their hands, and to be prepared from moment to moment to grapple with sudden emergency.

All the time that he was thus deftly binding up the wounded hand and cheek he was rejoicing in the fact that Mr. Armitage, having become quite unconscious from the shock, was thus spared the acute suffering which he must otherwise have endured, and it was not until both wounds were thoroughly dressed and made comfortable that he attempted to rouse the unfortunate man into consciousness.

This was difficult to do, so deadly seemed the swoon into which Mr. Armitage had fallen; but at last, having succeeded in the attempt, and the camp being not very far away, he slowly led him home, and at once placed him in bed.

Then Michael sat down to think, and truly he had enough on his mind at this moment. How altogether unfortunate had been this expedition! both the lads gone, and both having died such painful deaths! and now Mr. Armitage, whom, with all his faults, he truly loved, was so dangerously wounded that he (Michael), with the experience he had in gun-shot wounds, felt almost certain that he could not recover.

Had he been in a city where prompt surgical help could have been obtained, then a sweeping amputation might have saved him; but, as it was here, in the wilderness, with no surgical appliances, what issue could there be but death? And then, supposing he did die, what was next to be done? He was the leader and head of the little party (those other men, Stockman and Crook, were of no account in his eyes), and, so far as he could see, there was no use in going any further. He, his wife, and André, might just as well pack up all they had, and return to their home.

From all these uneasy reflections Michael was roused by the faint voice of the injured man.

'Water! my good Michael! Oh, give me water!' he cried, almost fiercely; then, having drunk, he looked fixedly in his follower's face. 'Michael,' he said, 'I am a dead man! is it not so? don't deceive me?'

'You are sorely hurt, sir, and, by rights, that hand and forearm should be taken away; but keep up your heart. I shall do all I can for you, be sure of that.'

'Thanks, a thousand thanks,' replied Mr. Armitage. 'I know that you love me, Michael, and I almost wonder why, for I scarcely deserve it; but now listen to me as long as I can speak and have possession of my senses. Reach me that small tin case! Now, Michael, I give it to you, for yourself; had my poor son lived, of course, it would have been his. The box contains family jewels, Michael, very valuable they are, and I give them freely to you, as some small return for all your disinterested kindness to me. And now reach me a pen; I shall give you a note, signed by myself, lest any one should question your possession of these articles; take them, and sell them: you will find yourself a rich man. But now I have a favour to ask. Will you find your way to Lester, on the Ottawa, Lower Canada, and will you seek out John Lee? he is well-known there; give him this watch, Michael; it was my wife's first, and then my boy's. You will tell him all the sad story, and how he will grieve over the lad! Tell him to keep the watch for Ben's dear sake. And, Michael, when I die, you will see me buried, you and André; do not let those other men touch me. Oh, Michael, my son and I both to be buried like dogs! Poor boy! I should have liked him to have Christian burial; as for me, I do not deserve it!'

Here the unfortunate man paused, quite overcome by emotion, and Michael took the opportunity of leaving him for a moment that he might prepare him some food. But the dying man could not eat, fever, strong and burning, was raging in his veins, and all his cry was for water, water! After a while he dozed, and at length fell into a restless sleep.

(*Continued at page* 91.)

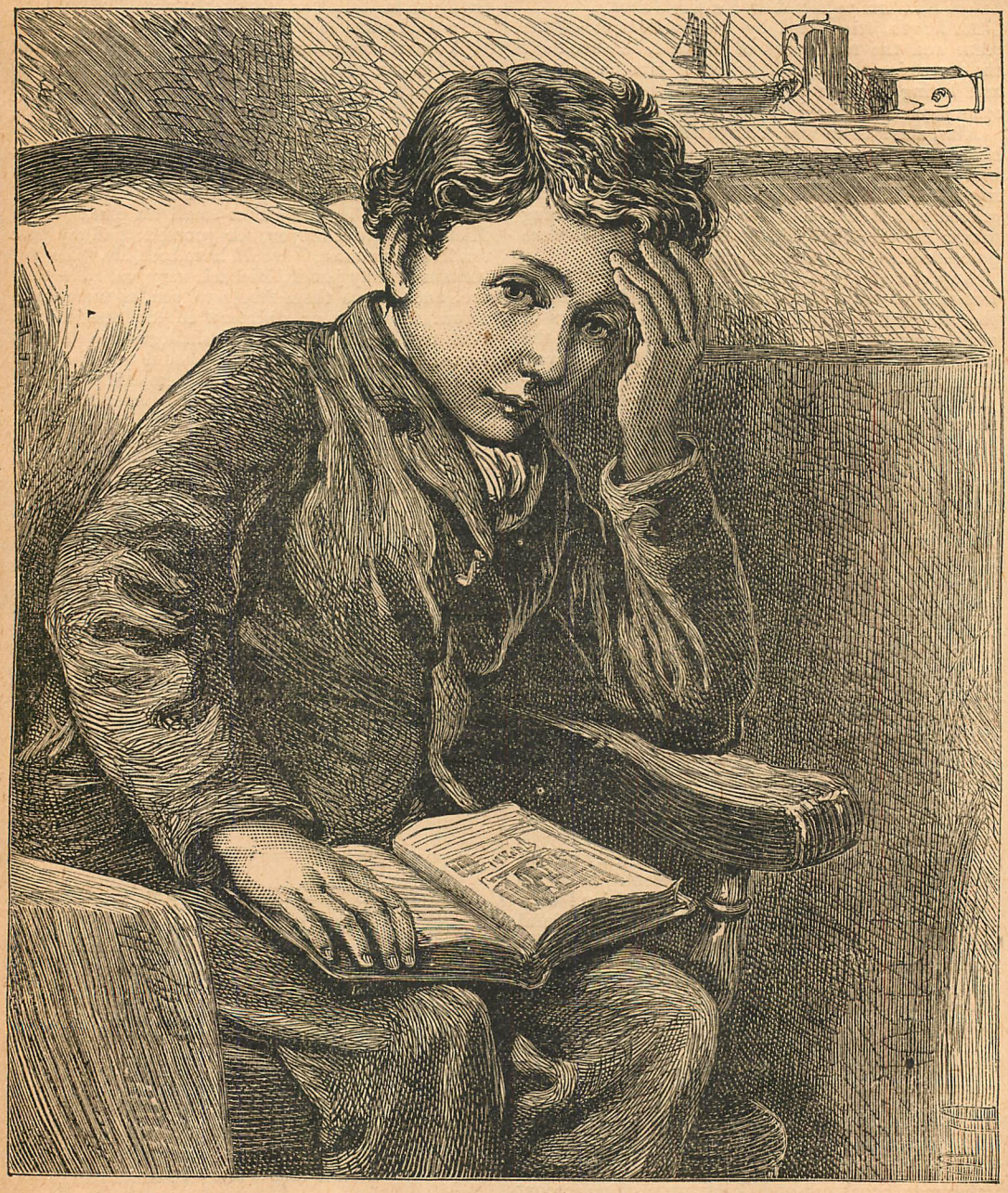
WILLIE'S LETTER FROM SCHOOL.

MOTHER darling, every night,
When I lay me down to sleep,
I have your photograph in sight,
But it often makes me weep;

For it makes me think of home—
I always loved it, mother, well;
But now that I am far away,
I love it more than I can tell.

I seem to see you when I gaze
At the photograph a while,
And, mother, almost I could say,
That it breaks into a smile.

And the eyes seem fixed on me
With a look so kind and dear—
Mother, home seems far away,
And your boy so lonely here.



Willie at Study.

But I mean to learn, dear mother,
In my room away at school,
Every task the master gives me,
And obey his every rule.

For I know 'twill please you, mother,
And the holidays will come,
When I'll dream I hear you calling,
'Willie dearest, hasten home!'

B. M.

Roman soldier drawing a caricature of Alexamenos.

ALEXAMENOS, THE CHRISTIAN.

WHEN the excavations were made in the Palatine Hill at Rome, many years ago, a row of small chambers was discovered. Nero's magnificent palace was built on this hill, and it was at the basement that the chambers were found; from their position it was supposed that they had served as guard-rooms for the soldiers, a body of troops retained for the especial protection of the Emperor and the city of Rome.

The walls of these chambers, like those of most Roman buildings, were coated with stucco, and in one of them a rude drawing was to be seen, scratched in the plaster with some pointed instrument, such as the point of a buckle, or the pin of a brooch. It

represented a grotesque figure on a cross, a common instrument of punishment amongst the Romans; and beside the cross there was indicated the figure of a man standing with his hand upraised, in an attitude of adoration, and under it there was written in Greek, in sprawling, ill-shaped letters, 'Alexamenos worship God.'

This was evidently meant for the caricature of a Christian, of whom the Pagans believed the most absurd stories during the first three centuries. They confounded the Christians with the Jews, whom they thought worshipped an ass, and accused them of all sorts of horrible crimes, such as sacrificing infants to the Deity, just as ignorant people at the present day, in some countries, accuse the Jews; and it was this strange idea about the wickedness of the Christians, and of their fearful and unknown rites, that caused them to be so persecuted in the Roman empire.

Alexamenos was himself a Greek, judging from his name, but it does not follow that the man who drew the caricature of him was one; for the Greek language was far more familiar to the Romans than French is to the English, the upper and middle classes frequently writing and conversing in Greek.

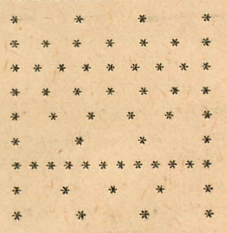
In the second century Christians were numerous in the armies of Rome, as we know by some famous stories; and it may have been that Alexamenos was a Christian soldier, who was taunted with his faith by his Pagan companions, one of whom endeavoured to cast ridicule on both his religion and himself by this rude caricature.

A BOASTER SILENCED.

AT a military dinner one of the guests related some queer stories of his own prowess. He asserted, among other things, how he had ridden horses the day after they had been captured from one of those wild herds that roam about the grazing grounds of South America, and none had ever been able to unseat him. He said that his powers of endurance were so great that, on one occasion, he had, on foot, tired out and captured an antelope; that he had shot birds at such long distances as we knew to be impossible; that he had caught fish under the most remarkable circumstances with rod and line or spear. The sights he had witnessed in many parts of the world, and the deeds he had done, grew more and more wonderful as we listened without questioning him. He asserted that he had once kept an alligator that would fish at the word of command; and, as for other reptiles, beasts, and birds that he had kept and tamed, according to his own account, he must have had a regular zoological garden. At last he concluded a long list of achievements by relating a story of how he had kept and tamed one of the wild cats of Tasmania, well known to be the most vicious and untamable animals in the world. At the end of this extraordinary tale, the regimental surgeon, who had been silently listening, quietly remarked that a friend of his had done a much more wonderful thing than that, as he had caught and so carefully trained an oyster that it would follow him upstairs to bed! The utter absurdity of the doctor's story sent us all into fits of laughter, upon recovering from which we found the boasting gentleman had taken his hat and quietly left the room. He never repeated his visit, and though a frequent guest at other houses, he was entirely cured of relating improbable stories by recollecting the doctor's tame oyster. O. W.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

22. Two words are here to be found out,
Both you have heard of, I've no doubt;
One is a thing that gives its aid
To ships engaged in peaceful trade.
The other thing is often found
To war's chief weapon closely bound.
These stars replace with letters true,
And both the things will look at you.
In the first letters, downwards read,
Is that by which the vessel's sped;
And in the last, if downwards spelt,
That which adorns the soldier's belt.



1st line. What a bull does, if he can.
2nd ,, What is the most beauteous span.
3rd ,, Hog in armour is my *third*.
4th ,, Boy, in barracks often heard.
5th ,, What the street boys often run.
6th ,, What gives light, not like the sun.
7th ,, What makes doctors oft despair.
8th ,, What is black, with curly hair.
9th ,, What is very hard to bear.

23.

*	A	C	L	E	E	U	L	B	S	U
E	N	W	O	B	T	A	B	O	V	E
V	N	O	W	E	H	Y	K	S	E	H
O	O	R	S	V	E	B	L	U	E	T
M	T	R	O	A	W	E	D	I	T	G
E	H	T	R	E	O	P	P	L	I	N
P	L	A	C	I	D	I	R	E	H	T
M	N	A	E	C	O	N	F	A	N	S
E	R	R	I	L	Y	O	I	T	O	M
D	I	L	G	E	W	S	G	T	L	T
E	Z	E	P	H	Y	R	E	N	E	S

A sentence, in poetry, is here written, the letters forming which are in close order. You may go up or go down; you may move backwards or forwards, but you must never go in a slanting or diagonal direction, that is, you are not allowed to pass from letter to letter through the corner of a square, but always through one of the sides. The object is to find the first letter, and then to follow up the scent with attention until the whole is unravelled.

[*Answers at page* 111.]

A TERRIBLE VISITOR.

MANY years ago a Spanish gentleman, Senor Lopez, having obtained from government a grant of land upon the banks of one of the many tributaries of the Parana, brought thither his wife and infant daughter, and settled down in the country. It was rich land, but it was quite in a wild state, the jungle reaching down to the very edge of the water, and such a tangled jungle it was: briers, bamboo cane, wild figs, locust wood, and countless other shrubs and creepers, all intertwined in confusion, so that one could scarcely go a few yards into it without danger of being utterly lost. Senor Lopez, however, was an energetic character, and with his men he went to work, rooting, fencing, and digging, till at length order began to emerge out of confusion, and for several acres all around might be seen the long even rows of feathery sugar-cane, in striking contrast to the dark dense jungle which hemmed it in. The little family soon felt themselves quite at home in their beautiful long, low cottage, with its cool and shady veranda and painted walls, although they had their troubles with snakes, ants, mosquitos, and sundry other insect pests peculiar to Spanish South America. The snakes, however, disappeared in great measure as the work of clearing went on, betaking themselves to the jungle where they had plenty of cover in which to burrow.

For a long time no wild animals came near the house, and the Senor began to think that his family was to enjoy perfect freedom from all such troubles; but they were mistaken in this. One day, the herdsman reported several cattle to be missing. A week after, several Indians rushed into the house to say that a huge jaguar had broken into their encampment and had killed a woman and two of their dogs. Senor Lopez, full of wrath, called his men together, and sallied forth to hunt down the monster. The Senora, being thus left alone with her little daughter, began to feel nervous and uncomfortable; strange fears took possession of her, and ere she could settle down to any occupation, she shut and barred every door and window in the house, then, with her little girl in her lap, she sat down in the drawing-room to await the return of the sportsmen.

'Tell me a story, mother dear,' said the little Inez.

And folding her arms round her precious nursling, she began a fairy tale. Suddenly, however, she stopped. What was that strange scraping noise on the roof, and that dull thump, like the fall of something heavy into the house? Her very heart seemed to stand still, until there came a long hoarse roar, a sound she had heard once or twice in the forest at night, and never without a feeling of horror and dismay—it was the roar of a jaguar! For one moment the Senora felt quite sick and helpless, for there was no chance of keeping the animal out of the room, the doorway being only hung with curtains. Then a thought flashed upon her. In the store-room close at hand there was a huge wooden corn-chest, nearly empty, and quite large enough to hold her and the child. Oh, if she could only get in there they might be saved yet! Snatching up her little girl, the poor mother ran with her into the store-room, and crouched down into the chest. Unfortunately it closed with a spring lock, so that she had to keep the lid slightly open, to avoid being stifled outright; the lid, however, had an over-lapping edge, several inches long, which quite covered her fingers.

She was not a moment too soon. Hardly was she fairly settled in her hiding-place than she heard the great claws scraping the floor, and the hungry sniff of the monster, as it searched about for food. Straight to the chest he came, having scented his prey, and after sniffing once or twice, he tried to force up the lid with his paw. It was a terrible moment! but that huge paw would not go into the little chink, though the creature tried hard to force it in, being roused to fury by the cries of the little girl inside. Failing in this attempt, with a roar and a bound, he sprang on the top of the chest, crushing the poor lady's hand between the lid and the upper edge. The pain was frightful, and with one loud scream she fainted away. From this deathlike stupor she was at length aroused, and found herself in her husband's arms, with her little girl clinging tightly to her dress, and a cool fresh air fanning her cheeks. One shuddering glance around, and she closed her eyes, nearly swooning again. The huge jaguar lay stretched on the floor dead, yet even in death how dreadful to look at!

They told her afterwards that their bloodhound had struck the trail of the jaguar, leading straight towards the house, then they all ran like madmen, fearing some harm to her and her little child. Senor Lopez himself arrived the first, and just in time to shoot the beast through the window, though he confessed after all was over that to see it rushing about inside the house, while he could see neither wife nor child, was an experience the like of which he had never passed through before, and hoped he never might again.

D. B. McKean.

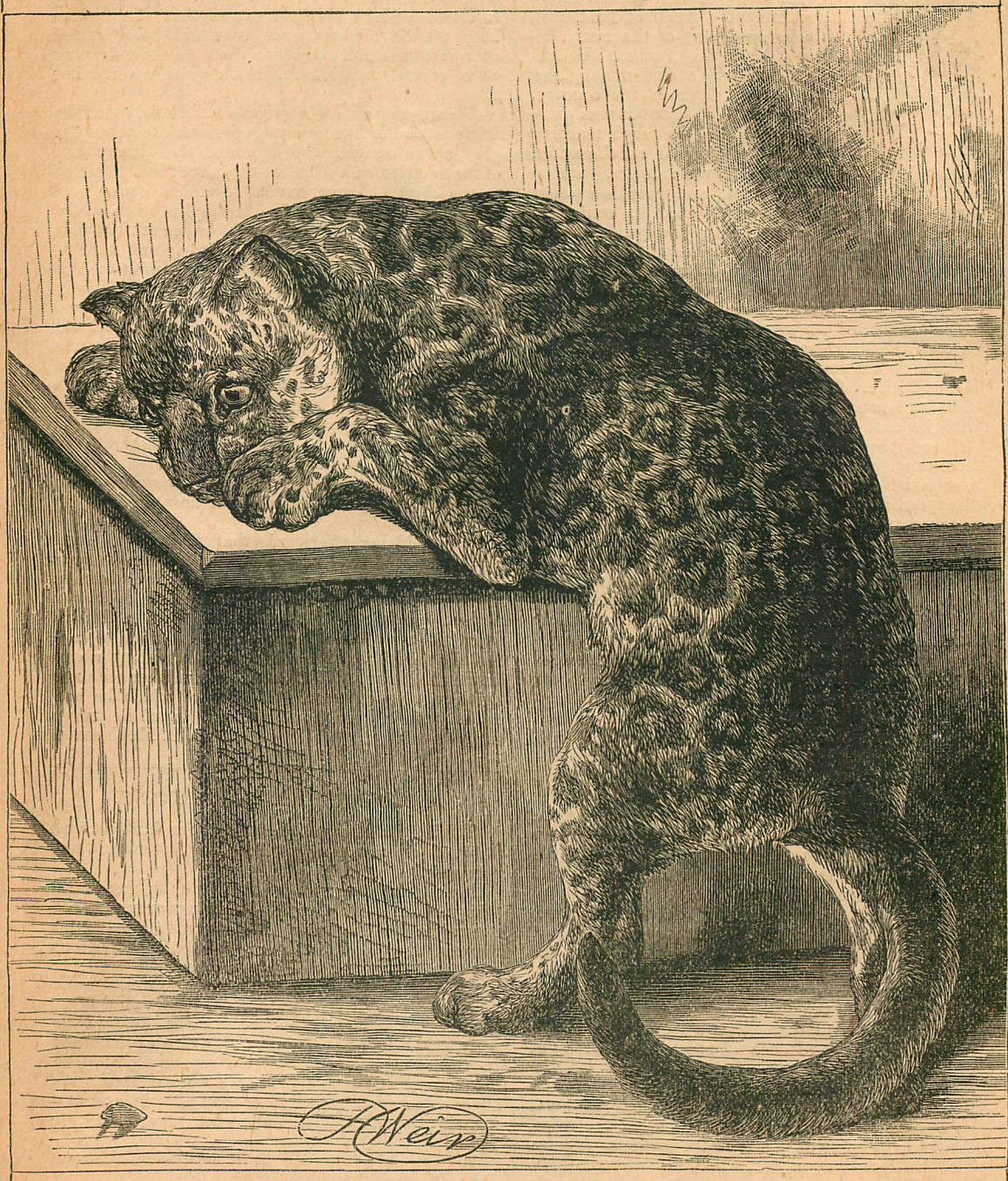
A DUTCHMAN'S BUTTONS.

DUTCHMEN have a great fancy for buttons, and use as many as possible in fastening their garments.

I have read of the master of a Dutch fishing-vessel who was exceedingly proud of his appearance, when dressed in his best suit. It was made of no better material than a coarse blue serge, but the buttons were truly magnificent. Those upon the trowsers consisted of florins, the waistcoat was buttoned with schellings, and the coat with rix-dollars, while silver pieces equal in value to our half-crowns fastened the waistband. The remainder of his attire was adorned in the same manner. Silver twopenny pieces did duty for shirt buttons, his shoes were clasped with silver coins worth rather more than a florin, and as a finishing touch a guilder was used to secure his hat-band.

We can only hope that this eccentric fisherman did not carry the *whole* of his fortune upon his clothes.

H. L. T.



"He sprang on the top of the chest."

Wily Wolves.

WILY WOLVES.

—o—

ONE day a farmer in Illinois discovered seven wolf cubs snugly esconced in a large hollow log. They were very young, therefore he knew that the parents were not far away. Being resolved to secure the old couple as well as their progeny, the farmer dug a hole at the open end of the log, placed a trap in it, and covered it with earth.

Now it is well known that wolves when caught in a trap will gnaw off their own feet in order to escape, therefore he kept watch in the neighbourhood with some dogs.

Presently the dogs grew uneasy, and then gave chase to a large male wolf who had approached the log, though carefully avoiding the trap. After a time the dogs returned, having apparently lost the scent.

Next morning, upon examining the log, the trap was found unsprung and intact; but a hole had been scraped in the side of the log, and all the little wolves carried away. This was doubtless the work of the mother wolf, who had occupied herself thus while her sagacious partner was throwing dust, so to speak, in the eyes of the farmer and his dogs.

However, the sagacity of the parents did not save the lives of their little ones, for the seven little wolves were discovered about a mile away, snugly settled under a heap of leaves. Of course they were all taken and destroyed.

D. B. McKEAN.

OUR BIOGRAPHY.—No. III.

THEODORE HOOK.

IT is not only men of life-long virtue and uprightness who have reached fame; nor is it only from the lives of such that we may gather useful lessons. Sometimes the story of ill-spent years conveys a more obvious moral.

Let us take, therefore, for this month the life of Theodore Edward Hook. He was born at London in the year 1788, and educated at Harrow, where Byron was his companion. Even here he is said to have shown the love for practical jokes so prominent in his after life. At sixteen Hook wrote a play, which proved a success. Others followed; and his reputation as a writer for the stage was soon secure. At the same time his unfailing fund of wit and humour made his company much sought for.

In 1812 he was made Treasurer to the Mauritius, with a good salary. But his business capacity was small; his accounts became hopelessly confused. He was soon arrested and thrown into prison. The trial was a long one, and ended in his acquittal. But his post was gone, and he found himself a beggar.

Hook fell back upon his pen, and started a successful weekly paper, the *John Bull*. The profits of this were large, and he might have lived comfortably on his share. But he had contracted bad habits which brought him deeply into debt. The sale of his share in the *John Bull* brought some respite. But his ample salary as editor still proved too little for his demands. Debts again increased, and at length even his wit was clouded by long fits of depression. Death ended in 1841 a life which might have been useful and *really* happy.

Of Theodore Hook's wonderful power of impromptu composition many stories are told. He would sit down at the piano and rattle off a song, in which allusion was made to everybody present, and to the subjects they had just been talking of.

On one occasion he was thus engaged when the door opened, and Moore, the poet, thrust his head in. Hook at once proceeded:—

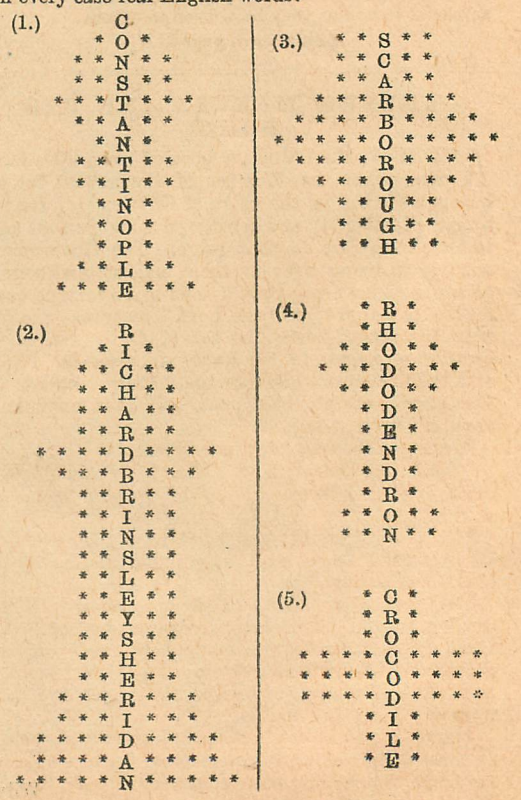
'And here's Mr. Moore
Peeping in at the door,' &c.

He has left an account of some of his practical jokes, but very properly concludes by a story which shows the possible danger of such tricks. Had he devoted himself with equal zest to steady work, he probably would not have ended his days 'worried to death by creditors, attornies, and baliffs.'

A. R. B.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

24. REPLACE the asterisks with letters, so as to form in every case real English words:—



25.

R	E	N	O	W	N	E	D	T	H	A	N	W
S	Y	O	U	R	C	A	K	E	A	N	D	A
S	T	E	T	O	B	E	F	E	A	R	H	R
E	A	R	K	S	S	P	O	I	L	E	A	F
L	E	O	O	H	E	R	S	N	T	D	V	O
O	T	M	O	T	L	I	N	O	H	T	E	U
N	O	S	C	A	L	A	G	M	E	H	I	R
S	N	I	Y	G	O	R	S	O	B	A	T	S
E	N	G	N	E	N	O	T	S	R	N	P	A
I	A	O	A	M	O	O	T	S	O	A	E	W
R	C	D	E	V	I	L	A	H	T	D	A	S
O	U	O	Y	N	O	I	L	D	A	E	C	A
T	C	I	V	R	E	H	H	T	A	H	E	Z

This is a sort of maze. You should find the first letter of the first word, and then follow on till you have solved the secret. You may step out of one square into the next, north, south, east, or west, but never in a north-easterly, north-westerly, south-easterly, or south-westerly direction. That is, you are not allowed to leave a square through any of its four corners, but only through one of its four sides. You will find here a small bundle of proverbs, which, if attended to, will be as useful to you as they have been to others.

[*Answers at page* 111.]

ANDREW MARVEL AND THE BRIBE.

ANDREW MARVEL, a poet of some little fame, was chosen as Member of Parliament for the borough of Hull in the reign of Charles II. He was a man of integrity and spirit, and such persons seem to have been rare in that reign. The Government, wishing to bring over to their side so awkward a person, and believing that a man of no fortune could readily be bought, sent the Lord Treasurer, who had been his school-fellow, to see Marvel. Danby, at parting, slipped into his hand an order for 1000*l.*, and then went to his carriage. Marvel called the Treasurer back to the garret, and then summoned Jack, his servant-boy.

'Jack, what had I for dinner yesterday?'

'Don't you know, sir? The little shoulder of mutton you ordered me to bring you from the market.'

'Quite right, child; and what have I for to-day?'

'Don't you know, sir, that you bid me lay by the blade-bone to boil?'

''Tis so; very right, child: go away.' Then, turning to the astonished Treasurer, he said, 'My Lord, do you hear that? Andrew Marvel's dinner is provided. There is your piece of paper; I want it not. The Ministry must seek other men for their purpose; I am not one.'

Marvel's upright conduct made him very obnoxious to those in power, and at his death there was some suspicion that he had been poisoned. A. R. B.

THE ADVENTURES OF BEN ARMITAGE.

(*Continued from p.* 83.)

'WHAT do you think?' asked the poor woman, who had helped her husband in all these arrangements; 'what do you think? he sleeps; will he recover?'

'No,' replied Michael, 'this is the sleep of exhaustion; wait, and you will see.'

Michael's foreboding proved only too true; from that uneasy slumber Mr. Armitage awoke in agonising pain, which endured with little variation for many days to come; then, quite suddenly, the pain ceased.

'I suffer no longer, Michael,' he said inquiringly; 'is this a change for the better?'

But Michael did not reply; he would not deceive a dying man, and he knew well that the absence of all pain was very far from being a symptom of improvement.

Mr. Armitage quite understood his silence; he had all along, since his accident, been hoping against hope; but now he felt that he was really doomed to die, and with this thought a great agitation rose in his heart.

In the days of his prosperity and manly strength he had laughed at all serious things; but now, in his weakness and pain, how different! He felt that God was a great reality, and that to have Him as a Father and Friend would be more to him than all the world beside.

'Michael,' he said, 'do you ever pray? Could you say a prayer for me?' But Michael shook his head.

Then Mr. Armitage closed his eyes, speaking only a few words more, and these words below his breath. But the half-breed had quick ears, like all those trained in the forest and the prairie, and bending down he was able to catch these few expiring words, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

A few days afterwards, and Mr. Armitage was laid to rest underneath a spreading forest tree, while a stone, with his initials roughly scratched upon it, was placed at the head of the lonely grave, the last proof of affection which the faithful Michael had it in his power to bestow. Then all was confusion in the camp. Stockman and Crook were overhauled, distinctly asked what they intended to do, and where they wanted to go; a course of proceeding which was very distasteful to these worthies, whose only idea of life was to live as long as possible, and as comfortably as possible, at some other man's expense.

But they soon found that Michael had no intention of submitting to this, as the easy-going Mr. Armitage had done. He was not unjust, however; he would not leave these bullies to perish of hunger in the wilderness, therefore the original plan of going to St. Roux was still adhered to; but, after having reached this partly civilised settlement,

Michael at once disengaged himself from his uncongenial companions, struck out for himself a new trail, and, accompanied by his wife and André, proceeded steadily in the direction of Lester, on the Ottawa river, in order to fulfil the solemn promise which he had given to Mr. Armitage, and to deliver up poor Ben's watch and chain to the good farmer, John Lee.

* * * * *

It was again late autumn time at Mount Pleasant, exactly twelve months after Ben Armitage had left his happy childhood's home; the ripened grain had all been gathered in, the forest leaves had changed from green to russet-brown, pencilled over with gold, while the air blew keen with just a touch of frost in it, prophetic of the coming winter.

Within doors everything was going on just as usual. Mrs. Lee preparing breakfast in the comfortable old-fashioned kitchen, Bessie and Agatha getting ready for school, while Charlie Gordon stood at the gate waiting for his young companions, and wondering in his heart why girls should take so long to put on all their finery. Presently his attention was attracted to the movements of a stranger, who approached the farm with a questioning expression, as though uncertain of his bearings. He was a dark-faced travel-worn man, very poor, apparently (so Charlie surmised), and evidently a man of mixed race. The stranger approached the lad, asking if this was the house of John Lee.

'It is so,' replied Charlie, eyeing him from head to foot, 'and he is the man to help you if you want anything.'

'I want nothing,' replied the man a little proudly. 'I have a message to him from a friend.'

'Well, there he is,' said Charlie, as John Lee came to the door with a sieve of grain in his hand. 'Mr. Lee, here is someone asking for you.'

'Come in, come in,' said the farmer, rather abruptly. He had a prejudice to half-breeds, believing that they inherited the vices of both parents with the virtues of neither. 'Come in: what have you to say to me?'

'Sir,' replied Michael, for, of course, it was he, 'I was desired by a man whom you once knew to give you this' (handing him the watch and chain), 'and to ask you to keep it for the sake of little Ben.'

John Lee's face flushed over; he looked at the watch, and then suspiciously at the man.

'I never saw this watch before,' he said, 'nor do I know you. What man gave it to you?'

'Sir,' replied Michael, 'I have a story to tell, and it is a story that will cause you much pain.'

Then John Lee knew what was coming.

'Wait,' he said, 'till I call my wife.' And Mrs. Lee, pale and breathless with agitation, came into the room and sat down.

Long before Michael's sad story was ended good Mrs. Lee was in tears, her kind, motherly heart being wrung almost past endurance. Oh, to think of her Ben, the little boy who used to say his prayers at her knee ere she tucked him up in his little crib at nights, to think of him lying cold and dead in his lonely grave on the wild prairie. Oh! could she ever be happy again while haunted by this terrible thought? Never! her heart felt ready to break.

John Lee himself was suspiciously near weeping. 'Wife,' he said, somewhat gruffly, 'you must try to compose yourself for the sake of the poor children; they will be terribly grieved when they hear all this. But, hark! What is the matter? I hear them screaming already.' And Mrs. Lee, filled with alarm at the sound of Bessie's cries, ran to the door; but, ere she reached it, it was thrown open from the outside, and Ben Armitage, followed by Bessie and Agatha, walked into the room.

The scene that followed this sudden return of the wanderer to his old home is so impossible to describe that it is best to leave it altogether to the imagination of our readers. This we may say, however, that of all the different persons present on the occasion, none appeared to receive such a shock of surprise as did Michael himself.

All the others having newly heard the story of Ben's supposed death, had not as yet fully taken in the sad truth; but to Michael, who fully believed that he had assisted to bury this lad with his own hands, and who was just a little superstitious, his sudden appearance among them was quite appalling. Indeed, so evident was his fright and discomposure that John Lee's suspicions were aroused.

'Could this man,' he thought, 'have been deceiving him with a trumped-up story of Ben's death for ends of his own?'

John Lee was not naturally of a suspicious turn of mind, but, as we have said, he had a strong prejudice against men of mixed race, and therefore he looked doubtfully upon poor Michael's agitation. Half-an-hour of lively talk, however, question after question between the returned wanderer and his old friend the trapper and guide, soon restored John Lee's confidence. He saw Ben's evident love for, and trust in, the half-breed, and he therefore at once took him by the hand.

'We have to thank you for everything,' he said, heartily. 'You have acted nobly, and done your best for all the party, and now you must take up your quarters with us, at least, till we know what other plans you have in view.

Oh, how very much there was to talk about on that eventful day! How much Ben had to learn, and how deep and sincere was his sorrow over his father's sad and untimely death! But he had no leisure to brood over this affliction too long, for immediately the pressing question was put to him, was he willing to obey his Uncle Joseph's behest, and at once proceed to England for further education? The old man, who had been removed to the more congenial climate of the South of England, was still alive, and anxiously awaiting tidings of his long-lost heir.

'And this reminds me,' said John Lee, suddenly, 'that I must write to Silas Tegg, and tell him all this wonderful story; the poor man is in a terrible way about his hundred pounds, but I really think he is about sure of it now. Yes, Mr. Tegg must be invited here to be introduced to you. Ben, my lad, you are a very important individual now; take care that your sudden good fortune does not altogether turn your head.'

But Ben only smiled in reply; truth to tell, his head felt almost turned already. What changes had taken

"John Lee came to the door with a sieve of grain in his hand."

place since he was last in that comfortable kitchen, a merry, thoughtless boy! How much older did he now feel, so much more experienced in life and its ways; then his father's unexpected death had given him a strange, desolate feeling. Yet it was sweet to be here—at home! with his aunt's kind eyes fixed admiringly on his face, and Bessie and Agatha feeling almost too shy as yet to venture to address the distinguished stranger, though casting upon him every now and then one of those merry glances that he remembered so well. And must he leave all this, and go to far-off England to visit a stranger uncle, who had not been too kind to his poor mother, if everything was true which he had been told?

'Uncle, do you think that I really ought to go?' he said. 'I would so very much rather stay at home.'

'Yes, my boy,' said John Lee, decidedly, 'I do think

you ought to go, and you should go at once. Mr. Whitmore is an old man, and a dying man; his heart is quite set upon seeing you. Ben, do not disappoint him. Why not start by the very first steamer?'

(*Concluded at page* 102.)

AN UNPLEASANT PET.

DURING my long residence in India I captured and tried to tame many sorts of birds, beasts, and even reptiles. Even snakes—of course the non-venomous ones—can be so far tamed as to recognise their master if he makes it a rule to let no one but himself feed them. But, though I succeeded pretty fairly with all I undertook, there was one on which no amount of petting or kindness seemed to have the slightest effect. This was one of those curious animals belonging to the lemur tribe—the slow-paced loris. It is neither a cat—though the natives call him the *shominda billeo*, or 'shameless cat,' probably on account of his treacherous and ungrateful character; nor yet is he a monkey, although his anatomy, or bones, are much the same as those funny creatures; nor yet is he a bear, though not unlike that called the sloth in his movements and general habits; but he partakes of the characteristics of all three. His colour is brownish-grey, he has no tail worth mentioning, and his cat-like face has enormous eyes, as large, in proportion, as those of a seal. He feeds on leaves, fruits, and vegetables, but sleeps coiled up during the day in the forks and branches of trees, the bark of which he so much resembles that in climbing you are apt to put your hand on him; and woe betide you should that happen, for his movements, when disturbed, are quick enough, and seizing you with his hook-like claws he will make his teeth meet in your arm, holding on with such tenacity that his jaws have to be wrenched open before you can get free of him. Such was the queer beast captured and brought to my bungalow one rainy morning by some charcoal burners, who had found him clinging, apparently asleep, to the limb of a tree, which, after vain attempts to dislodge him, they had been compelled to saw off, and bring him and his perch together.

Though pleased to obtain a new animal, I was much puzzled what to do with him. At first I tried to get a little dog's collar round his neck, but he curled himself up so tight that we could not succeed; in fact, just as I thought I had passed it round, he seized it in his powerful teeth and crunched the strong brass up as if it were so much paper. After this experience of the power of his jaws I became very cautious about handling him, and at last, with some difficulty, I managed to push him off the branch on which he had been brought into an empty flour cask, to the bottom of which he dropped with a thud that made him uncoil himself for a minute or two, during which he looked up at me with his great staring eyes and showing his clenched teeth with a deep growl, as if to say he would remember such treatment. However, I threw him some bananas and lowered down a tin saucer of milk, and placing the cover on the cask with a heavy weight on top to keep all secure, I left him to himself and went about the day's business. As evening approached I again looked at the captive, and finding he had eaten what I had given him I replenished the supply, and moving the cask into a corner of my house, which consisted of only one room, I went to bed.

About the middle of the night I was awoke by a loud crash, and started up wondering what on earth it could be. I listened all in the dark, for the night-light had gone out, and was just untucking my mosquito curtains to get up for a light when I heard the slow movement of the loris upon the mat floor. The real state of the case at once flashed upon me, and my first impulse was to make for the door, but the pattering of the rain and wind among the trees made it quite impossible for me to tell exactly where the creature was. Moreover, I knew he could see in the dark and I couldn't, and after the experience I had had in the morning of his terrible biting powers, I had no inclination to run the risk of stumbling on him and getting grabbed by the leg, so I sat up listening in anything but a pleasant frame of mind, now and then hearing the beast, with an angry growl, give savage bites at the several articles of furniture which came in his way.

Once I thought I caught sight of the gleam of his eyes, but I could not be certain; and as that showed him to be between myself and the door, escape was cut off. I shouted lustily for the servants in the cook-house, but it was some distance off, and the wind and rain prevented them hearing. I therefore made up my mind, unless actually invaded by the savage little beast, to remain where I was, huddled up as near the middle of the bed as possible, to wait for daybreak with all the patience I could command. At length a commotion among the glasses on the sideboard, accompanied with first a deep growl and then a violent sneeze, as the little prowler sniffed at the cruet-stand, told me his whereabouts. So, jumping out of bed, I made for the door, my movements being quickened by the sound of a 'flop' on to the floor amid the jingle of falling glass and crockery. I fled bare-footed in my nightshirt to the cook-house through the pouring rain. I burst open the door, and tumbled over the cook, who—wrapped up from head to foot, as the native custom is—lay sleeping before the fire. That worthy jumped up and seized me by the throat, under the impression that I was a robber. I soon convinced him of his mistake and explained the reason for my appearance. Taking a torch, we returned to the house together. Holding the light well down in front of us we peered in all directions without finding the creature. We looked under the bed, in the bath-room, behind the furniture, up among the bamboo rafters, and in every conceivable place, but he was nowhere to be found; so, replenishing the night-light, I dismissed the cook, and changing my wet clothes I tumbled into bed, but only to jump out again in double quick time, for as I laid my head on the pillow a snarl from the

head of the bed announced the brute's whereabouts. He had climbed up and quietly curled himself behind the bolster, so that in lying down I had nearly put my head on him. If he had not snarled, in another instant most likely he would have had me by the throat. Untucking the curtains, I moved the cask close to the bedside, and finding it impossible to make him part with the bolster, I bundled it and him into his former lodging, and thus secured him for the second time.

After keeping this strange pet for a week, and finding it impossible to alter his character, I put the cask out into the jungle and he soon disappeared.

O. W.

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

VI.—THE FATAL BANQUET.

TOWARDS the end of September, 1789, the suspicions of the people of Paris became yet more aroused. A question was hotly debated, whether the King was or was not to have the power to 'veto'—that is, to forbid—any particular law to be enacted. A certain violent speaker, named Huruge, who went to petition against the King having this power, was thrown into prison, and General Lafayette and his soldiers had to be very strict in dispersing crowds and putting street speakers to silence. Several newspaper printers and editors were seized, one of them being the well-known Marat, who was the most advanced republican, and who issued a paper called *The Friend of the People*. These things did not please the multitude; and moreover the scarcity of bread seemed to increase, and it was observed that the boat which brought grain from Corbeil paid only one visit to Paris instead of two every day. And it was maddening to the mothers, who had children crying for bread in vain, to hear of grand dinners being given at Versailles. This was an aggravation of their own miserable state, and it led to what will be hereafter described as the Insurrection of Women. The grand dinners which went on at Versailles we will now attempt to describe.

On the 23rd of September, then, a dashing regiment, called that of Flanders, marched into the town of Versailles, trailing after them two pieces of cannon. Marat, before he was put in prison, went over to Versailles, and there saw evident signs of the King doubling his guards and introducing foreign troops for the purpose of putting down the people by force. When the regiment of Flanders had settled itself in the barracks at Versailles, the Royal Body-guards thought it would be only right to invite the new comers to a dinner, and the date fixed for the repast was Thursday, the first of October. But where were they to find a room large enough to dine in? Among the stately buildings which made up the immense palace there was one very seldom used, the Opera House, and it occurred to some ingenious man that this would be the very place for the grand banquet.

The King readily granted the request, and in the Opera House the feast was held. Now it happened, after the dinner was done, various toasts were drunk, and while the merriment was in its height the low-spirited Queen was persuaded to enter the Opera House and look down on the brilliant scene. She therefore did so, with her little son in her arms and her husband by her side.

There was a loud outburst of loyal feeling as the royal family walked round the dinner-tables, and by design or chance the band struck up a tune which went to the words, 'O Richard! O my King, the whole world is forsaking thee!'

The guests at once saw the fitness of the music to the circumstances of the King, and they got greatly excited. They drew their swords and waved them about, they tore off their tricolor cockades, trampled them under their feet, and replaced them by white ones (the old Bourbon colour).

This dinner was followed by other dinners on the 2nd and 3rd of October, when the white cockade was worn by all. These favours were made of a large size, as if to show a greater loyalty to the King and his family. Some wore black cockades, as if they were mourning for the King in his troubles, and several had the courage to appear with them in the streets of Paris. The people felt insulted by these black badges, and one national soldier at the Tuileries parade on Sunday morning, the 4th of October, started from the ranks, and wrenched a black cockade from someone who was wearing it, and trod it angrily in the dirt. Another man, who wore a black cockade, had it torn off, and when he attempted to replace it a hundred sticks started up around him, and he was obliged to leave it where it was. Another nearly fell a victim to the lamp iron, being saved from the rage of the people by the National Guards and General Lafayette.

That same Sunday, the 4th of October, was a very disturbed day in Paris. Tidings of the banquets at Versailles were now being talked about all over the city, and thousands of hungry people were saying, 'We are starving, but yonder, at the King's palace, there is plenty, and to spare.'

For the first time in the French Revolution there was seen on the evening before a woman engaged in public speaking. 'My husband's tongue has been put to silence,' said she, 'but I will speak;' and speak she did to a great crowd all the thoughts which filled her heaving bosom, and made it ready to break.

A new idea seemed to strike the women of Paris that same night, and it was nursed all the next day. It was this, to have a rising of their own. If General Lafayette and his men had silenced and put down their husbands, they would never be such dastards as to pierce women's hearts with their bayonets, would they? This was the thought uppermost in the hearts of the women of Paris, that is, the poor women with hungry children, during that October Sunday in the year 1789. And, as we shall see, the thought became a deed, when, on the Monday following, tens of thousands of women, with an earnest purpose in their minds, marched on the palace of Versailles.

G. S. O.

The Fatal Banquet.

Charles the First and his Greyhound.

THE ENGLISH GREYHOUND.

THE greyhound is a native of the British Islands, and from a very early period the English variety has presented the same appearance as in modern times; but it appears to have been a bolder and stronger dog in former days, for we read of greyhounds killing wolves, as in the case of Gelêrt, Llewellyn's greyhound. The more formidable kinds of wild animals were early exterminated in England, and the greyhound, having been bred for centuries for swiftness alone, has lost its courage, whilst its form has become more slender and its coat finer.

The Anglo-Saxon kings kept greyhounds; and in the time of the Danish King, Canute, these animals were so highly esteemed that no one under the rank of a gentleman or freeholder was allowed to keep them, and when a nobleman went abroad he was usually accompanied by his greyhound. Some of our kings were very fond of them, such as Henry II. and King John. This latter monarch devoted much of his time to coursing, and the Isle of Dogs received its name from its being the place where he kept his dogs. He spared no expense to procure swift greyhounds, and he often accepted greyhounds instead of money payments on the issue of grants. It was King John who gave the famous greyhound Gelêrt, who killed the wolf, to the Welsh Prince, Llewellyn.

Lands and manors were sometimes held on the condition of supplying the King with greyhounds. The holders of land in the Manor of Setene, in Kent, were obliged, by their tenure to Edward I. and II., to lend their greyhounds to the king whenever he went into Gascony for 'so long as a pair of shoes of fourpence price would last.' Now fourpence was a very good price for a pair of shoes in the days of the Edwards, but it is clear that their duration might vary a good deal according to the habits of the wearer, for a man who was frequently riding could make his shoes last ten times as long as one who went on foot. When Edward III. invaded France he took with him sixty couples of greyhounds. In a treatise on hunting, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1496, there is a poetical description of the greyhound, in which are enumerated all the points desired in the animal by the keenest judge of coursing at the present day.

Charles I. was fond of greyhounds, as Sir Philip Warwick, who was secretary to the unfortunate monarch, tells us in his memoirs. He says: 'Methinks, because it shows his dislike of a common court vice, it is not unworthy the relating of him, that one evening his dog scratching at his door he commanded me to let in Gipsy; whereupon I took the boldness to say, "Sir, I perceive you love a greyhound better than you do a spaniel." "Yes," says he, "for they equally love their masters, and yet do not flatter them so much."'

A. R.

THE STORY OF JOHNNY BERTRAM.

IN beginning this story, it is necessary to explain to young readers that it is a very old story indeed—no fewer than fifty-eight years having come and gone since the very eventful day which we shall shortly have to tell about, and which settled Johnny's destiny in life. We must also say that it pains us to have to represent him, in this opening chapter, in a rather unfavourable light, because, though appearances will certainly be against him, Johnny is a favourite of ours; and we hope, before concluding his story, to make all our young readers like him too. The truth about him seems to be that he was a good-hearted boy, with a somewhat hard and rough exterior, not always understood by those in authority over him. He was like a good sweet nut with a very hard shell; not every one knew how to reach the kernel; those who did, however, found themselves rewarded, for Johnny was a boy worth knowing.

His father, Mr. Bertram, was a flax-spinner, living in the good old maritime town of Dundee, Scotland. He had begun life as a piecing-boy in the very factory where he was now junior partner, and having had little education and few advantages in early life, it was the more creditable to him that he had struggled up to an honourable position, and was in all respects worthy of the esteem of his fellow-men. He had three children: Johnny, now nearly fifteen, and two girls, Maude and Mary, aged respectively twelve and ten; but, alas! the dear, good mother of these young people had long since gone to her Home above, while a second Mrs. Bertram occupied her place and tried to train her children. Neither of the girls could remember their mother, but her memory was enshrined in Johnny's heart. Though only seven years old at the time of her death, her sweet motherly gentleness could never be forgotten by the warm-hearted little fellow, who cheerfully did her bidding however unpleasant it might be to himself, and who would have been pliable as wax in the hands of any one who understood his nature as she had done. The second Mrs. Bertram, however, did not understand her stepson; both in person and manner she was very unlike her predecessor, and we must admit that Johnny did not love her at all, and never made any scruple of showing his dislike. This was a pity, for Mrs. Bertram was a good woman, and intended to do well by the children committed to her care, though it must be confessed that she did not understand child-nature, and often made mistakes in her method of dealing with them. We shall, however, leave this lady to reveal herself to our readers as our story goes on.

Mr. Bertram having only one son, had early resolved to make what he called a gentleman of him: the boy was to be a prodigy of learning, to be instructed in every branch of knowledge that could be acquired in his native town, and then pass on to the University, there to complete his education. After that all was shadowy and dim, though Mr. Bertram earnestly hoped that his son would follow some learned profession, and so bring glory to the name of Bertram.

Now had Johnny been a studious boy, of course all this would have been very delightful to him; but, un-

fortunately, on the subject of education father and son were not at all agreed. Johnny hated books of every kind, save *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Arabian Nights*, while even these he would throw aside at any time for the superior attractions of a game of cricket or a paper-chase. At school he made a very poor figure indeed, sitting day after day at the foot of his class, and, what was worse, without seeming to feel the least ashamed of so unworthy a position; reproof and exhortation slipped off him like water off a duck's back, while even the sharp reminder of the cane failed to make him apply to his lessons. Truly it promised to be hard work indeed to turn Johnny Bertram into a learned man. He was, however, very popular with the other boys at the academy, for in the playground none could surpass him: he was the best runner, the best boxer, and the most generous boy with his pocket-money; he never told lies, never was guilty of any mean action, and was always ready to oblige or assist any of his companions. What a pity that a lad so amiable in the playground should have been so idle in the class-room, and so objectionable in the home drawing-room! for we must admit that in his step-mother's peculiar domain Johnny Bertram did not shine. He was a big fellow for his years, and rather clumsy, seldom entering the drawing-room without leaving sad tokens of his visit behind him; ink-bottles overturned, lace curtains crushed or torn, scraps of wood or paper littered over the carpet. Yet the boy had no great pleasure in making himself disagreeable, he only despised method and order, and disliked his stepmother; while the poor lady, not understanding the state of his mind, often made matters worse by her unwise remarks, when she would gladly have won his affection had she only known how to do so. Another fault, too, must be laid to his charge: being the idol of his two young sisters they looked at everything through Johnny's spectacles, or, to speak more plainly, they adopted all his opinions upon every subject; therefore those little maidens looked with small favour upon Mrs. Bertram, and pitied themselves much in having a stepmother. A word from the idolised brother would have prevented this undutiful feeling, but Johnny never spoke that word; rather did he glory in having two such faithful allies in the household to look up to him with admiration, and to follow his lead in everything.

But though we have thus shown our young hero to be an idle, careless fellow, it must not be supposed that he was so utterly stupid as to have no wishes or ideas of his own with regard to his future life. On the contrary, Johnny's mind was fully made up on that very important point, though as yet only three persons had been admitted to his confidence—namely, his two sisters, Maudie and Mary, and Tom Briggs, his bosom friend at school—all three having been duly cautioned as to the necessity of absolute silence in the meantime. And very faithfully had the secret been kept until, as we shall presently see, Johnny himself was the first to betray it to others. And now, after this long preamble, we must proceed with our story, and introduce our readers to No. 6 Meadow Gardens, the home of Mr. Bertram and his family.

It was five o'clock p.m., on a cold March day, when the dinner-bell at 6 Meadow Gardens having been duly rung, the sound had hardly died away when it was followed by the rushing of young footsteps from the upper rooms of the house. Mr. Bertram being a very punctual man, nothing disturbed him so much as to have the young people too late for meals. Presently, therefore, all were seated at table, but without any of the merry chit-chat so pleasant between parents and children after the fatigues of the day are over. Mr. Bertram was always somewhat austere in family life; at least, so he would have been considered at the present day, when boys talk familiarly of their father as the Governor, and their mother as the Old Lady; but sixty years ago things were very different: there was much greater reverence on the part of the juniors, while, if the parents were at times rather too severe, we may be sure that they loved their children no less than fathers and mothers do now, and perhaps were even more anxious for their happiness and well-being. Still, making due allowance for all this, it was quite evident, both to Mrs. Bertram and the young people, that something special was disturbing the mind of the husband and father on this particular day; and so it proved to be, for dinner was scarcely over when Mr. Bertram, drawing a letter from his pocket, threw it across the table to Johnny, saying, in a severe tone, 'Can you explain this letter to me, John? I received it just before dinner.'

Johnny read the paper from beginning to end with a crimsoned face, and then handed it back to his father. 'Well, father,' he said, 'I suppose Mr. Gibb is angry because I failed in that examination, and yet I did my very best; at least I think I did.'

'You think you did!' echoed his father scornfully. 'And so you are contented, as that letter says, to sit constantly at the foot of your class, making no progress in your studies, while I am spending money upon you to no purpose! Don't you feel ashamed of yourself, John?'

Johnny looked very unhappy, but he made no reply.

'If I had had your chances when I was a boy,' continued his father, 'I would have let the world see that there was something in me; but as for you! . . . Mark my words, John, if you don't pick yourself up a bit, and do better in the future, you will be a disgrace to the family yet!

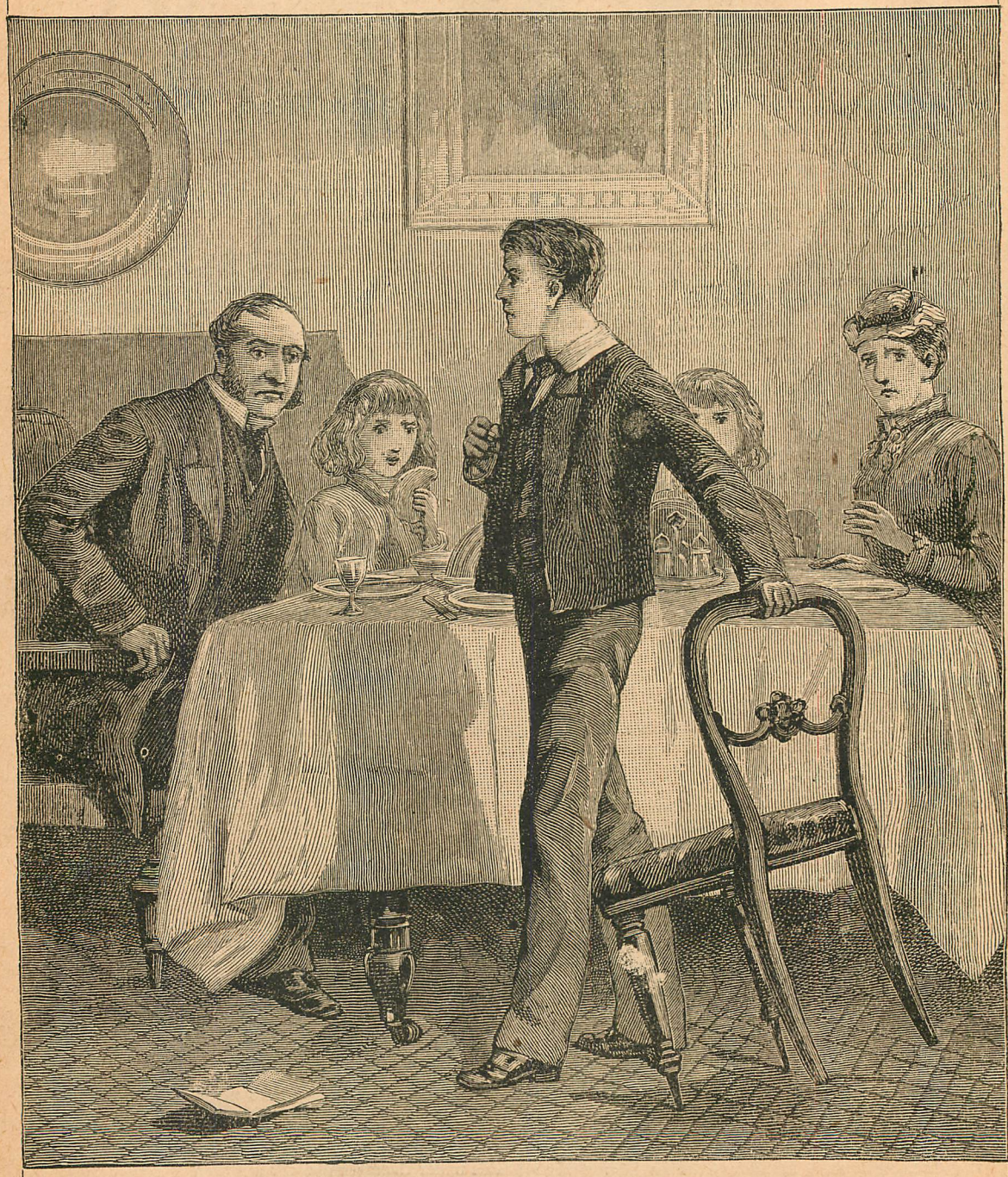
'I shan't be a disgrace to the family!' shouted Johnny, starting to his feet in a fury. 'I hate my lessons, and I wish you would take me from school. But I have done nothing mean; I have told no lies.'

'Oh, John!' said his stepmother, with a scared look, 'to speak in such a tone to your father! Maude, just listen to him; did you ever know such a boy?'

Maudie said nothing. She and Mary were holding each other's hands below the table-cloth, for mutual sympathy and encouragement—both sisters feeling quite ready to burst into tears. But Mrs. Bertram's interference did not at all quell Johnny; rather did it seem to goad him on to further fury.

'You speak of College, father,' he added; 'well, I won't go to College! What do I care for rubbishing Latin and Greek? I hate the very idea of it! So now you know all about it—I won't go!' Here Johnny paused for breath; and, truth to tell, for courage too. He was beginning to feel uncomfortable under the stern eye of his father.

(*Continued at page* 106.)



"I shan't be a disgrace to the family!"

The Nightingale.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

KNEE-DEEP the meadow grasses grow,
The trees are diademed with green,
And now the milk-white hawthorns blow,
And winter leaves the scene;
The skies are cleanly swept by June,
The kindest handmaid of the year,
Then steal abroad and hear a tune—
A tune without a peer!

It is a gracious summer night;
The moon is mirrored in the lake,
The mansion windows blaze with light,
The floors with dancing shake;
Harp, flute, and viol sweetly blend
In man's most artful airs,
But, Philomel, dear little friend,
Thine art surpasses theirs!

On some choice bough, with folded wing,
Thy wandering feet are press'd;
The trees are hush'd to hear thee sing,
The grim yew with the rest;
Above his gloomy head the strain
Is purling in Heaven's holy calm,
E'en he must smile to hear again
The nightingale's soft psalm!

Oh, now 'tis well to dip one's oar
In the cool, quiet lake,
There's not a wave from shore and shore,
No whisper in the brake;
'Tis summer sweet—oh, happy he
Who pulls or he who steers;
The nightingale is in the tree,
His song is in our ears!

GEORGE S. OUTRAM.

FEEDING THE BIRDS IN WINTER.

THOUSANDS of good-natured people delight during winter to feed the birds by throwing seed or bread-crumbs out of their windows. The domestic sparrow generally pecks up this food. Few people think that the birds who suffer most are the insect-eating species which spend the winter with us. Severe weather destroys large numbers of tomtits, wrens, and the like. We can see them flying from branch to branch, during the few hours of daylight, pecking at the bark of trees in the vain endeavour to discover some chance larvæ; or we find them in some sheltered nook listless from hunger, with feathers puffed up, an easy prey to cats, if not to fall down dead in the night, their tiny bodies disappearing among the decaying leaves. A bone of a joint of meat, attached to a long piece of string, thrown over a tree, so as to be out of the reach of cats and dogs, and the end of the string fastened round the trunk or to a branch, would save the lives of dozens of these useful little helpmates of the gardener. The more fat there is left on the bone the more useful will it be to the birds. Seeds and bread-crumbs, on which sparrows and other finches grow fat, are of very little use to our most valued feathered friends.

THE ADVENTURES OF BEN ARMITAGE.

(*Concluded from p.* 94.)

IT was mid-winter in cold, foggy Britain, yet Hastings had never looked brighter than it did on that fifteenth day of January, when Ben and his Uncle Joseph first met. The sun shone brilliantly, and with sufficient power to cheer the hearts even of the poor invalids who slowly promenaded on the sunny Marina, or reclined in Bath-chairs with their sad faces turned longingly towards the beautifully placid sea.

In one of these tiny invalid carriages, but extended almost at full length, lay the old Liverpool merchant, his shrivelled hand in the warm clasp of his young nephew, and his faded eyes fixed earnestly on the handsome and bright young face. Ah, strange thoughts were flitting through the sick man's brain! How like this boy was to his mother, that young sister whom he had cast off in her unprotected youth, sending her forth alone into a hard, cold world! Oh, how could he ever have done such a deed! and what a lonely, miserable life his had been! He had amassed wealth to be sure, but what the better had he been for it? He had not a friend in the world; no one loved him, unless he could secure to himself the love of this youth, his sister's child.

'Ben,' he said, in hollow, husky tones, 'you know all the story—your mother's story. Can you forgive me, Ben?'

'Oh, uncle, do not talk like that!' cried Ben. 'Let us forget the past, uncle; perhaps you may get better yet: who knows? This seems a charming place, and so sunny and warm, quite enough to set you on your legs again!'

'No, no, Ben, I am a dying man,' said Uncle Joseph, 'and it is God's mercy that has spared me here long enough to see you. You will bury me, nephew; it may be nothing but an old man's whim, but I have always wished to be laid in the grave by some one of kin to me. Oh, my boy, I am so glad and thankful that you did not refuse to come! You will finish your education here in England, Ben, and when you are eighteen years of age I leave you free to choose whether to remain here longer or to return to your American home. And now, my lad, tell me all your mind; is there anything that I can do for you? anything that would make you specially happy?'

Ben hesitated a minute, looking doubtfully at his uncle; then he said, 'Uncle Joseph, you have spoken freely of your own death, would you mind very much if I alluded to it too?'

'Not a bit, my boy; my death is quite inevitable, Ben, so speak freely, and tell me all your mind.'

'Well, uncle,' said Ben, 'when the sad time comes that takes you away from me, I am afraid I shall feel very dull and lonely here in England, where I do not know any one. Now, I have a dear friend at home, Charlie Gordon, if I could have him with me; he wants to study medicine, but his mother is a widow and poor, and ——'

'Don't say another word, Ben, we'll send for him at once; he will be boarded and educated at my expense. And you must tell him, Ben, that it will be a favour to me if he will come—it is for your sake, Ben, of course; you would be dull all alone. I wonder I did not think of it. Now, Ben, write at once to the lad (I hope he is a good lad), and—stay, give me a pen, I shall write to his mother. I am glad you told me of this, nephew; anything to make you happy, my boy.'

Thus spoke poor Uncle Joseph, so feverishly anxious to please his nephew and heir that had Ben been like many other boys he would have taken a mean advantage of the old man's partiality, and secured many other advantages for himself; but to have secured Charlie Gordon as a companion in his studies was all Ben wanted, therefore it was with a light heart that he wrote to his old school-mate, and lay before him his uncle's generous proposal.

Thus it came about that Charlie Gordon, half-bewildered with this sudden and unexpected good fortune, found himself on board the *Western Wave*, bound for Old England, which country he had so often longed to see.

And now little remains to be done but to gather up the fragments of our story, and to satisfy the minds of young readers as to the fate of the various persons who have figured in our pages. And first, as to Charlie and Ben. These young heroes having studied to good purpose in England, and made many friends for themselves in the Old Country, at last turned their faces westward, with hearts all aglow, when they remembered the many loved ones there, who were anxiously awaiting their return.

Uncle Joseph had long ere this gone to his grave, cheered and comforted in his last hours by the kind attention of his nephew, who had really learned to love the solitary old man, who, even on his dying bed, could not forgive himself for his heartless treatment of Ben's mother.

'Ah, my boy,' he would often say, 'take warning by me! don't plant thorns in your dying pillow by showing any unkindness to those about you. Ben, I do believe in the forgiveness of sins, but I can't forgive myself; and the only consolation I have is in remembering that you are my sister's son, and that I have tried to be kind to you. Have I succeeded in this, Ben?' and poor Uncle Joseph looked up wistfully in the frank young face.

'Uncle,' said Ben, almost in tears, 'you have been so good to me, so kind, I can never forget it as long as I live; don't think of the past any more, uncle. How I wish I could relieve your pain!'

But Ben could not do that; he could only watch, with the tenderest love and care, till the parting moment came, and then, with all reverence, lay his old uncle in the quiet grave.

We need not describe to our readers the joyful reception accorded to Ben and Charlie on their return to Lester. It is enough to say that it was as loving and enthusiastic as even those young gentlemen could expect, and no one will be surprised to learn that one sweet April morning, about a year after their return, a double wedding was celebrated in the old church of Lester, when Bessie became the bride of the handsome young Dr. Gordon, while the gentle Agatha was united to her early friend and schoolmate, Ben.

Immediately after the marriage, Charlie and Bessie took their departure for Montreal, where Dr. Gordon had arranged to practise as surgeon, and a very comfortable and pretty house it was to which he took his young wife; for Ben's ample fortune was by no means entirely devoted to his own use, but was scattered abroad with a liberal but discriminating hand for the welfare of all those who were dear to him.

His gift to Agatha on the wedding morn was the box containing family jewels, which Mr. Armitage (under the impression that his son was dead) had bestowed upon the faithful Michael. This worthy man had at once given up these valuables to Ben, the rightful owner, who, in his turn, remunerated the half-breed so handsomely that he was able to give up the heavier part of his work and to settle at St. Roux, where, with André as an assistant, he carried on a lucrative barter for furs with the trappers of the Rocky Mountains.

Ben and Agatha did not go so far a-field as Charlie and his young wife. At John Lee's earnest request they settled down at Mount Pleasant, the joy and consolation of the old people in their declining years, who found in Ben (the little fellow to whom they had been so kind in his motherless infancy) a considerate, manly, good-hearted son, who thought nothing too much to do in order to promote their comfort and happiness.

Of Messrs. Stockman and Crook we have, unhappily, nothing comfortable to say. Having succeeded in reaching San Francisco, they became frequenters of the gaming-table, Crook being very skilful in several sleight-of-hand performances, sometimes successfully used by rogues and vagabonds with a taste for gambling.

The men at San Francisco, however, proved to be very wide-awake, and Crook, having tried to pass a marked card, was at once shot dead by his adversary. The unfortunate Stockman, who had been out of health, died of fever in a low lodging-house.

As for Otter-heart and little Misqua, Ben would fain have conferred upon them some lasting benefit in return for all their goodness to him; but on proposing that they should take up their abode at Lester, when Misqua and Bright-eye might attend school, Otter-heart shook his head, sadly.

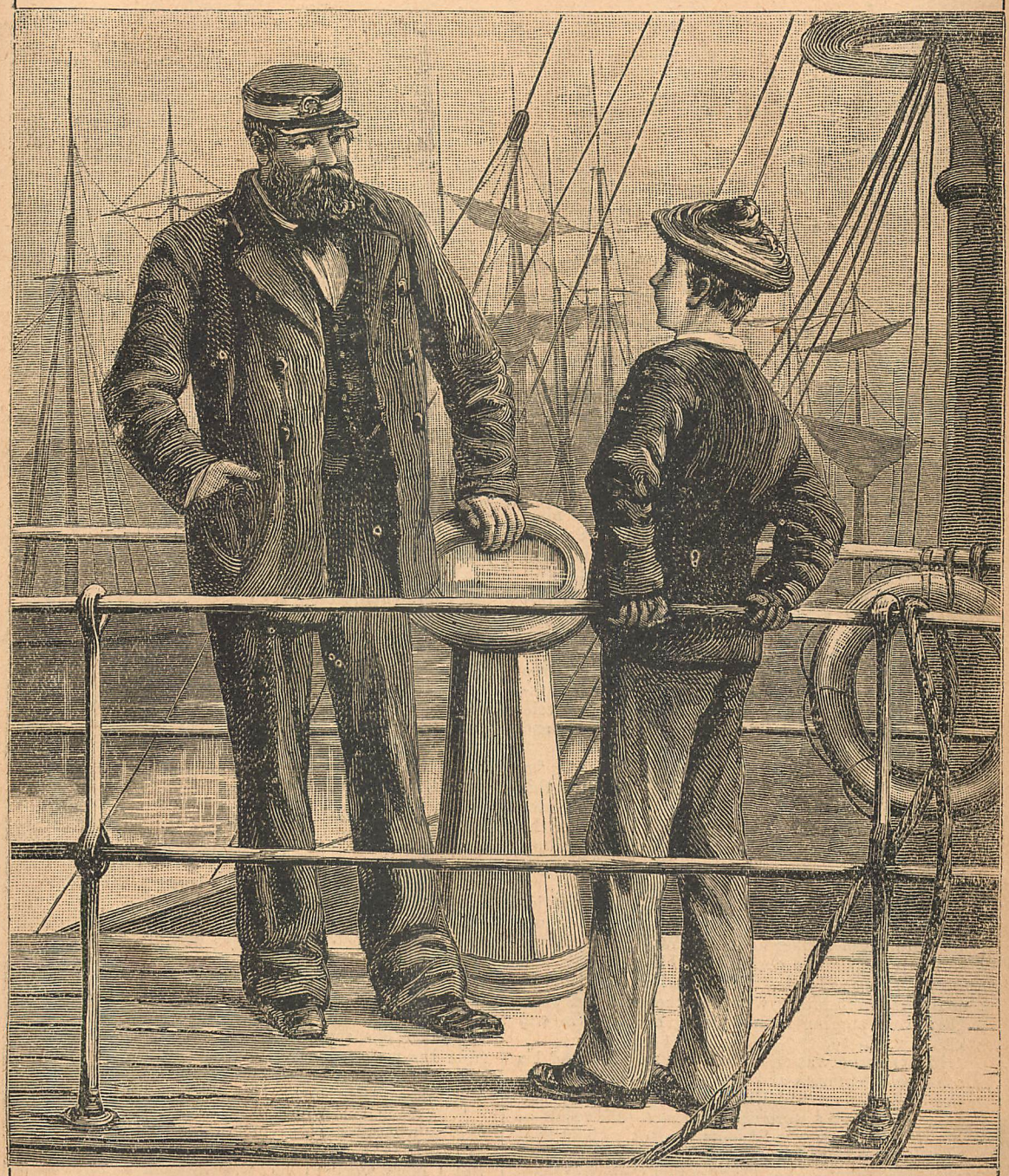
'You cannot make my boys into white men,' he said, 'and to educate them like the pale faces would divide them entirely from our tribe. No, we will remain with our own people, but we will never deal treacherously.'

After this expression of opinion, nothing more could be said; and they were allowed to go, laden with many handsome gifts for the kind-hearted squaw who had cared so well for Ben during his long and dangerous illness.

And now we have faithfully told the fate of all our friends save one; and we hope that boys and girls feel sufficiently interested in Mr. Silas Tegg to rejoice when we assure them that he did succeed at last in becoming the owner of the coveted one hundred pounds.

D. B. McKean.

"No; we will remain with our own people."



Captain Ramsay listening to Johnny's story.

THE STORY OF JOHNNY BERTRAM.

(*Continued from page* 99.)

'ARE you quite done?' asked Mr. Bertram, with cold severity.

'I don't want to quarrel, father,' said the boy, rather more humbly. 'I know you have spent a great deal of money upon me, but . . .'

'Oh! so you admit that, do you?' said Mr. Bertram. 'How old are you, John?'

'I shall be fifteen next September,' replied Johnny, making the most of his age, like all boys.

'That means that you are fourteen and a half,' said his father. 'Well, at that age I do not consider a boy able to judge what is best for him. You will go back to school, make an apology to Mr. Gibb, and do better in future, or I shall take you away from school altogether, as you propose, and put you into the factory, where you may work your way up to the top of the ladder, as I did myself, without a father to back me, and without one tenth part of your advantages.'

'I shan't apologise to Mr. Gibb, and I shan't go into the factory,' roared Johnny, almost beside himself with fury. 'I know what I am going to do with myself; my mind is quite made up, and nobody will turn me from it. I mean to go to sea.'

'Oh, John!' again exclaimed Mrs. Bertram, in a faint voice. 'Oh, what a dreadful boy you are! Why, of course, you would be drowned!'

Here the two little girls burst into tears. The great, the cherished secret was out at last—the secret which they and Tom Briggs had kept so faithfully, and talked over in private so often, it was told at last! Poor Johnny had betrayed himself; and now, what was to be done?

Mr. Bertram, meanwhile, waved his hand for silence. 'Sit down, John!' he said. 'What is this about the sea? I have had a suspicion of this for some time. You have not been down so often to the Docks for nothing with that boy Briggs. Tell me the truth, John. What is all this, and who has put you up to it?'

But Johnny hesitated to reply. He had not intended to speak of his plans quite so soon; only in his outburst of temper he had betrayed himself, and now his father had commanded him to speak, and he would not tell a lie. Yet he hesitated. Could he trust that stern father with the thoughts and plans that were surging in his young heart? He was afraid to do so.

Mr. Bertram was an acute observer. He read his son's heart through and through. He saw that his boy could not trust him, and the thought gave him pain, for though a stern and hard man—the result of his struggles in early life—he was not without kind feelings, and loved his children truly. For the first time, too, he recognised the fact that there was more in Johnny than he had ever imagined before. Up to the present time his boy had been to him nothing but an overgrown child; now he seemed to see that he was a fine, true-hearted, honest lad, who had the making of a man in him, though he might not care for a College education. Perhaps he had been too hard on his boy.

'Johnny,' he said (and when Mr. Bertram called his son Johnny every one knew that the atmosphere was clearing a little), 'Johnny, tell me all your heart about this matter. If you really do not wish to go to College, I won't press it, though it has been the cherished idea of my life, John, to give you the education which circumstances denied to me; but as for going to sea, do nothing rash, my boy. Every lad at one time or another thinks he wants to go to sea, but very often the best cure for such a state of mind is just to let him go. A first voyage knocks all the nonsense out of him. However, let us talk it over. When did you first think of this, Johnny?'

But the boy was still speechless. He glanced at his sisters, and then uneasily at his stepmother. Mr. Bertram saw in a moment what was the difficulty. 'Here, wife,' he said, 'you go upstairs with the two girls, and leave Johnny and me to have a talk together.' And the way having been thus cleared, Mr. Bertram shut the door, poked the fire, and then looked his boy, not unkindly, in the face.

'Oh, Maude, and you, Mary,' said Mrs. Bertram, almost in tears, as she sank into a low couch in the drawing-room, 'I think you three children will altogether break my heart! Here have I been trying to teach and to train you for six years past, and your father working hard for you every day of his life, and not one of you seem to be the least grateful! I see quite well that both you girls knew of John's wicked secret. Secret, indeed! Children should hide nothing from their parents; it is quite shameful! Oh, I am much afraid that John will come to no good, such a bad boy as he is!'

'He is not a bad boy!' cried Maudie, who could be silent no longer; 'he is our own dear, darling brother. Tom Briggs loves him, and so does everybody except you. Oh, you are very unkind! I wish, I wish' . . . But Maudie had not courage to say what she wished, which was that her own mother had not died, and that she had never known a stepmother. This outburst on Maudie's part was another blow to Mrs. Bertram, who saw nothing in it but wicked ingratitude. She stared helplessly at the two girls with their flushed cheeks and tear-stained faces. She really had done a good deal for them, and it did seem hard that they should actually dislike her, avoid her company as much as possible, and hatch mischievous plans together, quite regardless of either their father's wishes or hers. The poor lady shed a few tears as she remembered all her grievances, then desiring her daughters to take their knitting work and not be idle, she drew out a piece of embroidery from her pocket, by way of showing them a good example; but after a few minutes' industry it dropped from her hand. Mrs. Bertram was asleep.

'Oh, Maudie!' whispered her little sister, 'I wonder what father is saying to John all this time. Wasn't it awful? What a pity he told upon himself! But I don't wonder; he was in such a rage at mother. So was I. I think, Maudie, I almost hate her!'

'Hush!' whispered Maudie in reply, as she glanced at Mrs. Bertram's unconscious figure, 'you will make more trouble for us all if you speak like that. Mary, I do believe father will let him go with Captain Ramsay, if only mother won't make a hindrance. Oh, dear, dear!' . . . And Maudie again thought how delightful it would have been if her own mother had not died.

But Maudie's reverie and Mrs. Bertram's comfortable nap were destined to be rudely interrupted. The dining-room door was heard to open suddenly. A young foot came bounding up the staircase, and Johnny, radiant with delight, burst like a whirlwind into the room. 'It is all right!' he shouted. 'All right! Father says I may go. Hip, hip, hurrah! Come up to the play-room, girls, and I will tell you all about it.' And before Mrs. Bertram could recover her scattered senses the three heedless young people had rushed away to their own domains above.

But we must go back a little, and see what Johnny had said to his father, and how Mr. Bertram had been induced to take a more favourable view of his son's plans and prospects. But here we feel almost afraid to state what was our hero's first move. After being left alone with his father in the dining-room—for it seems almost incredible in a boy of his age, and we fear to expose him to the contempt of other boys—yet truth compels us to say that after his father's last words to him, spoken in a kindly tone, Johnny actually burst into tears, though he very speedily mastered his emotion. The truth is, he was terribly in earnest about going to sea, much excited by all that had passed at the dinner-table, and overflowing with gratitude towards his father for the altered manner in which he was inclined to talk over the matter. His story was soon told. For a year past he had spent every holiday in going about the Docks, visiting the various ships. He had made acquaintance with the captain of a whaling-vessel, who had told him many interesting stories of adventure. He had told this captain that nothing he would like better than to sail with him on his next voyage, and the captain had said, 'Why not? If your father gives his permission I can take you with me, but I won't take any boy under sixteen without his father's consent.' And so, as Johnny went on to explain, despairing of his father ever giving permission, he had intended just to wait till he was sixteen, and then boldly take his destiny in his own hand. He had not been able, however, to keep his mighty secret to himself. He had confided it to Tom Briggs, also to Maudie and Mary, and they had all sympathised with him, and promised to help him in every way that they could; and perhaps this secret of his was the reason why he had failed so utterly in Mr. Gibb's examination. He had not been able to give his mind to his lessons at all—not for months past. His first thought every morning had been about the whaling-ship, and his last thought at night. 'But, oh, father!' he added imploringly, 'if you will only be so very good as favour me in this, and consent to my going to sea now, I will really try to be a credit to you, and I can certainly promise that I won't be a disgrace to the family!'

'But, Johnny,' said his father, 'to go in a whaling-vessel to Greenland! Why, boy, you don't know what hardships you would have to endure,—the frightful cold, the danger from icebergs, and all that sort of thing!'

'Oh, but, father,' replied Johnny, eagerly, 'Captain Ramsay is not going to the Northern fishing! he is going after the sperm whales, and they are only found in tropical or temperate seas; he goes south, father; his ship is called the *Mariana*, and he is to touch at the Cape before he reaches his fishing-ground. And, father, he is to be furnished for a three-years' voyage, for sometimes the ships cruise about a long time before they are full. And the *Mariana* is to be armed too, in case of attacks from savages,—six guns, father, long twelve-pounders! I have seen them all. And oh, father, if you only saw the copper boilers for turning the blubber into oil, and the harpoons, and the lines, and the lances!' Here Johnny paused, having fairly run himself out of breath, his cheeks meanwhile glowing with animation and excitement, and his bright eyes fixed eagerly on his father's face.

Mr. Bertram did not speak for a moment; he was regarding his son almost with astonishment, for Johnny certainly had never made so long and animated a speech in all his life before. 'And this is the boy that I imagined was nothing but a young donkey!' thought he to himself. 'Why, the plucky little chap has got something in him after all! Well, far be it from me to spoil his life by compelling him into any course which is quite distasteful to him: no good ever comes out of a course like that. 'Johnny,' he said aloud, 'I will go down to the Docks to-morrow, and see Captain Ramsay, and go over the vessel; what did you call her, the *Mariana?* And if I am satisfied that you will be taken proper care of, I will arrange to pay a proper fee for you, and that will give you a fair start; for, Johnny, I would not like you to go as a common sailor-lad, and mess with the men; not that I am above common rough work for you—not at all; but you would hear much coarse, bad language, which is a thing I hate, and would fain guard you against. Now, if I pay a good fee, you will be on a par with the second and third mates, and will have other advantages besides.'

'And will you really do that, father? Oh, how kind you are! oh, thank you a thousand times!' cried Johnny, in a perfect whirl of excitement. 'I know you will like Captain Ramsay. But I must run upstairs and tell the girls.' And upstairs sped the young whaler, as we have seen, to tell his wonderful news, and to receive the congratulations of his sisters, whose delight at their hero's success was only damped by the dismal reflection that Johnny was really going away, and that for perhaps three long years they would have to endure life without their darling brother. But now, before we send the boy away to the South Seas on board the *Mariana*, we must say a few words about whales and whale-fishing.

(*Continued at page* 118.)

A WITNESS in a court, speaking in a very harsh and loud voice, the lawyer on the other side exclaimed, 'Fellow, why dost thou bark so furiously?' 'Because,' said the rustic, 'I think I see a thief.'

LOST ON THE HEATH.

'TIS twelve o'clock! the midnight hour!
I'm lost upon the heath!
The stifling snow falls thick around,
I scarce can draw my breath!

My wife! I know she waits for me,
Her heart is grieving sore:
Alas! unless some succour comes
She'll see my face no more!

My baby in his cradle lies,
Within the cottage warm:
O God, protect those dear ones all,
And keep them all from harm!

Once more I'll try to find the road,
Through all this blinding snow;
I'll put my hope and trust in God,
And pray, e'en as I go.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHESUS.

EPHESUS, the capital city of the Roman province of Asia, the scene of the labours and trials of St. Paul, and renowned for the great Temple of Diana, was also the scene of one of the most celebrated legends of the early Christian Church. During the short reign of the Emperor Decius, from A.D. 249 to 251, the Christian religion was severely persecuted, and at Ephesus many Christians were put to death. Amongst those who were accused before the tribunals of refusing to burn incense to the idols were seven youths of noble family, who, escaping from their enemies, fled to an adjacent mountain and concealed themselves in a cave. Their retreat was discovered, and the Emperor gave orders that the entrance to the cavern should be securely blocked up with large stones, so that they might be starved to death. This was done, and the youths, left in the darkness to their fate, resigned themselves to God, embraced each other, and fell asleep.

The years rolled away, and the cave and the youths

who were supposed to have perished in it were forgotten. The altars of the gods were overturned, the shrine of the great Diana of the Ephesians was supplanted by the Cross, and Christianity became the religion of the Roman Empire.

At length, in the reign of Theodosius the Second, about the year 446, Adolius, a citizen of Ephesus, who then owned the mountain in which the cave was situated, wished to build a stable there for his cattle. His slaves, moving the stones to use them in the structure, uncovered the cave in which the youths lay asleep. They fled in terror, but the sunlight streaming into the cavern awoke the young men, who thought they had only slept for a single night and were still in danger. Taking counsel together they resolved that one of their number, named Malchus, should go secretly to the city and procure food for them.

Malchus approached the city with caution, but, on going to the principal entrance, he was astonished to see a large cross over the gate. He went to another gate, but there also he saw a cross. Entering the city he was still more bewildered, for everything seemed strange to him, and he heard the name of Christ openly used, and rubbing his eyes he thought he must be dreaming. Going into a baker's shop he asked for some bread, and tendered a coin of Decius in payment for it. The baker stared at his strange dress, and wondered at his old-fashioned style of speech; but when he saw the ancient coin he suspected him of having found some hidden treasure. His questions only added to the confusion of the awakened sleeper, and the baker, being confirmed in his suspicions, gave information to the authorities, and Malchus was taken before the judge. Whilst he was being led through the streets he looked in vain amongst the crowd for some familiar face, but all were strangers to him. Arrived in the presence of the judge he told his story—how he and his companions had escaped from their pursuers, as he thought, on the previous day, and how they had hidden in the cave and fallen asleep. His strange narrative led to inquiries being made, and to the astonishment of every one, it appeared that nearly two hundred years had elapsed since the seven young Christians took refuge in the cave from their Pagan persecutors. In proof of the truth of his story Malchus offered to conduct the judge to the spot, and thither he went, followed by an immense multitude of people, and found his companions even as he had said. Then the Bishop of Ephesus, the Governor, all the chief men of the city, and even Theodosius himself, visited the wondrous dwellers in the cave. Their faces were still fresh and bright with a holy light, and exhorting the Emperor to believe in the resurrection and in the goodness of God Who had preserved them for so long a time, they bowed their heads and died.

This marvellous legend is narrated in the works of James, bishop of Batnæ, in Syria, who began to compose his sermons in A.D. 474—less than thirty years after the event is said to have happened, and he writes of it as being generally received as truth. As extraordinary stories are usually founded on some slight fact, it is probable that this one grew out of some incident which occurred during the Pagan persecution. Perhaps some Christian youths of Ephesus really did take refuge in a cave, and succeeded in maintaining themselves in hiding till the fury of the persecution was over, and the miraculous features were afterwards added to their story, as a heresy had sprung up in the Church which denied the resurrection of the body. At any rate, the legend was so popular and so widely spread that it was accepted by all the Christian Churches, Greek, Latin, and Russian, and penetrated to Abyssinia and to the remotest regions of the North. Mohammed introduced it into the Koran, and in the eighteenth chapter, entitled 'The Cave,' he cites the evidence of 'the companions of the cave' as a proof of the truth of the resurrection. Amidst the ruins of Ephesus a cave in the side of a mountain is still shown as the cave of the Seven Sleepers. A. R.

STARTLING A TIGER.

ONE morning we were assembled in the guardroom in an Indian mountain station, and had just finished the reports, when the native sentry sent in word that he wished to see me. Going out, the man said that he had heard low growls proceeding from under the cliff, on the edge of which the house was built. Listening attentively for a few minutes, I distinctly heard them, but the difficulty was to get a sight of the animal, whatever it was. The precipice jutted out by itself like a promontory, and went down perpendicularly for some thirty feet, where there was a rocky ledge which sloped down to the bottom of the valley, nearly 2000 feet below

Directing two sepoys who had joined me to catch hold of my legs, I wriggled to the edge and peeped over. Such a sight greeted my eye, for, stretched at full length on the rock, lay a magnificent tigress, the beautiful black and gold stripes of her skin glistening in the sunlight like a satin dress. She was looking straight out across the valley, now and again yawning and uttering the sound, half mew, half growl, that told of a hearty but indigestible supper the night before.

I motioned the men to pull me back and summoned the other officers, and as it was quite impossible to lean over far enough to use a gun, for in doing so one might have tumbled over on the top of her, which would not have been at all pleasant; but as it was necessary to show her that we did not want her company so close to the house, we told a servant to get a shovel of hot coals from the messroom fire and throw it down on her, while we lay flat down with our heads just over the cliff to see the effect. Over went the coals with true aim, right on her broad back. At first she merely wrinkled up her skin, but the next moment, feeling the burns, she jumped up, caught sight of our faces, made one tremendous spring to get up at us, tumbled back on the ledge, and then bounded down the slope, giving vent to most frightful roars of pain and anger, and we saw no more of her. O. W.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES NOS. 22 TO 25.

22. Trade-wind—Sword-knot.

1st line. Toss.
2nd ,, Rainbow.
3rd ,, Armadillo.
4th ,, Drummer.
5th ,, Errand.
6th line. Wick.
7th ,, Inflammation.
8th ,, Negro.
9th ,, Debt.

23. Begin at O in the centre. The lines are:—

O'er the placid ocean,
Merrily we glide;
Zephyrs' gentlest motion
Fans the rippling tide;
Blue the sky above us,
Blue the wave below,
Sorrow cannot move us.

24. (1.)

C
NOT
LINEN
PASTE
PLATTER
GIANT
INK
ALTAR
INIGO
ANN
HOT
APE
MELON
ALTERED

(2.)

R
AIM
LUCRE
ASHES
LEARN
APRON
GUARDIANS
THEBANS
MERIT
PRISM
MINER
MISER
TILER
BLEST
BOYLE
MOSES
SIHON
QUEEN
TERRIER
HERITOR
ABUNDANCE
BARNACLES
SERPENTARIA

(3.)

HYSON
BACON
BLAST
WARRANT
TROUBLING
SCAFFOLDING
TENORBELL
ABDOMEN
PLUME
ANGER
ASHEN

(4.)

ART
SHE
GHOST
BRIDLED
ABOVE
ODD
PEN
ONE
ADD
TRY
CHOIR
MONEY

(5.)

ACT
URN
TOP
FOOTCLOTH
CROCODILE
CHILDHOOD
TIN
OLD
DEN

N.B. Of course this only shows how it may be done. It could be done in many other ways. The last word is the hardest to do, as it must consist of eleven letters with N in the centre. Other words may be found besides Serpentaria, fulfilling those conditions, but not many.

25. Commence at A the central letter. These proverbs are here contained.

A rolling stone gathers no moss
Too many cooks spoil the broth.
A live dog is more to be feared than a dead lion.
You cannot eat your cake and have it.
Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War.

BURIED SOLDIERS.

26. HERE are some soldiers, of whom it may be said all did their duty, and after life's fitful fever sleep well. They are buried; it is your business to bring their glorious names to light, out of the following sentences:—*As I stood on a pier to see the Guards* embark for Egypt, one of them talking of Bellona, the goddess of war, said, *I think I am her stoutest son*, or one of them; but I will never be so foolish as to say I can *drub a yard full of enemies*. Though I am sometimes worsted, *I come of a yet terrible race;* and is not our *flag a testimony to our pluck?* My comrades are brave, though *hic, hæc, hoc, he may never have learned;* and *though no hand at a Greek lexicon depend on it the* British Grenadier can fight like a Greek. *What fire tongues out of cannons' mouths he has braved!* Give *him good grub, air, drink*, and trusty weapons, and he will do well. He never needs flogging into battle with a *cat-o'-nine-tails;* and he thinks an honest fight is far preferable to stakes, *axes, and dungeons*. Good kings and queens ever *give rewards to brave soldiers*. Of course, all Elizabeth *and all Anne said to their heroes* we know not; but, *Oh, Ann! I balance our Iron Duke* against your Marlborough, in spite of Blenheim. War must have its show, and the highland laddie is right who says '*Do not rob our bonnets of their feathers.*' *Such awful pomp eye never sees* as in battle's magnificently stern array. After all, show is not the chief thing. *A good soldier should be quick in eye*, strong of limb, and fleet of foot. And England takes *it ill, you know*, if her soldiers are not honest and loyal.

[*Answer at page* 159.]

STUDENTS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

CRIES little Dick, 'See, Ben, I've got the net,
The butterflies are fluttering everywhere,
I know we'll catch some splendid fellows yet,
Some painted beauties quite beyond compare.

And, oh, I do so wish to find a nest,
With pretty spotted eggs, a good half-dozen;
A thrush or black bird's now would be the best,
For they are both so large. What say you, cousin?'

Then Ben replies, 'Holla! what have we here?
A green and shining lizard can it be?
The creature really seems to feel no fear,
But comfortably creeps quite close to me.

Look here now, Dick, I do so wish we could
Learn all about a lizard's daily life,
Where does the creature live? what is its food?
And is it fond of peace, or given to strife?

Now come along, you darling little pet—
Come closer still, beside my finger here;
Another moment, and I'll have you yet,
But, hurt you? no, indeed, you need not fear.

I'll take you home, and give you milk and bread,
And in cold weather keep you snug and warm,
For by the kitchen fire I'll make your bed,
And none will dare to do my lizard harm!

M.

Students of Natural History.

The Insurrection of Women.

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

VII.—THE INSURRECTION OF WOMEN.

ON Monday morning, the 5th of October, Paris awoke to face once more a day of bitter want. Mothers heard their children crying for the bread which they could not give them, and when they sallied forth to see what could be got they met others on the same dreary errand.

One young woman seized a drum and beat it, crying out at the same time to all mothers to assemble and go somewhere. A vast mob soon flocked to the sound of her drum, and they bent their steps first of all towards the Town-hall, or Hôtel de Ville, which they reached about seven o'clock. The patrol were greatly surprised to see eight or ten thousand women mount the outer stairs, and the foremost levelled their bayonets to keep them back, but this was found impossible. The soldiers had to open their ranks and let the women through. They then hurried up the stairs, along the passages, and through the rooms. The Major-General, Gouvion, was in the building, but what to do he knew not. He chanced to have a cunning man with him, named Maillard, and Maillard stole out by a secret staircase, and caught hold of another drum, which he beat furiously outside. He thus drew off the women, who were doing much mischief. Angry at not finding the Mayor, or any one to help them, they seized Abbé Lefevre in the belfry and nearly hung him; they splintered doors with axes, took away guns, and even cannon and bags of money, and were on the point of setting the fine old place on fire.

When Maillard's drum was heard outside the women streamed forth, and shouts of 'To Versailles! to Versailles!' rent the air. Cart-horses were made to draw the cannon, and on they all went to the Champs Elysées, where they halted. Maillard here persuaded them to nominate officers, and then to march with some kind of order, and with as few arms as possible, to present their request for bread to the King and Assembly at Versailles. The day was miserable; and on the sloppy road walked many a lady in her shoes of silk, not because she liked it, but because she was compelled.

The news flew before the mob, and Mirabeau whispered to the President, 'Paris is marching upon us. Go over to the Château and tell them.' As soon as the women were well on the road Gouvion collected a large force of National Guards. These men had felt the insult offered in the dinner business, and they sent to their General Lafayette to say they would never turn their bayonets on the women, but they would go and abolish that insolent regiment of Flanders, and those Body Guards who had trampled on the tricolor cockade. They would then bring the King to Paris, where he ought to live. The General was amazed, and argued half the day against it; then he tried to escape, but his men would not let him go, and there he sat on his white charger for hours, while the soldiers and people kept shouting 'To Versailles!' At length the General gave way, and, about three o'clock, moved thither with 30,000 men, a vast mob, irregularly armed, going on in front.

Maillard and his women halted on a rise above Versailles, and he pointed out the place where the Assembly was then debating. 'Now,' said he, 'let us put these arms out of sight, and all appearance of sorrow, and let us sing.' And so the women advanced up the dripping elm avenue, singing 'Henri Quatre.' The King, who had gone shooting, was hastily fetched back, and the soldiers were dispersed about the Palace in a posture of defence. While Mirabeau and the others were debating, in came Maillard and fifteen draggled women. He had had to use all his powers to keep the others outside. He spoke, and then the women cried out 'Bread! bread!' It was agreed that the President should take some of the women to the palace, and he went out with them. But others crowded round him, begging to be taken also, and he was obliged to add twelve more. As they went they were scattered by some insolent horse soldiers who rode among their ranks, and it was only with much difficulty they managed to reach the gate.

Five of them were allowed to see the King; and one of these, a maker of figures, and a handsome girl, nearly fainted; whereupon the King supported her in his arms. When they went again into the crowd this same young woman was nearly strangled by the others, who were angry at the notice taken of her by Louis. 'She has no children that want bread,' cried they; 'only alabaster dolls which cannot eat.' Poor Louison was in peril of death. The garter was round her neck, and strong arms pulling at each end, when she was rescued by two soldiers.

It was a most miserable afternoon, and the soldiers were wet, and losing patience, and slashing at people every now and then with their swords. One had his arm broken by a stray bullet, and the horse of another was killed; and these things did not mend matters. The cannon which had been trailed all the way from the Hôtel de Ville were now levelled at the palace gate, but the powder was too damp to ignite. At length the Body Guards were ordered to retire, as their presence was irritating to the mob, and whenever one showed himself at door or window he was cursed and fired at. Then a rumour flew about that the King had got his coach ready as if for flight, and a sharp look-out was kept on the back gates.

There was a certain draper, named Lecointre, who was rather famous in these times of trouble. He now rode off to ask the Mayor for 600 loaves, but he could not get them nor aught else at present; so they skinned and roasted the dead war horse, and ate its flesh with much relish.

When the President got back he found his Assembly-hall filled with women, making speeches, and passing resolutions. A stout woman was comfortably seated in his own chair. Before she would give it up she told him they were all very hungry and must have something to eat. He took the hint, and sent round for food, which came at last—bread, sausages, and some wine. The members now edged their way in, and began to discuss the Penal Code. One of the women said, 'What is the use of the Penal Code? What we want is bread!'

About the middle of that strange night, Lafayette

and his Nationals arrived, having spent nine hours on the road. Before reaching Versailles he had made his men swear to respect the King's house. He was admitted to an audience, and told Louis he must do four things for the sake of peace. He must be guarded by the National Guards; he must get bread for the people; he must have all the prisoners in Paris tried, and, if found innocent, set free; and lastly, he must come and live in Paris. The King granted the three first readily, the last not so readily.

Towards three in the morning, the sentries having been set, and other business done, sleep fell on the distracted multitudes. And after two more hours of consultation with his officers, Lafayette flung himself on his bed, tired out.

In the early dawn a Body Guard, looking out of a window in the palace, saw some prowling fellows below. Ill words were spoken, and the soldier, waxing wroth, fired off his piece. Others returned it, and after some shots a young man in the crowd received his death-blow. Then there arose a fearful shriek from the mob, and a rush at the outer gate, which swept it open. The inner gate was also battered in, and then the people rushed up the grand staircase into the palace. Two sentries were trodden down and murdered, and the rest had to retire into a room, and barricade the door, which was soon shivered to pieces.

The savage mob went raging on towards the Queen's suite of rooms, in the furthest of which she was now sleeping. Some sentries beforehand with the crowd knocked, and cried, 'Save the Queen!' Two officers of the Body Guard showed vast courage at that terrible hour, and by their heroic efforts stemmed the flood until the Queen was able to get into the King's bedchamber. One of these men, Mismandre, was left for dead at the outside of the Queen's door, but he was able to crawl away and join his comrades.

From the King's bedroom they could hear afar off the noise of axes and hammers thundering on the doors. The rage of the people was directed mainly against the Body Guards, who were now driven into a large hall, and who heaped all sorts of things against the door. It shook under the blows dealt on it; but at the very moment it was giving way the blows ceased suddenly, and a voice from the other side told that a body of friends were there. By this time, also, Lafayette and his Nationals were on the scene, and the mob were soon driven out of the palace to rage in the courts below. The two Body Guards who had been killed on the staircase were beheaded, and their heads carried on long pikes through the streets, and away to Paris.

'The King to Paris!' Such was the cry now everywhere. 'The King must come to Paris!' Nothing else would do. So at one o'clock the King agreed to start to Paris. When Lafayette announced the King's consent, there was a shout and a discharge of fire-arms. It was the knell of the glory of Versailles.

Cartloads of bread arrived from Paris, enough for all, and great was the joy of those who munched it. More than that, fifty waggon-loads of corn were found in Versailles, and carried in triumph to the famishing city.

The King was now the prisoner of the mob, and most men saw what a grave thing it was. He had been conquered, and the people had once more learned their own strength. Many people now left France, and sixty thousand emigrated to Switzerland alone.

One o'clock arrived, and the royal family entered their carriages, but they did not start for another hour; so long did it take to arrange the motley procession. What a sight it was! Men carrying loaves on pike-points, or guns with green boughs sticking out of the barrels. Some rode on cannons, and others, trying to mount the King's horses, were thrown, much to the amusement of the fickle mob.

'We shall not lack bread now,' said some witty Parisian, 'for we are bringing with us the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's boy.'

At the Town-hall the King was made to step on a balcony by torchlight. He wore an immense tricolor cockade in his hat. It was not until eleven o'clock on Tuesday night that he reached the Tuilleries, sad enough no doubt. This was October the 6th, 1789.

G. S. O.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

27. Youthful geographers, who are well up in the names of places situate within the British Islands, are requested to give the best replies they can to the following questions:—

(1.) Which are temperate places?
(2.) Which are not?
(3.) Which are summer resorts?
(4.) Which are winter resorts?
(5.) Which places are most like life?
(6.) Which are most suitable for farmers?
(7.) Where should sportsmen go?
(8.) Where should blacksmiths live?
(9.) Where should masons?
(10.) Where should carpenters?
(11.) Where should soldiers?
(12.) Where should poor men?
(13.) Where should children go?
(14.) Where should patient men go?
(15.) Where should the covetous go?
(16.) Where should we send the bull?
(17.) Where should insects live?
(18.) Which are lazy places?
(19.) Where should sailors go?
(20.) Where are the convulsions of nature felt most?

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28. I am a dog, a dog of low degree,
There is, I'm told, no noble blood in me;
So, settle that much in your mind, my boy,
Then puzzle out the name that I enjoy.

To aid you in your labours, let me say,
Add *e*, and every sickness flies away,
Turn *e* to *l*, and then at once you'll see
What the waves do when winds blow fresh and free.
If you remove them both and add a *few*,
It brings a bell of eventide to view;
Or if, instead, you do append an *ate*,
A clergyman appears as sure as fate.
If you would turn me into cheese, add *d*,
If you would shorten me, 'tis done with *t*.
If you're a horseman, *b* will help you guide
The gallant quadruped which you bestride.
More I could say, no doubt, but I refrain,
I've said enough to make my secret plain.

[*Answers at page* 159.]

DARBY AND JOAN.

HOW cosy they look there by the fire! Joan has the 'rheumatics,' so she must sit still to-day; but she need not put herself about, for Darby, dear old fellow! can make the tea and toast the bread just as well as she can. So there she is in her arm-chair with her feet on the fender, her knitting in her lap, and her face all over smiles, in spite of the pain, which we know is very bad, or she wouldn't let Darby be waiting upon her. For he is older than she is, and 'but a poor thing' compared to his stout, rosy wife, who has never had an ailment to speak of in her life, until she caught cold in her back last winter, through sitting in a draught at Master Fielding's when little Jack broke his leg. Poor, motherless lad! he would have fared very ill if Granny Joan had not taken charge of him; and she never regrets having nursed him, though her kindness cost her dear.

The toast is nearly finished when there is a rap at the door, and Darby turns round to see who is coming in. Only the Rector's Jenny with 'Master's kind remembrances, and how is Mrs. Joan to-night?' Of course she stays for a little chat, and by the time she has finished her gossip the tea is ready, and Darby draws the round table nearer to the fire and sits down opposite to his wife to enjoy his evening meal.

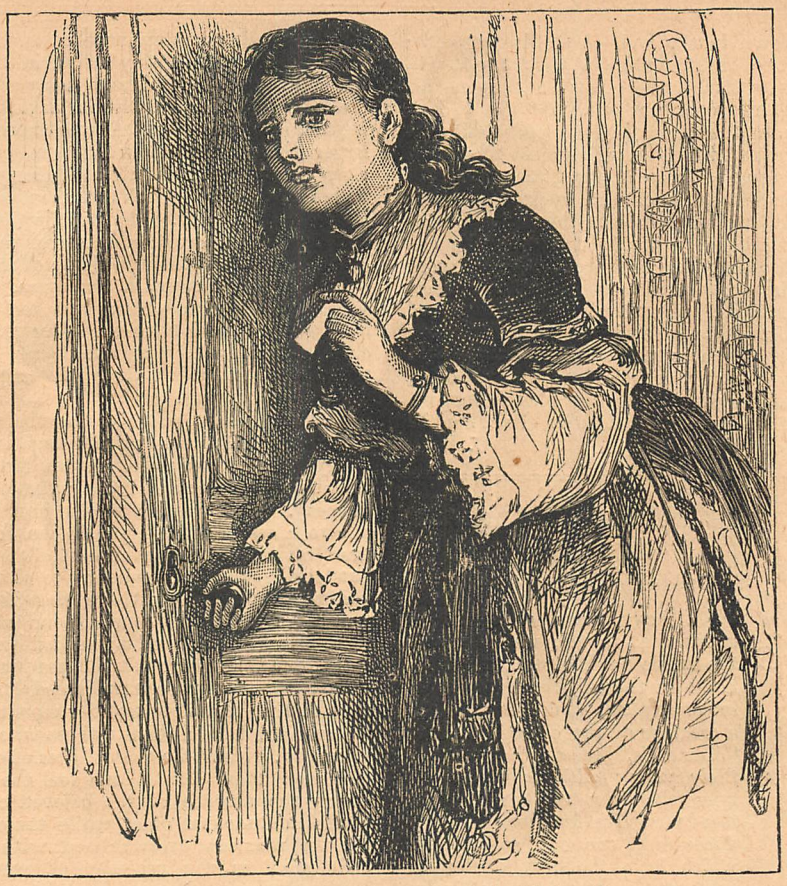
For fifty years this old couple have lived together, but do you think they have grown tired of each other? No; for their love has been

'True wedded love that deeper grows, and dearer
As days, and months, and changeful years go by;
And every hour seems holier, and nearer
To that pure love the angels feel on high.'

What a pity all married folk cannot live as happily!

SPECTRES IN THE CLOUDS.

I DARE say some of you have read of the spectres now and then seen in the clouds that roll about the crests of mountains. Years ago, people, even in Europe, were terribly frightened on witnessing these ghostly exhibitions, and in many parts of the world such appearances are still regarded with superstitious terror by ignorant persons. We in England, if we got out of our beds earlier, might often see this sight from the top of almost any hill in misty weather just after the sun has risen, for the figures seen in the clouds are only the magnified shadows of ourselves; but you must be level with the sun and have



"Listened for, dreading; admitted with fear."

a cloud on each side. The sun shines through the cloud nearest him, and throws your shadow upon the opposite one, and as clouds are merely particles of water, the reflection is magnified, hence the gigantic forms which are seen.

I once had to cross a mountain ridge one cloudy morning accompanied by some very superstitious Indian porters, and as these people seldom stir out until the sun is well up, they hardly ever see what early risers in that part of the world might witness almost every day. Jogging along at the head of the men I suddenly heard shouts of fright, and, on turning my head, I found that they had thrown themselves to the ground, burying their faces in the grass. Not seeing anything myself, I pulled one fellow's head up by the hair, but though too terrified to speak he pointed across the valley, where, sure enough, was my shadow some forty feet high. I tried to explain, and held the man's face to the object of his horror, waving my hat to try and convince him that the appearance was nothing unnatural; but, unluckily, as I moved my arm the sun rose out of the level, and the figure sank apparently into the earth. This, instead of leading them to believe in the reflection which I had tried to explain, made them fancy that I could cause the ghosts to disappear at will. Upon these easy terms I obtained the reputation of being in league with spirits.

O. W.

A STRANGE CHOICE.

TO be watched for, and wished for, and greeted with glee,
And to see the home door opened wide,
The centre of welcome and gladness to be,—
This, sure, is the sober man's pride.
To be listened for, dreading; admitted with fear;
To be shrunk from and scorned without measure;
To bring only sadness to those he holds dear,—
'Twould seem is the drunkard's poor pleasure.

E. M. A. F. S.

SCENT DIRECT FROM FLOWERS.

FOR the benefit of our readers who live at a distance from shops, or who are ambitious of making their scents at home, we may give the following hints:—'Boil down and strain sufficient mutton fat to cover the inside of two deep soup plates to the thickness of half an inch. This fat must be washed and kneaded in water until all smell is removed, and upon this being thoroughly done depends the full success of the experiment. Having carefully lined your plates, a small piece of paste must be kept in readiness, the use of which will be mentioned later on. Now gather the blossom of the flowers whose scent you wish to preserve, and press

them firmly down in the well of the lower plate; put the top one on and place a weight upon it, rolling the paste round the edges so that no air can get in and no scent get out. At the end of twenty-four hours the scent will have left the flowers and have impregnated the fat, which must be scraped from the plates and put into a jam bottle with just sufficient of the best spirits of wine to cover it. Now cork the bottle, leaving a hole in the cork through which a strong bone or boxwood paper-knife can pass—no metal of any kind must be used—and work the fat and spirit together in a cool place for an hour. Let the bottle stand all night, and you will then find that the scent has left the fat in its turn and gone into the spirit, which is the scent sold in shops. Hawthorn, sweet-brier, elder-blossom and other strongly scented flowers, are the best for the purpose, and the fat, if well washed and kept clean, can be used over and over again.' O. W.

THE STORY OF JOHNNY BERTRAM.

(*Continued from page* 107.)

EVERY boy knows, or ought to know, that though we often call the whale a fish because it has its home in the mighty ocean, it is in reality not a fish at all, but a creature of the order known as 'Mammals,' because they nourish their young with milk, just as does the cow of our English meadows. The female whale produces only one cub at a birth, which from the first hour of its existence is wonderfully lively, and does not seem at all astonished to find itself in the sea. The mother whale is a most affectionate animal, protecting her young with a fearlessness that is quite affecting to any one except a whaler, who does not scruple to take advantage of the poor creature's natural affection, in order, by attacking and injuring the young whale, to decoy the mother within reach of his deadly harpoon. The whale is far bigger than any terrestrial animal, while its carcase yields such an amount of oil and other valuable substances, that ever since the beginning of this century many of the bravest of our seamen have annually ventured in search of that huge creature, the capture of which is at once so hazardous and so profitable. At the present day steam-vessels are employed in this service, while the system of attack is also improved, the harpoon being fired from a gun, specially arranged for the purpose. This method greatly helps to secure the boat's crew from danger, as the shot can be fired from a distance of thirty or forty yards, thus allowing time to escape should the monster, when wounded, turn upon its pursuers. Of late years the trade has been almost entirely monopolised by Scotland, Dundee especially having a fine fleet of steam-whalers, which annually visit the Greenland seas. But as Johnny Bertram explained to his father, it was the sperm whale which Captain Ramsay intended to pursue; and this valuable creature is only found in tropical or sub-tropical waters. It differs in many respects from the Greenland whale, notably in having none of the peculiar substance called whalebone. It is still larger than its northern brother, often exceeding eighty feet in length, with a peculiarly shaped head, which is immensely thick and about one-third of the whole body in size. The peculiar substance called spermaceti is situated in this huge cavity; it is of a semi-fluid nature until the death of the whale, when it quickly hardens with exposure. A good-sized whale will produce about one ton of spermaceti, besides the blubber from the other parts of the carcase. Many more very interesting facts might be told about whales, but these will crop up as we proceed with our story.

The weather was lovely, and the wind was fair, when Johnny Bertram, with a suspicious moisture in his eyes, and accompanied by his father, stepped on board the *Mariana* and was welcomed by Captain Ramsay. Of course the parting hour is always a sad one to a warm-hearted youth like Johnny, who on first leaving his happy childhood's home could not but look back rather penitently to all the kindness he had received, and the thoughtless ingratitude with which he had often repelled and almost despised those joys which now all lay behind him like a dream. But if our young hero felt the parting hour to be a sad one, what of poor Maudie and Mary? A farewell of this kind is always far more trying to those who remain behind than to those who go forth upon a journey, with all its possibilities of excitement and pleasure: those left behind feel the terrible blank which the absence of the beloved one makes, the woeful solitude and quiet, while the other, although for the moment overwhelmed with sorrow, soon finds relief in the necessity of exertion and the continual change of scene about him. Thus Maudie and Mary Bertram were still very sad weeping over their brother's departure from home, while Johnny, with a broad smile of delight on his face, was proudly leading his father all over the *Mariana*, and making acquaintance with every detail of the ship's equipment, and with the men who were to be his fellow-voyagers.

But now the very last moment has come, all the stores are on board, and every visitor must say good-bye, descend the ship's side and make for the shore. 'Good-bye, my lad, and God bless you,' said Mr. Bertram in husky tones; 'don't forget your home and your parents.'

'No fear of that, father,' said Johnny, softly. And oh, father, I've often been a bad boy, especially to you and mother! Will you forgive me, and tell her I am real sorry for it now? Will you, father?'

Mr. Bertram could not reply, but he wrung his boy's hand warmly; and in that parting moment father and son seemed to be, and really were, nearer to each other in love and affection than they had ever been before.

And now they are fairly off, the new canvas spread to the smart breeze, while with a strong ebbtide the *Mariana* rippled proudly through the water on her way south, amid loud cheers from the spectators who

lined the shore. Nothing of any great consequence occurred during the first part of the voyage; no ship could have had better weather until the island of Madeira was reached. Here the *Mariana* anchored for a couple of days, to take in fresh provisions and to fill up water-casks, after which they once more weighed anchor and continued their voyage to the Cape of Good Hope. But in doing so they had, of course, to cross the line, and here our innocent Johnny went through a very disagreeable experience. He had observed for a day or two that the men were making preparations for some important ceremony, which seemed to occupy much of their thoughts and all their leisure time. On making inquiries from Bill Carter, the third mate, he was informed that they expected a visit from Daddy Neptune, and, of course, it was only proper to have everything in order for his majesty. Johnny was highly delighted, expecting some fun, and not being at all aware that what fun there was would all be at his expense! But so it was. Poor Johnny was the only one on board who had never crossed the line before, and according to the custom of sixty years ago he was to be shaved by Daddy Neptune's orders, and in his majesty's presence. It was a rough and disagreeable ceremony, and perhaps Captain Ramsay might have saved him from it; but the captain, though kind enough in all essential matters, did not think it necessary to interfere: it was the usual custom, and Johnny must just go through it as well as every one else had done. It was a calm and beautiful day, they had been sailing with light winds for some time, when one morning, after the decks had been washed down and the other duties of the ship performed, the captain and the mates were seen to be taking an observation. Soon afterwards it became known that they were just crossing the line. Presently a gruff voice was heard hailing from forward,—'What ship is this shutting out the light from my palace windows?'

'It is the *Mariana*,' answered Captain Ramsay, who good-naturedly went in with the fun.

'Then go a-head, will you?' cried the gruff voice, 'or I'll indict you for a nuisance.'

At this sally every one laughed, and poor Johnny the loudest of all.

'I can't think of going a-head till I have had the pleasure of a visit from Daddy Neptune,' replied the captain.

'All right; I'm glad to hear that. Then I'll come on board in a jiffy, with my royal missus and some of our precious young family.'

And presently over the bows of the ship appeared the strangest group that Johnny had ever set eyes on. First there came Daddy Neptune (one of the boat-steerers), a man who was six feet three in his shoes; he wore a glittering crown, a beard of oakum reaching to his middle, a long cloak, and a huge trident in his hand. His wife (the cooper), short of stature and as broad as he was long, wore a crown like that of her husband, with ringlets of oakum, a long sash of gaily-coloured stuff, and a cloak formed out of a blanket. They were followed by the barber (the ship's armourer), carrying a pot containing lather, a razor a yard long, and a shaving-brush of suitable dimensions. One or two attendant imps (it was hard to say who they were), waddled about in green clothing, looking like some unheard-of sea monsters, and whose antics threw the whole ship's company into a roar of laughter.

'Well, I have heard of strange things at sea, but these chaps are queerer than anything I ever saw!' said Johnny, as soon as he could speak for laughing. 'Where do they come from?'

'From the bottom of the sea, of course,' said Bill Carter, in hollow tones. 'Don't you see the green weed and tangle clinging to their garments? But wait a bit; see what Neptune is up to now.'

The captain, after a little palavering, had ordered the steward to bring up some grog, and serve it out to his majesty and family. This was done, after which Daddy Neptune, retiring a short way forward, commanded all who had never before visited his dominions to come and pay their respects to him. Nobody stirred, though every eye was turned upon Johnny, who did not seem to know what was expected of him. But Bill Carter was delighted to inform him.

'Neptune is waiting for you, Johnny!' he said. 'You are the only one who has never crossed the line before. Don't keep him waiting or you will catch it, my boy!'

'I?' said Johnny, feeling rather queer. 'What does he want with me?'

'Oh, that remains to be seen!' replied Bill, with a broad grin, as he pushed Johnny forward amid the loud laughter of the crew.

The next five minutes were really terrible to our young hero. He was seized by the barber, his chin lathered with the evil-smelling stuff from the pot, then scraped horribly with the razor, and finally ducked into a huge tub of dirty water which had been placed before Daddy Neptune. When he opened his mouth to expostulate the brush was thrust in, and his whole face and head daubed over. Poor Johnny! he kicked, screamed, and spluttered, till at length Bill Carter, who had laughed himself hoarse, dragged the struggling boy away, and helped him to strip and get into clean clothes.

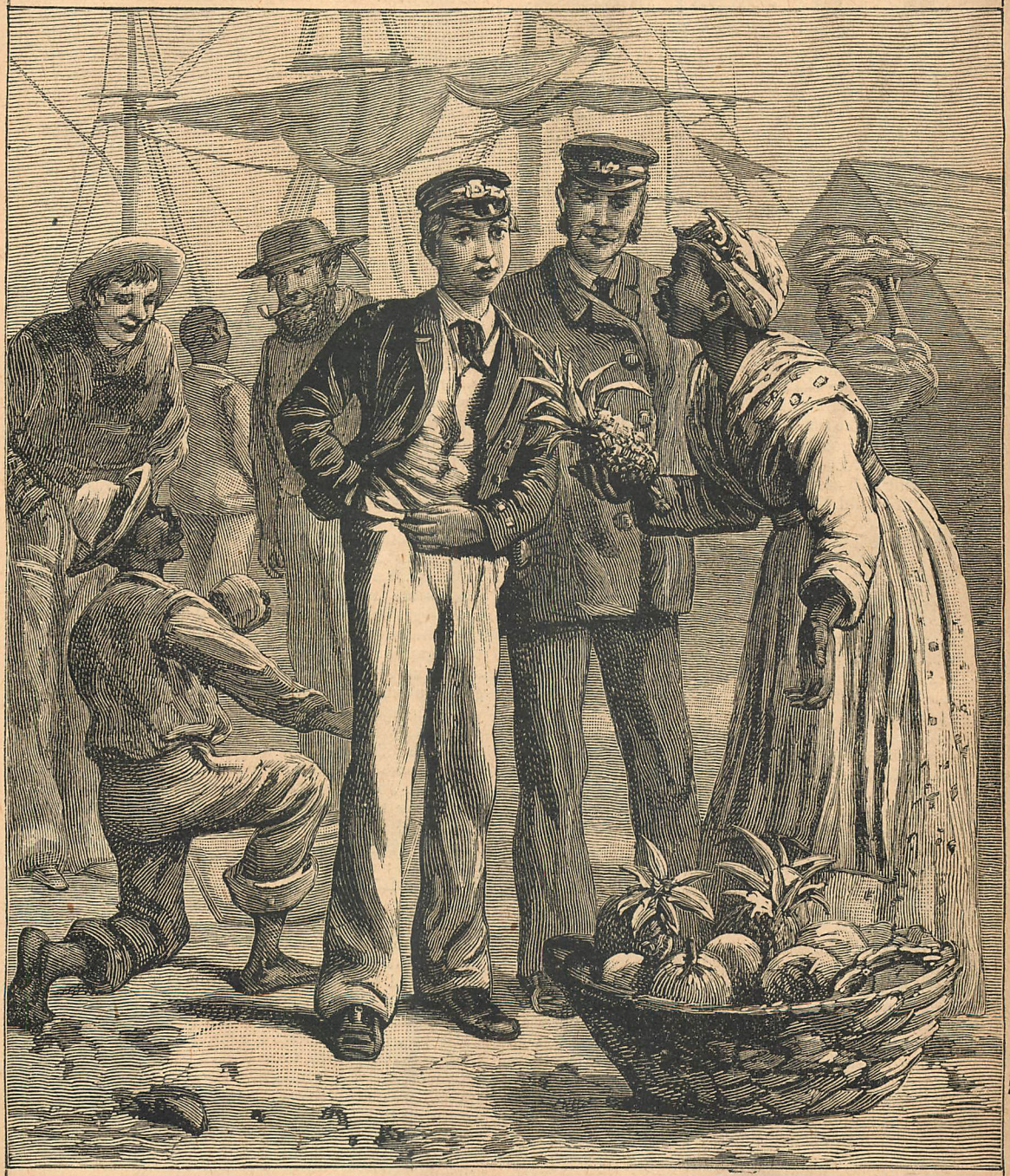
'It is a mean, beastly shame!' cried Johnny, furiously. 'I am poisoned! I know I am! And look at my mouth! the beast has knocked a tooth down my throat! But you'll see what I'll . . . .'

'Hold your tongue, you donkey!' said Bill, as he assisted the bedraggled figure into a clean suit. 'We have all had it done in our turn. Did you never hear of it before? Well, you are a greenhorn! But I say, Johnny, just you take it bravely, for if you bear any malice about it the men will never be done chaffing you. Bless me, man! they treated me half as bad again; there was a regular scuffle, and I got my arm broken, and such a blow on my head as made me see stars for a week after! There, now; you are all right. Ha, ha! I declare I can't help laughing when I think of how you howled. It was nuts to the captain, although he pretended not to see anything. But come away on deck, or they will think you are sulking, and they'll make the ship too hot to hold you. Come along, now!'

And poor Johnny, bruised and aching, struggled up on deck.

(*Continued at page* 122.)

"Now they are fairly off."



Johnny ashore at the Cape.

THE STORY OF JOHNNY BERTRAM.

(*Continued from page* 119.)

WELL, the line was crossed, Neptune and his interesting family disappeared, and the *Mariana* sped along with a light breeze upon her southern way. At length, in approaching the Cape, there was a change of weather. The ship's course had been altered, and the *Mariana* now encountered the strong westerly gales which blow continually in the southern hemisphere. She acquitted herself, however, to perfection, flying along at the rate of eleven knots, and rushing through enormous waves which seemed to follow her as though determined upon her destruction. Sometimes a perfect mountain of water would overtake the vessel, while to Johnny Bertram it seemed certain that the overwhelming mass must burst upon the poop and sweep everything before it; but no, the good ship rose like a duck, while the monstrous wave, balked of its prey, roared forward, breaking and seething into a surf.

In this wild latitude many birds were seen which afforded much amusement to Johnny. The mighty albatross skimmed the billows with his wide-spread wings, watching for morsels of refuse matter thrown from the ship. The Cape hen, too, and the speckled gull, accompanied the ship on her stormy way, till at length the sea abated, and a dense fog spread like a thick veil over all. As Captain Ramsay knew very well that he was not very far from land, every precaution was taken; the *Mariana* was hove-to, while the deep-sea lead was got ready to take soundings. It was a dark night, but the sea was smooth and the wind light. Then, after a few uncomfortable hours, day dawned, the sun rose, shining red through the white fog, but as the brilliant orb ascended the mist became thinner, and, like fine gauze, appeared to roll upwards in thick folds. And now a beautiful picture was disclosed. Table Mountain rose before them, its top still enshrouded in mist, while the more distant range of hills exhibited in the sunshine every varying shade of purple, blue, and grey. Shortly afterwards, the *Mariana* dropped her anchor opposite Cape Town, and Johnny Bertram, feeling himself every inch a man, stepped out on the African shore.

And now what strange and bewildering sights met the gaze of the school-boy! The natives with their boats crowding round the *Mariana* with all sorts of produce for sale amused him greatly. One boat was full of enormous cray-fish, while others had lovely ostrich feathers, whips made of the hide of the hippopotamus, ivory toys and curiosities, to tempt the sailors, who were only too eager to spend every farthing of their money. Johnny, however, had little to spend, so, after securing two pretty feathers for Maudie and Mary, and an ivory fan for his step-mother, he left the scene of temptation altogether, and strolled away into the town with Bill Carter.

We have already said that this young seaman, though only eighteen years of age, was third mate of the *Mariana*. He was a genial character and full of daring, and was therefore a general favourite both with officers and crew. He was withal so steady and attentive to his duties, that he was especially liked by Captain Ramsay, who, remembering his promise to look well after Johnny, was pleased to see that he and Bill Carter were fast friends.

But, alas! as the old saying has it, boys will be boys, and even at eighteen one cannot expect the wisdom of the ancients; and it now falls to us to narrate an adventure which befell the two friends during their week's stay at Cape Town, and which might have ended still more disastrously than it did had not Bill Carter, in the very height of temptation, recollected himself, and rescued his inexperienced companion from the troubles into which he was recklessly falling. The two lads had got on very well for a few days, doing their share of the ship's work, and occasionally going on shore, turn and turn about, with the officers and men. Captain Ramsay, being very busy, and having every confidence in the discretion of his third mate, had left the two friends a good deal to themselves on these holiday excursions, only charging them to be punctual in returning to the ship at the stated hour under pain of his severest displeasure.

The last holiday, then, had arrived, being the day previous to the departure of the *Mariana* for her fishing-ground, when the two chums set off for a long drive into the country. Bill, who had once before paid a visit with his ship to Cape Town, had made some friends on that occasion, and one of these, a wine-grower, had his vineyard about fourteen miles from the town. This man, hearing that young Carter was again at the Cape, had invited him to visit his station and partake of his hospitality, which Bill had gladly promised to do, adding that he would bring a young companion with him. Here was the first mistake into which Bill Carter fell, for he knew the character of this man, and was well aware that drinking would be the chief amusement provided for him and Johnny on this occasion. But who does not know how easy it is to make grand resolves against yielding to temptation while at the same time walking straight into it? This was what Bill Carter did; and he did worse than this, for he took Johnny with him, well knowing that the boy was fresh from school, quite inexperienced, and as simple as a child. But a day's fun in the country seemed quite irresistible to the young third mate. He resolutely shut his eyes to the probable consequences, and looked forward with the utmost delight to his last day on land. To-morrow would come soon enough, and find them once more on the ocean.

Behold, then, the two chums, as, having clubbed their means together, they hired a light waggon, and drove off to the wine-grower's station. The road was a bare and ugly one, passing through low scrub and deep sand; the day, too, was frightfully hot, and the dust intolerable. Nevertheless, the two lads cared little for these drawbacks to enjoyment; they were in hilarious spirits, saluting every one they encountered on the way, playing practical jokes on one another, and, in short, conducting themselves like a

couple of young fools, as on this occasion they certainly proved themselves to be.

At length their destination was reached. It was a fine large mansion, standing in the centre of good grounds, to the house being attached large cellars, where the celebrated Constantia wine of the country was stored. Out came their host, a good-natured, rubicund Dutchman, with a hearty welcome for the young Britons; and on account of the heat and the frightful thirst which it caused, an immediate adjournment to the cellar was proposed, and eagerly agreed to by the two lads, who soon found themselves in a deliciously cool atmosphere, and with a brimming glass of sparkling wine in their hands. That would have been all very well had there been no more of it, but these were not the days of temperance, while total abstinence was a thing unheard of. The cool and sparkling wine was no sooner tossed over their throats than their host declared that it was quite necessary to test the flavour of his champagne before quitting the vault for the luncheon-table, which had been spread in a broad sheltered veranda above. The fizzing champagne was to Johnny Bertram quite delightful; he had never tasted it before; and in his inexperience he considered it a kind of ginger-beer which he might drink in any quantity he pleased. His laughable ignorance amused his host, who continued to press it upon him till Bill Carter interfered.

'Johnny, you young fool!' he said, angrily, when the Dutchman had turned his back for a few minutes, 'I wish with all my heart I had never brought you here. You will be as drunk as a fiddler if you take another drop of that heady stuff. Now, look here, I'll call up the waggon and take you right back to the ship unless you do exactly what I tell you, you young idiot!'

This smart reproof somewhat sobered Johnny, and presently the whole party adjourned to the veranda above, where an excellent luncheon awaited them with many tropical fruits all unknown to our young Scotchman, but, alas! with further supplies of various wines. The best of everything was pressed upon the young sailors, while no sooner were their glasses emptied than they were filled to overflowing again.

But we do not intend to dwell upon the scene that followed, or make a comical story out of what might have been the ruin of a boy so young as Johnny. It is sufficient to say that Bill Carter, who had been as abstemious as his good-natured host would allow him to be, and who had done all in his power to restrain Johnny, had just enough of sense left to see that if Johnny was to be got back to the ship at all he must be taken away at once. Rising from table, therefore, he insisted, even against the wish of his host, in ordering round the waggon, into which he forced his excited friend, Johnny shouting and struggling against this summary departure to the last moment, and then sinking down to the floor of the vehicle, where he speedily fell asleep.

Now Bill himself had drunk far more than was good for him, and he knew it. He knew, also, that the captain was a stern disciplinarian, and his heart died within him at the idea of taking Johnny back to the ship in this disgraceful condition. But if Bill had only known all that was to happen ere he stood face to face with his angry captain, his anxiety would have been even greater than it was.

The waggon had not gone far on its way when the unhappy third mate made the discovery that their half-caste driver, who had been regaling himself with the servants of the house, was in no fit condition to drive a couple of restive horses. He was, besides, very sulky at having been compelled to leave his entertainment so much sooner than he had anticipated, and was by no means disposed to make himself the friendly and amusing companion which he had been on the morning drive. This half-tipsy creature having entangled the lash of his long whip in the wheel of the carriage, had the whip itself immediately twisted out of his hand, while, in endeavouring to regain it, he himself fell headlong into the road, and the horses, thus left to themselves, darted off at full speed. Meanwhile, an ox-waggon, containing a Dutch farmer and his wife, was slowly footing it homeward on the same road, but in a different direction, just as the horse-carriage came flashing along, with Johnny soundly asleep on the floor, and Bill doing his utmost to obtain control over the terrified animals. But vain were his efforts; the two vehicles came into violent collision; the horse-carriage, being the lightest of the two, was upset, the horses kicked themselves free and galloped off, leaving Johnny senseless on a heap of sand, with the blood pouring from an ugly cut on his forehead, while Bill, though uninjured, presented a very disreputable appearance, having his coat split down the back, and his face and hands covered with dust.

The farmer, having ascertained that his wife and his oxen were unharmed, picked up the unfortunate Johnny, and, with Bill's assistance, stowed him into the waggon, and then very kindly he turned his patient oxen and once more journeyed to Cape Town.

On the evening of the same day, just two hours after the stipulated time, a dismal procession reached the *Mariana*—Bill, with a very wretched expression of face, walking first, and two natives behind, with a hammock slung on poles between them, in which Johnny lay, only half recovered from his swoon, and with a very hazy idea of what it was all about. We are bound to say, however, that the following day Captain Ramsay quickened his memory for him by administering such a tremendous wigging that the lad never forgot it to the close of his life. It did him good, however, for from that memorable day forward Johnny Bertram, of his own accord, became a total abstainer.

But our young readers must be longing to hear what we have to tell about the whales.

(*Continued at page* 130.)

THE FALLS OF TERNI.

IT has been said of the Falls of Terni that 'they are worth all the falls and torrents in Switzerland,' and yet, grand and beautiful as they are, and ranking among the finest European cascades, they are only artificial. Italy possesses another artificial fall of great beauty at Tivoli. At Terni the fall is

The Falls of Terni.

seen four miles above the village of that name, and is formed by the turning of the river Velinco into the Nera, through an opening twenty feet broad made in the mass of Mont Marmora. This work is attributed to Curius Dentatus for the purpose of draining a lake immediately above, which was frequently swelled, and was apt to inundate the plain of Rieti, though Cicero says he did it to drain his country villa. At the first point from which the water is hurled is an elevation of about 40 or 50 feet; the second, or, as it is called, the perpendicular part, falls from a height of nearly 598 feet; and the depth of the chasm through which it afterwards rushes into the Nera in one vast stream is said to be 240 feet, making in all a descent of 838 feet. Rushing through its aperture it is precipitated into a hollow formed by the action of the water, which is hidden from the spectator by the clouds of spray; and when the rays of the sun are favourable, these clouds exhibit a multitude of rainbows crossing and recrossing in every direction and variety of colour.

The best view of the fall is from a small summer-

A Humble Appeal.

house, said to have been built for the benefit of visitors by Buonaparte.

Byron in *Childe Harold*, gives a wondrous description of these falls, telling of their solemn grandeur, combined with the soft beauties of their surroundings, in his own musical language. Here are a few of his words:—

'Look back!
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract.'

A HUMBLE APPEAL.

AH, noble lord, have pity now,
Receive my humble, anxious prayer,
I read some pity on thy brow,
Some sign of sweet compassion there.

Oh, 'twas an evil hour when I
Was led from duty's path to stray,
But, oh, forgive, and let me try
To show amendment every day!

Yes, thou wilt rescue me I know—
From these dull prison walls set free,
A pardoned rebel, I will go,
With new-born zeal to follow thee.

To be thy slave! no more I ask,
'Tis all that one like me should claim,
And, oh, 'twill be my daily task
To bring new honour to thy name! M. K.

BEN.

BEN was an ill-looking Burmah pony that I bought at an Indian fair. Although no beauty, he was an uncommonly strong animal; but if I had known the troubles he was to get me into I should have declined to accept him as a gift.

Ben proved quite docile in the stable, neither biting, kicking, or otherwise misbehaving, allowing himself to be saddled and bridled quite quietly, but, once on his back, his peculiarities would show themselves. He would go off at first at a pleasant-enough pace, then suddenly put his head between his legs and do all he could to kick you off. The first day I mounted him I was not prepared for the trick, and so I was sent sprawling into the wood, while Ben first looked at me and then, tossing up his head, trotted off home, whinning in high glee at his exploit. I had him caught, and I mounted again, keeping a bright look-out for another bit of fun, but apparently he was contented for that day, as we both returned home in company. But I soon found out he had a trick for almost every day of the week; sometimes, when in full canter, he would spin sharp round on his hind legs, now to the right and then to the left, and once he got rid of me in that way; he would sidle up to a tree or post, and jam your leg against it, sawing his body to and fro. His most dangerous trick was bolting into low doorways through which he could pass, but you were swept from the saddle over his tail. I had once to send for the doctor in a hurry, and without reflecting I sent Ben into the town for the gentleman to ride out, but the ill-mannered creature came trotting home without his rider. They had begun the journey on good terms enough, but an open native crockery-shop proved too strong a temptation for Ben's mischievous propensities, and he dashed right in, throwing his rider among a heap of plates and dishes, breaking down the bamboo counter, and causing me no small expense to settle the damage.

His numerous tricks became so well known that no one would borrow or buy him, and for two years no one rode him but myself. At last, a gentleman who had long lived in Australia, where the horses are very wild and frolicsome, came to my part of the country, and offered to take Ben in hand and discipline him into good manners; so, merely taking a promise that no cruelty was to be resorted to, I turned the pony over to him for a month's trial, at the end of which time my new friend rode him up to the bungalow, stating he was thoroughly cured of his evil habits. Wishing to be sure, I mounted another of my ponies, and we went for a ride; I was astonished at the good behaviour of the creature and hastened to express my thanks as we turned towards home. Ben's rider was explaining that he could tame any horse after his experiences in Australia, and was sitting rather loosely in the saddle, when, without the slightest warning, the newly *tamed* brute bounded across the road and shot his supposed tamer into a deep tank of nasty stagnant water, covered with slimy duckweed, and ere I could clutch the reins he galloped off towards home. I helped my friend out of his bath and scraped him as clean as I could, but he would have nothing more to do with Ben after that. A few months after, this queer-tempered pony, while grazing near the bungalow, was killed by a flash of lightning, and, though sorry for the manner of his death, I must confess I was relieved to get rid of him. O. W.

BALLADS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CŒUR DE LION.

1.—The Shipwreck in the Adriatic.

THE royal galley rides before the Adriatic gale,
But leaking are her timbers, and in shreds her silken sail,
The rudder-chains are broken, it can guide her course no more,
And, like a log, the good ship drifts upon a dismal shore.

King Richard as a giant wrought while there was aught to do,
And now with words of hope he cheers the worn and baffled crew;
'My lads,' says he, 'I've often been in perils worse than these,
The Moslem dogs more cruel are than any stormy seas.'

'See where old Aquileia shows beyond the surf her towers,
We'll go and storm her citadel, we'll make her ramparts ours.'
His blue eyes sparkled as he spoke, and pointed out the way,
And the faintest felt that he could try and do his best that day—

So, when the vessel ran aground, cried Richard, in the din,
'Now, follow me, my merry men, and we that shore will win;'
Over the bulwark leapt he straight, and like a duck her brood,
He led his laughing, splashing men, across the yeasty flood.

Drench'd to the skin, yet safe and glad, they gathered in a ring
Around their leader, nearly drown'd, yet every inch a king:
'Now lads,' said he, 'we'll have our fill inside yon city gates,
Or ring an English Evensong upon the rascals' pates.'

They laughed at Richard's strange conceit, for none had sword nor bow,
Their teeth were chattering with the cold, they made a sorry show;
But Aquileia's citizens were to the precept true,
'Do ever unto others what you'd have them do to you.'

But, if they gave like Christian men, they had a full reward,
For Richard's joyous humour beamed like sunshine on the sward;
A harper from the wars was he, bright as a summer day,
The dull old town had never seen a troubadour so gay!

So Aquileia feasted them, and for the party found
A passage in a brigantine for Bristol city bound;
But Richard pleaded sea-sick, or was venturesome in mood,
'And he would homeward trudge,' he said, 'by mountain, waste, or wood.'

2.—The Inn near Vienna.

Beneath the 'Golden Lion' stood, one eve, a harper bold,
And 'Shall I tarry here?' he asked, 'or cross yon dreary wold?'
He spun a silver penny, with 'If 'tis a head, I'll on—'
The penny fell, cross upward; then he said, 'My day's work is done.'

He went inside the hostel, and he called for meat and wine,
And he said he was a harper from the fields of Palestine;
And when he'd supped he sang of love, and battle-deeds between
The Christians and the Saracens, which he himself had seen.

But while the harper smote his harp there flash'd a wond'rous gem,
That sparkled like a chrysolite of New Jerusalem;
It awed the rustic hearers, for it shone as bright as day,
And minds were far more set on it than on the minstrel's lay.

Mine host he whisper'd to his wife, 'Come, hear this stranger sing,'
But hardly noted she the song, so wond'rous was his ring;
Then answered she her goodman, 'Now mount, and ride away,
Duke Leopold must know of this before the break of day.'

So, ere the morning sun flamed out above the Eastern hills,
The village inn was hedged around with Austrian bows and bills;
And Richard muttered when he knew, 'The lion in a net!
O had I but a battle-axe I'd have my freedom yet!'

3.—The Prison.

'Tis sad for one to dream he's free, and roaming at his will,
Then wake and know the bitter truth—he is a captive still;
'Tis ill for one who loves the camp, the greenwood, and the hall,
To count the weary clocks and watch the sunbeam on the wall.

See Richard of the lion heart stretched on his narrow bed,
Wasting the hateful hours alone, and wishing he were dead;
Or, tossing all the clothes aside, he strides about the floor,
And to his faithful lute he sings of days that are no more.

One summer eve, his heavy heart he'd striven in vain to cheer,
He'd thrown aside his idle lute, when hark! upon his ear,
From the dark garden down below, sweet music softly broke—
A manly voice, a well-tuned harp, and touched with tender stroke.

It was an air of Richard's own, they call'd it a Gavotte;
How had it crossed the snowy Alp, and reached this lonely spot?
What minstrel is he singing there among the sleeping flowers?
And why come strains of happier days to these old gloomy towers?

The shrouded singer paused awhile, and then the captive swept
His cunning fingers o'er his harp, but sang not, for he wept;
So, as again the self-same tune made music in the night,
The man below stood weeping too his tears of wild delight!

'It is my royal master, my own belovèd lord!
Peril and death, I hold them cheap, for such a great reward!
King Richard is alive again! O would I had the men
To help me slay this villain Duke, and storm this hateful den!'

* * * * * *

The nightingale flies fast I ween, yet not so far and fast
As Blondel, on his Arab steed, the ground behind him cast:
Night became morn, day waned to eve, yet on, by wood and wold,
The horseman flew, unresting, till he could his tale unfold.

From town to town, o'er England wide, the joyful tidings flew,
And the heart of every honest man felt lighter as he knew;
And were the curses heard above we utter in this place,
I would not be Duke Leopold, nor any of his race.

G. S. O.

Richard Cœur de Lion singing to Rustics at the Inn.

Cunning Rats.

INTELLIGENCE IN RATS.

RATS are usually considered noxious animals, and little mercy is shown to them. Doubtless they were created for a useful purpose—perhaps to act as scavengers, and help to remove offensive objects. When they destroy young ducks and chickens, or pillage grain in the stables, it is right to keep them down.

At a country-house, where they had become very troublesome, a barrel was sunk in the ground behind the stable-yard, and half filled with water. A flat stick was balanced as a swivel over it, and a bait put on the end over the water. Next morning the bait was gone, but no drowned rat was in the water. The coachman pointed out, from the marks left on the wood, that a large rat had sat on the shore-end of the stick, whilst a smaller rat had in safety removed the bait from the other end.

The most humane way to get rid of rats is to run coal-tar into their holes now and then—rats are particular about their fur, and do not like to come in contact with the tar.

THE STORY OF JOHNNY BERTRAM.

(*Continued from page* 123.)

THE *Mariana* having sailed from Cape Town with additional stores on board, was not long before entering upon her promised hunting-grounds. During a calm night the sound of blowing had been heard in various directions, and as sunrise revealed the fact that the ship was in water of a light green colour, the harpoons and boats were got ready, this peculiar colour of the sea being caused by the innumerable living organisms which form the favourite food of whales.

But we ought to explain how the *Mariana* was manned. Being a larger vessel than the average of whalers, she had a crew, all told, of seventy men, with nine whale-boats, all apportioned to separate crews, who were responsible for their good condition. Each boat had six whale-lines of one hundred and twenty fathoms, also a number of harpoons, lances, spare oars, flags for signalling, and axes to cut the line in case of entanglement, this entanglement of the line being one of the greatest dangers attending the whale fishery. We can easily see how this is. When a whale is struck, it at once dives to an immense depth, and runs out the line of the harpoon at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour. The line is arranged to run over the bow of the boat, to avoid the chance of a capsize, and a man stands by with a sharp axe to cut the line instantly should it foul or catch any portion of the boat, which would in that case be dragged beneath the surface. Cases of this kind have often occurred in the Greenland Fishery.

But to return. The peculiar colour of the sea having suggested the presence of whales, the boats' crews were in readiness, and a bright look-out kept from the masthead. Suddenly the joyful cry was raised, 'A fall! a fall!' and the *Mariana* was presently in the very midst of a large school of sperm whales. Six boats were lowered without a moment's delay, the sea being in beautiful order for the dangerous work on hand, as the surface, without being absolutely calm, was unbroken by the crests of waves, therefore any disturbance upon the water could be immediately detected. Suddenly, without any previous warning, an immense sperm whale shot upwards from the surface with an extraordinary velocity, which carried it high into the air, so that the tail appeared to be quite ten feet clear of the water. So great was the exertion and so unwieldy was the carcase when in mid-air, that the whale had no power to turn head-foremost in its descent, but fell flat upon its side upon the water, raising an extraordinary commotion, and creating a splash that might have been heard at the distance of a couple of miles.* The crews of the *Mariana's* boats were experienced men, otherwise they might have been somewhat daunted by the lively demonstrations that had just been exhibited. They kept cool, however, and as this monster had immediately dived beneath the surface, they quietly pulled off at a steady stroke towards a continuous spouting visible about half a mile distant, while the ship backed her fore topsail, and anxiously waited the result.

But where was Johnny Bertram all this time? Certainly not on board any of the whale-boats; he was as yet too inexperienced for any such work, although he anticipated with the utmost delight the happy moment when, a whale having been captured and brought alongside, he would be allowed to assist in the important work of cutting it up and stowing away the blubber. Bill Carter was also inexperienced in whale-fishing, but as he was an excellent sailor he had obtained permission to assist as an extra hand in one of the boats now leading the attack.

The six boats had not gone far on their way when another jet of spray shot up from the surface about a quarter of a mile upon their left, and three of the boats went off in that direction, thus equally dividing the flotilla and securing a chance of two whales instead of one.

In a short time Bill Carter's boat was within a hundred yards of the whale first sighted, which having ceased blowing was quietly floating along, apparently unconscious of the presence of an enemy; the crew therefore rowed cautiously, merely dipping their oars noiselessly in the water. This was a critical moment, as we may well believe, and the breathless excitement of the men was intense when the harpooner stood up in the bow and slowly raised his arm. He was a powerful man, with broad, muscular shoulders, and his uplifted hand grasped the harpoon firmly, prepared for a deadly cast. At length the weapon flew with a whirr through the air, just as the whale, having discovered the enemy, gave a convulsive plunge downwards, carrying the harpoon deeply fixed in its flesh.

'Back-water all,' shouted the steersman; but scarcely had the oars obeyed the command, when

* A well-authenticated fact.

a tremendous blow from the monster's tail struck the boat from beneath, dashing it completely out of the water, while the entire crew, oars, lines, harpoons, lances, &c., were all scattered here and there, some of the men swimming, others clinging for safety to the oars. The boat meanwhile fell, half inverted, and split from end to end upon the surface of the water. It was a terrible moment. Bill Carter was a good swimmer, and not only managed to support himself with an oar, but at the same time to rescue a sailor by seizing him by the hair. This man had received a blow, and was almost unconscious, but Bill held pluckily on by his hair until the nearest of the other two boats came to the rescue. All the men were saved, but the addition of eight men so hampered the action of this boat, that they were reluctantly compelled to give up the chase and return to the *Mariana*. Captain Ramsay, who had witnessed the accident, at once sent off another boat to follow up the pursuit.

Meanwhile, the third boat had lost no time in pulling in the direction which the whale had taken; but they were in some difficulty, as the line had run out to its full length, and the broken boat to which it was attached had disappeared beneath the surface of the water. Presently, however, the monster reappeared at some distance and began blowing again, but only to receive another harpoon, after which it seemed to sink straight down like a leaden plummet into the deepest depths of ocean. Meanwhile the extra boat sent off from the *Mariana* had scarcely arrived on the scene when the line of the second harpoon began to move again, but slowly, while a long trail of blood was plainly discernible. Again the exhausted creature came to the surface for air, and again it sank with a third harpoon in its body; while, as it had not been allowed time to take in a fresh supply of air, it was evident that the end was not far off. And this proved to be true. For the fourth time the hunted creature came to the surface, spasmodically thrashing the water with its tail, the action of which became fainter and fainter by degrees. At length all was still—the whale was dead.

That this was a joyful moment to all the men we can easily understand, when we know that the value of a fine sperm whale is from eight to twelve hundred pounds sterling, and that each man who has actually assisted in the capture receives, in addition to his ordinary wages, a certain percentage upon the amount of oil realised. And this, the first whale captured, was indeed a splendid specimen, being seventy-two feet in length and in excellent condition. The hunt had lasted upwards of four hours from the time when the first harpoon was struck until the death. The two successful boats having made fast, now towed their mighty prize towards the *Mariana*, which, having seen the flag announcing the death, was now bearing down towards the spot.

That it was no easy matter to secure so large a creature as a whale to the side of the ship we can easily believe. It is done, however, by fixed rules—strong tackling being always ready for the purpose; but it would needlessly prolong our story were we to explain the mode of procedure. We shall therefore leave it to be supposed that the whale having been properly secured to the ship, the head was first cut off, a large hole made in the skull, when a number of sailors lowering their buckets into the cavity bailed out the liquid spermaceti. Now was Johnny's turn. It was rather revolting work, as the decks were slippery with blood; but the boy did not flinch. Bucket in hand he followed the others, once and again from the ship's side to the hold, where the quickly hardening spermaceti was carefully stowed away in barrels. And now the work of 'flensing,' or cutting off the blubber, was entered upon, the under part of the whale being first attacked, and the viscera thrown into the sea. This, of course, attracted not only a number of greedy birds, but several sharks also, who, as the work progressed, became so impudent that they leaped several times out of the water to make a snatch at the suspended carcase.

After the blubber from this part of the animal had been secured the creature was canted over by means of the tackling, and the blubber from the opposite side similarly stripped. The tail and fins were next cut off, and the carcase being released disappeared beneath the water with a plunge, the noise of which was drowned by the cheers of the men, while the flashing fins of the sharks pursued like lightning the abundant and coveted food.

The capture of this whale had a wonderful effect upon the men; they were all in the highest spirits, ready to cheer at anything, although their joy was damped by the ill-success of the three boats, which it will be remembered had parted company from their fellows in order to attack another whale. These boats came back entirely unsuccessful. They had harpooned two fish, but lost them both, together with several lines. One of these whales had descended to such an enormous depth that the length of line was expended, and they had to cut it away; the other had escaped owing to the slipping of the harpoon.

Bill Carter, too, had been dreadfully disappointed; having been one of the crew in the broken boat he had returned with the others to the *Mariana* without having shared in the fun. It was, however, some consolation to him to know that he had been able to save the life of the drowning sailor, so he said to Johnny Bertram, 'Better luck next time.'

Perhaps some young people may be inclined to suppose that, because a whale is a very large animal, therefore some five or six of these huge mammals would be quite enough to make a full cargo. But this would be a great mistake. A whale-ship is so arranged as to contain an immense store of oil and blubber; indeed a certain steam whaler, smaller than the *Mariana*, returned a few years ago from the Greenland fishery with the blubber of twenty-eight whales on board, besides nineteen narwhals, twenty seals, and twelve large polar bears. We must admit, however, that this was a very full ship indeed, and we can imagine how busy her crew must have been, when we know that all these whales and other mammals were captured between May and August of the same year. Of course the Greenland fishery can only be pursued during these months, when the mighty barrier of ice is for the time broken up and manageable; therefore, unless a Greenland ship can secure her cargo of oil during the summer months, she must go home empty, which is always a frightful disappointment and a great pecuniary loss. But in the South Seas, and at the time of which we write,

Throwing the Harpoon.

nearly sixty years ago, things were different. Ships went prepared for a very long cruise indeed, and did not hurry themselves—taking shelter from inclement weather and winter storms in one or other of the many ports among the islands of the Southern Pacific, cruising about often for nearly three years before they were in a condition to go home as a full ship. It was so with the *Mariana;* she was fitted out for a three years' cruise, but as it would weary our readers to hear of every whale which was caught, we shall pass over these events lightly.

(*Continued at page* 138.)

THE HERON.

I'M what is called a water-fowl,
Own cousin to the crane;
The stork is my near relative,
Ungainly, tall, and plain.

The spoonbill, too, that ugly chap,
With his long, flattened snout,
Claims kindred with us herons,
Who beat them out and out.

Consider well my plumage fine,
Behold my lovely crest,
Compare me with the stork and crane,
And say who looks the best.
But, still, I do not want to boast,
For folk are what they be,
So listen, and I'll tell a thing,
A thing or two, to thee:
We build our nests together all,
But like to feed alone,
And, by myself, I watch long hours
The river, on a stone;
Or, solitary, long I wait
Upon the wild sea shore
Till I can pierce a passing fish,
And add him to my store.
At breeding-time, as I have said,
We cluster very thick;
Each builds his large flat nursery
With many a piece of stick.
We line our nests with softest wool,
Or aught else we can glean,
And there are laid four eggs or five,
In colour, bluish green.
The nestling birds I cannot say
Are beautiful, you know,
Yet, fed by fish unceasingly,
In comeliness they grow.
About six weeks they gape and sprawl
Upon their nursery floor,
Then leave the home to feed themselves;
And what can men do more?
But, oh, what quarrels have I seen!
What cries! what awful looks!
What ruffling of tail feathers, too,
Betwixt us and the rooks,
When those black villains dare to try
And drive our folk away
From the old oaks where we have been
For ever and a day!
Oh, could those blackcoats only be
Less thievish and less rude,
In peace we'd always dwell by them,
And never have a feud!
In days when lords and ladies fair
A-hawking used to ride,
We herons had an evil time,
For then we bled and died;
And oft we graced the banquet hall
By hundreds, as I'm told,
And our fine feathers nodded on
The helmets of the bold.
But times are changed and men are changed,
And we are left obscure
To stand all day a fishing in
The tarn upon the moor.
Yet, though neglected by mankind,
We herons do not scold:
Better be thus than hawked at,
As our fathers were of old! G. S. O.

THE sweet verbena, when pressed with a rough hand, exhales a delicious perfume. So should we learn to return good for evil, love for malice.

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

VIII.—THE NATIONAL OATH.

HAPPIER days followed the King's removal to Paris than were expected. The onward progress of the Revolution seemed for a time arrested. The palace of the Tuileries was splendidly furnished for the royal family, and the blue uniforms of the National Guards were ever seen patrolling before it. The little Prince had a garden of his own, and a little summer-house, and tools to work with, and he might be watched at his work by the people as they passed along the street. The National Assembly held its sittings in the Riding School close by, and were constantly engaged in the work of a new Constitution.

The King no doubt felt the restraint laid upon him. He was free to go where he liked in the vast pile of the Tuileries and its spacious grounds; he was also free to be driven anywhere about Paris, where he was well received; but he was not free to roam the woods on a hunting expedition. He once more took to his favourite pursuit of lock-making, and, as we shall see, fitted up a secret iron safe in one of the walls, in which afterwards many important State papers were found, some of which did him great damage at his trial. For forty-one months did Louis inhabit the palace while the Revolution went on, sometimes slowly, sometimes rapidly, to its end.

Many of the senators, Mirabeau among them, saw that the power of the King was likely to be made too small, and they therefore tried to retain for him a certain part of the rule his ancestors had. On this account these men fell in the esteem of the masses. There were many of a different mind in the Assembly; men like Robespierre and his party, who were for putting away the King altogether.

Beside the senators, who actually made the laws, there were two things which wielded great power. One was the newspapers, the other was the clubs. There were some papers loud for the King, others as loud for the people and dead against King and Nobles. Of those which were published against the King and Nobles, none was more bitter and outspoken than that edited by Marat, and called the 'People's Friend.' Among the clubs there was one which has become more famous than any club which ever was or ever will be. It was called the Jacobins' Club. It got that name from its meeting in what was once the Church of the Jacobins. This club, which began among the Bretons, was always noted for its extreme violence. The most advanced Republicans belonged to it. The old church was seated for 1200, and there was a gallery as well for women. There the leading spirits of the Revolution used to speak their burning words. No one was admitted there except by a ticket. At first the Jacobins' Club was not hot enough for some, while it was too violent for others; and so two branches broke from it. Danton, of whom we shall hear much, formed the Cordeliers' Club, which for a time was even hotter than the Jacobins'; but he and those who followed him after a time returned to the Jacobins', which was called the Mother Society.

It happened one day that Louis thought it might

do some good if he paid a visit to the National Assembly in the Riding School. So he sent word over to say he was coming. Some preparations were made for his visit, such as a purple covering with gold fleur-de-lys on it spread over the President's chair, so as to make it an impromptu throne, and a carpet laid down for his Majesty's feet. When Louis entered they all rose up, and when he said a few simple words, in his own simple way, they one and all gave him some hearty cheers. And when he was in his palace once more some of the members were sent across to thank him for his kindness in visiting them: and one of the senators proposed that they should all renew the National Oath.

This idea was acted on at once. Every member stood up and swore afresh to be true to king, law, and country; and the oath was also renewed at the Town-hall, and in all the streets of Paris, where vast excited crowds swore under the canopy of Heaven, while drums rolled, and the city was illuminated. This was the fourth day of February, 1790.

And then the idea went forth from Paris into every corner of France. For three weeks the swearing of the oath went on, till it is supposed every French man and woman had taken it. One mother in Brittany gathered her ten children, and made them all take the oath in her presence; so that in many cases the children swore as well as the parents.

But this simple visit of the King to the Assembly, and the simple act of one member suggesting that all the rest should renew the National Oath, led to a surprising scene in the following July. For it occurred to some one that it would be a grand thing to assemble deputies from each Department, or county or shire as we should say, to Paris, and there, as representing the whole of France, should swear the oath in the presence of the King, the Army, the Assembly, and as many citizens as could be packed together.

Each town and city had its own swearing-day before the grand one at Paris. We read of a very fine one at Lyons, written by her who was Madame Roland, the wife of the famous minister of state—when there was a rock made of painted wood, fifty feet in height, with a huge figure of Liberty on the top and a sort of temple beneath. Fifty thousand men assembled on that occasion to swear, and there were four times that number of people looking on.

But as Paris was the greatest city of all, and the mother city, so her grand swearing-day was to surpass all others. It was decided that it should be on the same day as the fall of the Bastille, and in the Champ de Mars, and nothing should be spared to make it the grandest thing of its kind. A huge sort of theatre was scooped out of the earth in the Champ de Mars by the spades of fifteen thousand workmen. But as the work was not begun soon enough, and as it seemed the fifteen thousand were rather lazy, and refused to do more work when offered more wages, therefore, when they threw down their tools one July afternoon, a number of volunteers picked them up, and began to work with a will. The next day, instead of waiting till the spades and barrows were done with, the excited citizens brought picks and shovels of their own, and came marching to the scene of action headed by young women carrying green boughs, and shouting the famous '*Ca ira!*'—'It shall go on!'

The effect was wonderful; you might count, if you cared to take the trouble, volunteer workers to the number of a hundred and fifty thousand, men of every trade and profession, printers in paper caps, water-carriers, charcoal-men, the rag-sorter, and the elegant dandy, the lawyer, and the judge, the Mayor himself, and General Lafayette. The King came to see the strange sight, and was very well received. A number of men surrounded him, spades on shoulders, as a sort of body-guard suited to the occasion. He used afterwards to say, poor man! that those days were some of the happiest he ever spent.

Even ladies came to help, and some patriotic wine-merchant would now and then trundle into the diggings a barrel of wine. So earnest were the labourers that no one thought of drinking any of the wine, except such as were faint from their unusual exertions. And so by means of all this genuine labour, so heartily bestowed, the huge space of 300,000 square feet was excavated, and so arranged that there were rows of grassy seats one above another to the number of thirty, all well rammed down and covered with turf.

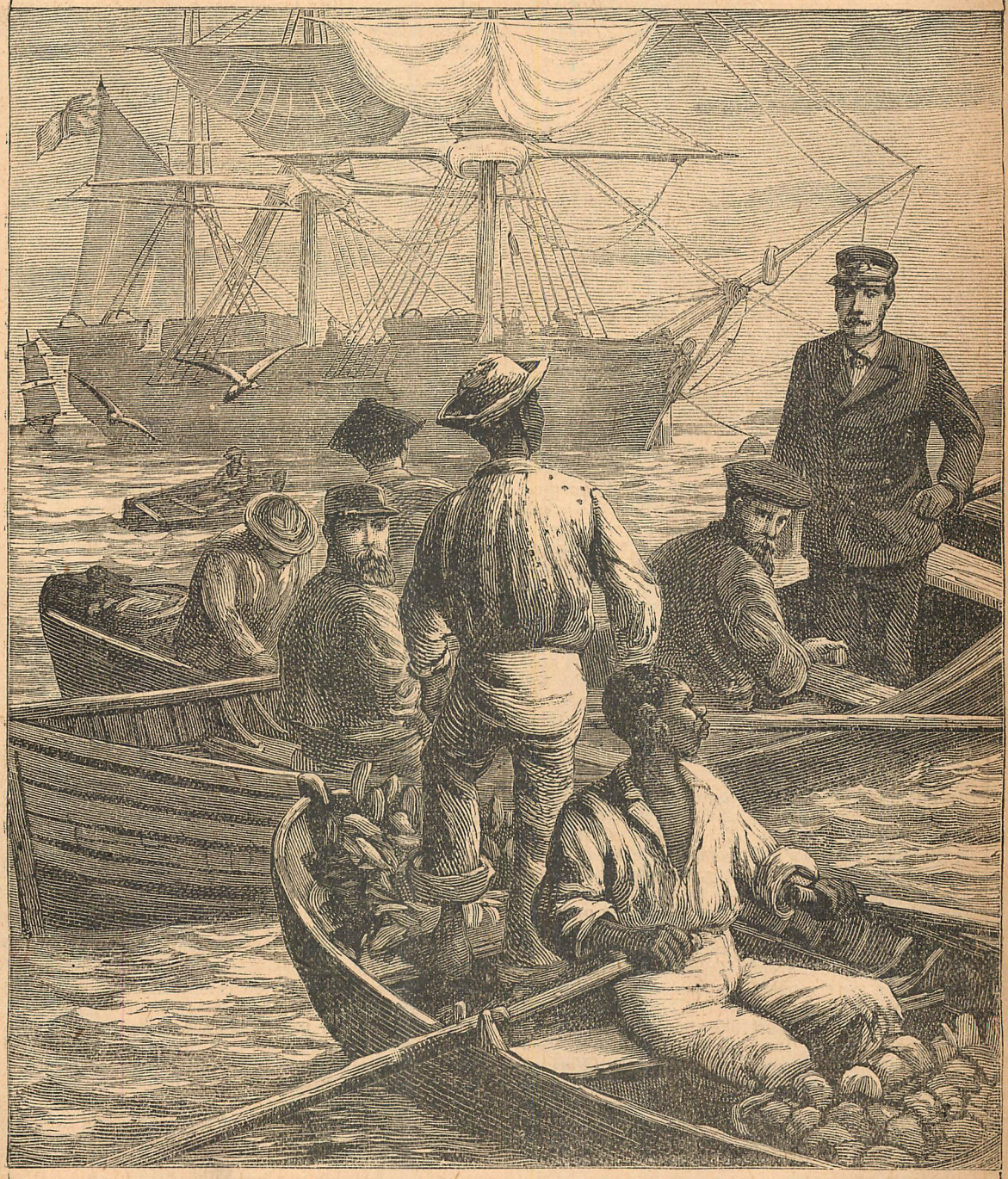
In the centre, so as to be seen by all, there was a pyramid, called the Altar of the Country. Here the oath was to be sworn, by General Lafayette for the Army, by the King, and by deputies who came from every Department in France.

When the great day arrived it was a cold morning for July, and it looked as if rain might fall; but the people streamed in, and took their places where they would. Each of the eighty-three Departments had sent a splendid banner, and a fine show the men made as they filed in and took their appointed stations. Lafayette took the oath first. He ascended the pyramid, pressed his sword-point on the altar, and pronounced the oath in the name of the whole army. The National Assembly swore where they stood, under the canopy; then the King swore, and there arose a shout, and citizen shook hands with citizen; and there was a clashing of arms, and a booming of great guns, which were listened for, and responded to as soon as heard. So that all over France that afternoon the tidings of the oath at Paris was carried by one volley after another.

Perhaps it was this firing of cannon which brought down the long-impending shower. Anyhow the shower did come, and the seats were suddenly a canopy of umbrellas, and the flags drooped, and the ladies' dresses were spoilt. At three o'clock the sun shone out again, and the clouds went their way. A whole week was spent in brilliant feasts and merry-making. On the Sunday after the great oath-day a universal dance took place. The Elysian Fields were almost as bright as day with innumerable lamps, and filled with dancers all the live-long night, and where the grim old Bastille once reared its frowning walls one could read '*Ici l'on danse*' beneath the tree of Liberty sixty feet high, and topped with a cap of Liberty.

In fact, for a whole week or more Paris was almost wild with joy, and it was hoped, though the hope proved vain, that the Ship of State, after a few rough squalls, was now in calm waters, which were not again to be ruffled by serious storms. G. S. O.

The National Oath: the Excavations.



Arrival of the *Mariana* at the Mauritius.

THE STORY OF JOHNNY BERTRAM.

(*Continued from p.* 132.)

ON the second occasion when spouting was observed in the distance the weather was again very favourable, and the boats approached so quietly to a couple of huge fellows, who lay upon the calm surface of the water apparently asleep, that both were successfully harpooned before they seemed even to have sighted the enemy. The sting of the harpoon, however, quickly aroused them, when away they darted at a great rate, not being captured till over five hours had been consumed in the labour. The men were well rewarded, however, for these two were the finest whales of the whole season. But the *Mariana* was not always to be favoured with bright sunshine and calm weather. A change was at hand; and such a change as is not uncommon in the South Seas.

Scarcely had the heavy work of 'flensing' and securing the blubber of the last two whales been completed than the barometer began to fall, denoting that a storm of some kind was at hand. Although the sky was as yet clear, a long narrow line of intense black was visible on the northern horizon. This line deepened within an hour, and vivid flashes of lightning could be seen, appearing to divide the ominous black barrier into fiery gashes. And now a heavy swell set in, though the wind as yet was light and fitful. Well was it for the *Mariana* that these premonitory signs of a storm were given, and that her commander was a man of skill and foresight, for, truly, such a cyclone as burst at this time upon the devoted ship has seldom been equalled even in these stormy latitudes. The barometer continued to fall. A breathless silence was in the air when Captain Ramsay called all hands to turn up. All sail was taken in, hatchways were secured, boats well lashed, and the decks cleared of all the blubber, which was securely packed below. The black wall of cloud with its fiery streaks had meanwhile extended both east and west, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, a wild scream was heard, followed by a roar deeper than thunder, which bellowed over the surface of the ocean. The *Mariana*, as though shocked at the frightful tumult, staggered over almost on her beam ends, Captain Ramsay meanwhile shouting through his speaking-trumpet words which the helmsman could not hear in the hurly-burly of wind and rain, which poured upon the deck like a waterspout. The captain and three other men having at length reached the helm, the *Mariana* was, with the utmost difficulty, righted, and brought with her head to the wind. A terrific crash of thunder then broke over the vessel, accompanied by such a blaze of lightning, that for an instant all on board imagined that the ship had been struck, and stood gazing at each other almost paralysed by the fury of the elements.

But this was only the beginning of the storm, which seemed, as the hours went on, to be gathering in intensity. Fortunately, however, there was plenty of sea room, and the *Mariana* was a strong ship, with an experienced crew, and even a cyclone such as this cannot last for ever. After twenty-two hours it began to blow steadily from the west, and as the barometer showed signs of an abatement the captain prepared to run before the gale in the hope of reaching better weather. On the third day the sun shone brightly, and Captain Ramsay was able to take observations, thus proving his position, which was not very far from the lovely island of Mauritius; and as his ship had sprung her topmast in the gale he resolved to steer for Port Louis, where he could procure a new one, and also have her copper cleaned from the weed and barnacles, which had grown in such thickness as seriously to impede her sailing powers. Have any of our young readers ever seen a ship barnacle? It is, indeed, a curious-looking creature, nearly as long as a lead pencil, and about the same thickness, of a pale, fleshy appearance, and adhering to the ship by one end, while the free end has three conical-shaped shells attached. The writer has seen a log of wood cast up after a storm so thickly covered with those strange creatures that scarcely enough space was left to allow of a finger being laid on the wood. When a ship's copper is thickly covered with these and other marine animals her progress through the water is greatly impeded, hence the necessity of beaching a vessel now and then, or putting her in dock, that she may be thoroughly scraped and cleaned.

Every one on board the *Mariana*, from Captain Ramsay down to Johnny Bertram, were delighted to step ashore on Mauritius Island, after several months' view of nothing but the barren sea, and to enjoy fresh meat and vegetables after their long spell of salt provisions. The town of Port Louis was entirely French, which, as the island belongs to Great Britain, must seem strange to young readers, till they learn that Mauritius at one time belonged to France, and at that time was a sore thorn in the flesh to England, for the following reason:—Port Louis has a splendid harbour, perfectly secure at all seasons of the year. In that harbour the powerful cruisers of France could ride in perfect security, and, just when it pleased them, could emerge from their hiding-place and intercept our richly laden Indiamen on their way to England; for we were at war with France, and, of course, everything is fair in war. However, such a state of matters was not to be endured. In 1810 Great Britain sent an expedition, turned out the Frenchmen, and took possession themselves. Since that time the colony has done very well, and, seeing that peace now happily reigns between us and our neighbours across the Channel, the same tranquility reigns in Mauritius between the French settlers and the British residents.

A few words about this beautiful island may not be out of place. It is thirty-six miles in length, and is celebrated for the beauty of its scenery and for the variety of its tropical trees. Nutmegs, cloves, coffee, and cocoa, all thrive in Mauritius, while the graceful bamboo rises in plumes like gigantic ostrich feathers to a height of sixty feet, affording a cool shade in the heat of a mid-day sun. But the great

production of the island is the sugar-cane; the whole of the lower country is covered with it, while there are many mills where the sugar is manufactured for export.

In this lovely island of the Southern Sea the *Mariana* remained for nearly two months, during which she was thoroughly repaired and painted, preparatory to again resuming her work at the whale fishing. Johnny, who had of course written home to all his friends from the Cape, again took to his pen while the ship lay at Port Louis. This time he wrote to Tom Briggs, giving an account of all his adventures, and solemnly declaring that, as yet, he would rather be a whale-fisher than the wisest don that ever came out of College. These letters were a long time on their way home, for in these far-off days the postal authorities of England had no regular communication with Mauritius, letters being only forwarded by trading-vessels whenever an opportunity presented itself. How different from the present time, when we can count with absolute certainty upon the arrival of our foreign mails almost to the very day!

But we must now follow those letters sent by Johnny Bertram to his old home in Dundee, and see for ourselves what is going on at No. 6, Meadow Gardens. Alas! to think what changes may take place in one short year. Mr. Bertram's house, instead of being an abode of peace and comfort, was now overshadowed by a terrible gloom. Maudie, his eldest daughter, was lying upstairs pale and wan, after weary weeks of raging fever; true, she was now in a much more hopeful condition than she had been for many days past, but how weak and feeble, how nervous and prostrate! It makes little Mary weep to see her and to touch those skeleton fingers, which are so sadly unlike the once plump and vigorous hands of her darling Maudie. Her father, too, often steals into the darkened sick-room, and stands a while looking sadly down upon his girl, who does not always know him, but gazes wistfully up in his face, as though she would ask some question which yet her lips cannot frame. Can it be Johnny she is thinking of—dear Johnny, of whom they have yet heard nothing since that eventful day when he proudly sailed away in the *Mariana?* But who is this who leans over Maudie, whispering soothing words into her dulled ear? How the poor girl seems to love her, and cling to her, often putting her wasted arms about her neck, and leaning her weary head upon her shoulder! Is it some tender nurse who has been engaged to wait upon the sick girl? Or can it really be Mrs. Bertram? Yes, it is no other than she—the despised stepmother whom Mary almost hated, and whom Maudie wished she had never seen!

There are some persons, timid, and perhaps not very bright, whose good qualities never show as long as life is going easily with those around them, but who when any form of trouble, especially sickness, shows its unwelcome face in the family circle, can rise to the occasion, and prove a very mainstay and support to those who may hitherto have almost despised them. Such an one was Mrs. Bertram. We have seen that she had little cleverness and no tact, but she had the great charm of unselfishness, and Maudie's sad illness served to bring it all out. She had also the womanly quality of being a really good nurse, strong, capable, and yet sympathising, and her joy was great when the dear invalid at last struggled back to a measure of health and strength. But, alas! just as Maudie was pronounced well enough to go downstairs for the first time, the kind stepmother herself was laid prostrate by the same fever. All was consternation and despair, and when at length it became evident after a fortnight's suffering that the dear lady was not to recover, it is hard to say whose heart was saddest in that sad house in Meadow Gardens. It was just at this crisis that Johnny's first letter written from Cape Town arrived, inclosing the ostrich feathers for Maudie and Mary, and the carved ivory fan for his stepmother.

'Shall we show it to her, father?' murmured Maudie. 'Don't you think she would be pleased to see that dear Johnny remembered her?'

'Yes, my girl,' said Mr. Bertram, huskily. 'Johnny was sometimes rude and rough, still he had a kind heart, and I know was sorry for it afterwards. Yes, Maudie, take up the toy to your mother.'

'Dear Johnny,' wrote Maudie, a fortnight after Mrs. Bertram's death, 'she was so pleased to receive your pretty present. She said she wished she could have seen you once more, but it was not God's will. She sent her love to you, and hoped you would always be good and dutiful to father. Oh, Johnny, she was so kind and good to me! how I wish I had known her better and loved her more!'

How many young people have good cause to feel as Maudie did when parents are called upon to die! Surely there is nothing so sad as to stand by the dying bed of some one united to us by the sacred ties of nature, and to feel as we look upon the pale and sadly changed face, that we have not been so dutiful and so kind to them as we ought to have been! Let every boy and girl strive by daily good conduct in the family to avoid such a bitter reflection as this!

(*Continued at page* 146.)

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

OH! let's look if we can to the bright side,
Though the dark one be nearest us still,
For be sure that that side is the right side
If it help us through sorrow and ill!
Though the cloud that has threatened may blind us,
When we hoped to have seen it go past,
It will not be the worst if it find us
Still trying to hope to the last.

Oh! the heart that with manful endeavour
Still hopes in the midst of its woes,
Is the heart of a hero, and ever
Makes sunny the path where it goes.
Then each cloud, though it angrily lowers,
Has a silvery lining beneath;
And the thorns that lie hid in the flowers
Only heighten the charm of the wreath.
So let's look if we can to the bright side,
Though the dark one be nearest us still,
For be sure that this side is the right side
If it help us through sorrow and ill.

THE SACK OF GLEANING-FLOUR.

NOW come with me, my lady dear,
Come now aside with me;
See here my sack of gleaning-flour,
Worth all the world to me.

Worth all the world to me, I say,
Because it tells of home,
Whereto the ills of sloth and drink,
Thank Heaven, never come.

My goodman he took up the flail
And threshed the gleaning-wheat;
My needle as I sewed kept time
To every steady beat.

And here's my sack of gleaning-flour,
And sweet the bread will be,
Won by my little children's toil,
My goodman's industry.

All through the long, long day we gleaned,
My children three and I,
From when the sun rose in the east,
To when the sun stood high;

From when the sun stood high at noon,
Until he reached the west;
And then we bound our gleanings up
And turned us home to rest.

Then, by-and-by, on autumn eves,
When, as the sun did sink,
Went many a tired working man
To drown his cares in drink,—

BURGLARS IN THE HOUSE.

NO one save a very timorous person could have understood Mrs. Melville's feelings when her husband told her one forenoon that he was going from home on business, which would detain him for about a week. She was such a very nervous person! The Melville family, consisting of father, mother, and one son of seventeen, had quite recently left London, and taken up their residence in a lovely, though somewhat sequestered, cottage in Devonshire. Here the master of the house amused his leisure hours by cultivating fruits and flowers, while his wife, oppressed by constant terrors, lamented bitterly the absence of

Burglars in the House.

neighbours, carefully bolting every door and window before night-fall, for fear of burglars.

'Why, my dear,' said her husband, laughing, 'where do you expect the burglars to come from? The simple folk around us would not rob you of a penny. Why, you might leave every door and window open all night with perfect safety.'

'Oh, don't talk of such a thing!' hastily replied the lady. 'But if you must go, John, do not stay long away, for I shall not know a minute's happiness till I see you again.'

'Now, mother,' said her son Stephen, in an injured tone of voice, 'I think it is too bad of you to say so. Have you no confidence in me? Can I not take care of the house during my father's absence?'

'Oh, yes, I dare say, my dear!' replied his mother, hesitatingly. 'You are seventeen, and may be called a kind of a man; but still, Stevie, my boy, I feel safer with your father, and that is just the truth of it.'

During the first three nights after Mr. Melville's departure from home all went on as usual in the household, the days were tranquil, and the nights equally so, but the fourth night was not to be so pleasant. It had been very windy all day, the trees in the wooded hollow behind the cottage had waved and rustled, till, as evening fell, the wind ceased, rain

came on, and it became intensely dark; the watch-dog howled mournfully, and a couple of owls in the barn hooted at intervals in a most doleful manner.

Mrs. Melville grew nervous. 'Stevie,' she whispered, 'light the lamp, my dear. What noise was that, Stevie? it sounded quite like a step on the stair! Oh, Stevie!' she continued, working herself up to a pitch of excitement, 'lock the door, and don't go away; stay beside me, my boy!'

'Hush, mother!' replied Stephen, who had also heard the footsteps, and did not feel very comfortable. 'Hush! sit quite still, mother, now do! I must see who is prowling about the house at this hour of night.'

Having uttered these brave words, the lad lifted the lamp, and, arming himself with a sheath-knife (which fortunately his mother did not see), he manfully proceeded towards the door, and opened it, coming full tilt against a man in a rough coat and slouch hat, who stood at the back of it, apparently about to enter. 'Villain!' shouted Stevie, in terrible accents, 'stand back or take the consequences!' Here he brandished his knife in a menacing manner, while, shall we confess it? his heart went pit-a-pat, beating so loudly and fiercely that he felt almost suffocated.

But the burglar's only response was a loud burst of laughter. 'Bravo, Stevie!' he cried; 'no one can doubt your bravery after this: but perhaps, as I am the master of the house, I may be allowed to enter!'

It was his father, whose business had been more easily arranged than he expected, and who had returned home, only to be threatened with instant death by his own son!

'Well,' cried his happy wife, as she arranged the supper-table, 'I believe I am cured of my fears at last. I believe you are the only burglar I shall ever see, my dear, and I don't feel at all afraid of you!'

D. B. McKean.

OUR BIOGRAPHY.—No. IV.

Lord Bacon.

WE take for our subject this month a very chequered life—one which began with every promise of good, and yet ended in disgrace.

Francis Bacon was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal during the first twenty years of Elizabeth's reign. As a boy Francis was exceedingly grave, so much so that the Queen used to call him her 'young Lord-Keeper.' At twelve years of age he busied himself in speculations usually left to older heads. In his thirteenth year he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge. He studied there for three years, and left with a low opinion of the course of learning there pursued. In his sixteenth year he went to Paris, and lived under the protection of the English Ambassador. The facts here observed he gathered into a *Treatise on the State of Europe*, which was published while the author was still in his teens.

His father died whilst Francis was abroad. He at once returned to England, but found his prospects far from promising. His uncle, Lord Burleigh, was little disposed to help him, and Francis himself was more inclined to philosophical studies than steady, practical work. He, however, applied himself to the study of law, and in 1590 was made a Queen's Counsel extraordinary. In 1593 he became a member of Parliament for Middlesex, and was soon known as a ready speaker. From the Earl of Essex, who sought by every means to bring about his advancement, Francis received many favours. But, to his lasting shame, when Essex rashly ventured a rebellion, he bore a considerable part in bringing about his death, and defaming his benefactor. Very bitter must have been his recollection of this when he himself tasted the cup of adversity.

Under King James, Bacon rose to the first offices of the State. But many of his acts at that time must remain as stains on his character. Yet he now produced the works which must always make his name famous. In *The Advancement of Learning*, and *Novum Organum*, we have philosophical works of the highest order, advancing opinions which overthrew the then prevailing theories of philosophy.

But the great mind which could produce these works also descended to the meanest acts. Parliament held an inquiry into alleged abuses connected with the Courts of Justice. Bacon was found guilty of receiving bribes from suitors in the Court of Chancery. He confessed to the acts, and was sentenced to imprisonment at the Tower during the King's pleasure, and a fine of 40,000*l*. This sentence was little more than nominal, for he left the Tower in two days, and the fine was remitted. The Government even allowed him a large pension; but his love of display reduced him to comparative want.

His death is said to have been brought about by a curious experiment. He had a theory that snow would prevent flesh from putrefying. To prove this, he drove one day to Highgate, bought a fowl, and stuffed it with snow. Whilst in the act he felt a chill, was carried to a neighbouring house, and there died, after about a week's illness, in 1626.

His character was a strange compound. His knowledge was all-embracing. From the same pen which wrote so excellently on philosophy came also a work on law, a cure for gout, an essay on plantations, and a translation of a psalm. Had he but been upright in all things what a noble life his might have been!

A. R. B.

PORRIDGE.

THE dearest breakfast is one consisting of white bread: that is, of wheat from which the best and most nutritious elements have been taken away; of bacon, mere globules of fat, a rasher of which, when fried, can almost be blown away; and of coffee or tea infusions, which contain no nutriment whatever beyond the very small amount in the sugar or milk.

Thousands of hardy Scotch have subsisted on oatmeal, and in former days the Scottish student who carried his sack of meal to college studied just as hard as his English brother, who ate steaks and chops.

Here is the way to make good oat or wheat-meal porridge:—Into half a pint of boiling water slightly salted, carefully kept boiling, sift from the left hand, while stirring with the right, two large tablespoonfuls of coarse oatmeal, or crushed wheat-meal; boil gently about twenty minutes, always stirring.

When done, pour into a soup plate, and let it stand for five minutes. It should then be thick, so that a spoon could remain upright in it. Eat with hot or cold milk, sugar, stewed fruit, or treacle. It may even be prepared overnight, with the admixture of hot milk in the morning.

Double-bottom saucepans are to be obtained, obviating the trouble of stirring. Be quite sure that the water is boiling first, before sifting in the oat or wheat-meal.

To the labouring or artizan class porridge commends itself on account of its cheapness, and the readiness and economy with which it can be cooked; and while it is easily digested, it contains elements that go to form bone and muscle. It commends itself also to all workers who earn their bread either by their brains or by the sweat of their brows.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

29. I AM a word, a very little word,
Learnt by beginners soon, and often heard.
If unto me you give the letter *e*,
Smaller I get, strange though it seem to thee.
But if you add two letters, *a* and *k*,
Feeble I grow and hasten to decay.
One *d* brings marriage, and one *t* brings rain,
And, with an *l* redoubled, it is plain,
A narrow pit of water you obtain.
Add *a*, *r*, *y*, and I can hardly stand;
Add *s* and *t*, I am the sunset land.
Add *e* and *p*, and straightway there is woe;
While *e* and *d* will fit me for the hoe.

Add other letters, and you surely find
A wart, a girl, a sword, an ounce, a wind,
A space of time between two days of rest,
A river with fine ships upon its breast.

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30. To do my *first* is nice enough,
When you can get a mount,
Whether 'tis done in pink or black,
With farmer, squire, or count;
Whether it be in spring-time sweet,
With bluebells in the lane,
Or whether 't be when there's a 'meet,'
And Reynard scours the plain.

Over the battle-field they go,
Their lanterns gleaming dim
On broken helm, rent uniform,
Cleft skull, and shattered limb.
Where there is life, they lay him quick
Upon the stretcher bed,
And bear him off; and then they do
My *second* to the dead.

Beneath some venerable towers
With Brown and Smith I stand,
We gaze on fretted pinnacle,
And pillared nave so grand.
When all is seen that man can see,
Out speaks the funny Brown,
'Oh, what a head he must have had,
To fill so great a crown!'*

[*Answers at page* 159.]

*Alluding to Becket's crown.

A SONG FOR ENGLAND.

A SONG, a song for England,
The fair, the firm, the free;
The envy of the nations,
The mistress of the sea;
Whose pride is in her freedom,
Whose wealth is in her soul;
Who sheds the light of science
Where'er the waters roll.

A song, a song for England,
The beautiful, the brave;
The terror of the tyrant,
The champion of the slave;
Whose armour is her justice,
Whose glory is her truth,
Who stands against the tempest
In everlasting youth.

Oh! dear is our own England,
Her head is bright with bays;
Her heart o'erflows with mercies,
A thousand, thousand ways.
A song, then, for Old England,
Her hills and valleys green;
A song for England's daughter,
Our Lady and our Queen.

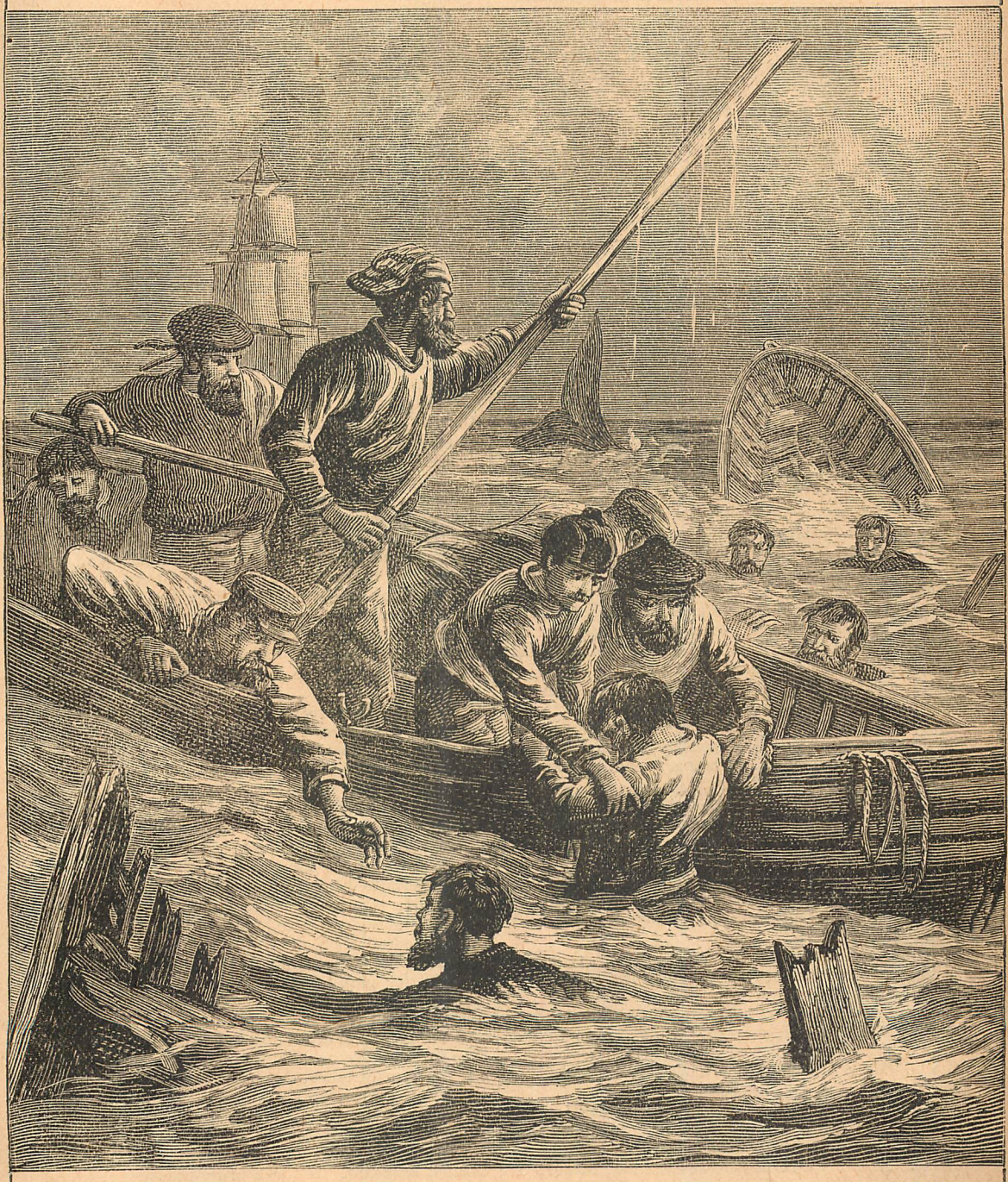
THE CHINESE BUFFALO.

AS the Chinese do not eat beef, living chiefly on rice, varied with pork or fish, and do not even drink milk, cattle are only used by them for agricultural purposes.

The native Chinese buffaloes, employed in ploughing up the rice-fields or turning water-wheels, are, perhaps, the most uncouth-looking of all the members of the genus *bos*. They have a bare, wrinkled hide like that of an elephant, of a dark slate colour, and with only a few hairs about the dewlap and at the end of the tail. They have a hump, or rather a rising, at the shoulders, smaller than the hump of the Indian oxen. Their shape is clumsy, and their only claim to beauty is in their large, lustrous eyes. Their bare skin being unprotected by hair, they are exposed to the attacks of swarms of flies in summer, and to escape from their tormentors they plunge into the tanks, and rolling in the ooze, emerge covered all over with a coating of mud, which dries in the sun. This does not improve their looks, and their large horns give them a formidable appearance, but they are of the most gentle and docile disposition; and in the evening, when their work is done, a little boy, perhaps not more than six or seven years old, whose only garments consist of a ragged pair of drawers and a bamboo hat which serves him both for sunshade and umbrella, will go to the fields and, climbing on the back of one of these uncouth-looking creatures, lead home a string of eight or ten of them.

In the neighbourhood of European settlements bullocks are slaughtered to provide the strangers with provisions, and cows are kept to supply them with milk. Cattle of small size are seen in some parts of China which have a smooth hairy hide, and a large hump, but they are, probably, not a native race, but have been introduced from India. A. R.

The Chinese Buffalo.



A Terrible Disaster.

THE STORY OF JOHNNY BERTRAM.

(*Continued from p.* 139.)

THREE months after Mrs. Bertram's death, Tom Briggs called one evening at Meadow Gardens with Johnny's second letter, written from Port Louis in Mauritius, where it will be remembered that the *Mariana* had put in for repairs after the terrible cyclone which had burst upon her in the Southern Seas. Of course, Johnny had not as yet heard of the sorrow at Meadow Gardens, and his letter to Tom was overflowing with fun. He described very amusingly his terrible experiences in crossing the line, the frightful adventure at the wine-grower's station at Cape Town, and his delight at the capture of the first whale, his letter finishing thus:—'Oh, Tom! why are you not a whaler like me? To think of an active young fellow like you actually intending to be a doctor! Do write me very soon and tell me if you still mean to go in for surgery, but I hope you have changed your mind.'

'And have you changed your mind, Tom?' asked Mr. Bertram, after the important letter had been read, and read over again.

'No, sir,' replied Tom; 'my uncle, as you know, wishes very much that I should follow his profession, and in due time step into his practice, and I am quite willing to do so. I think, even if uncle had not influenced me, I would have preferred it to any other life, even that of a whaler.'

'And when do you begin your special studies?' asked the old man again, who, now that his own son had left home for an indefinite period of time, seemed to cling in something like fatherly affection to that son's young companion and bosom friend. 'You will soon be leaving Dundee, Tom?'

'Yes, sir,' replied young Briggs. 'I am to go through the preliminary examination in a month or two, and then take my first session at the University; but I shall be sorry to leave you all.'

'And, oh, Tom, we will be so unhappy when you are away!' whimpered little Mary. 'Everything is so dull now: Johnny away, and dear mother, and now you are going.'

No one replied to this, though every one's thoughts were busy with the past; how bright it seemed compared with the sad present!

'And now, Maudie,' said Mr. Bertram one day shortly after his wife's death, 'what are we to do, my dear? Shall I engage some lady to look after the household, or would you like to try housekeeping a little?'

'Oh, father, if you will only allow me!' cried Maudie. 'I shall try my very best to follow all mother's plans, and to make you comfortable at home. And I won't neglect my studies, father; I know you would not like that.'

'Certainly not, my dear. Well, for three months you may try what you can do; and if it proves too much for you, I can then make some other arrangement.'

Behold Maudie then, as with all her heart and with the utmost diligence she endeavoured to fulfil the home duties she had undertaken. Maudie was only fourteen at this time, but her long illness had changed her greatly; she had grown tall and womanly, while her stepmother's death had developed many good qualities which none had observed before in the hitherto thoughtless girl. She had become gentle and unselfish, most attentive to her father's wishes, watchful over Mary, helping her with her lessons, and trying to cheer her as much as possible, for the poor child was feeling the blank in the house very grievously. We must admit that in her new occupations Maudie made a few mistakes; but these arose not from carelessness, but from inexperience, and her father took a very lenient view of her shortcomings.

Long before the three months were over it was a settled thing that Maudie was to remain in charge of household matters, Mr. Bertram feeling very thankful indeed that things went so smoothly, and that he had a good little daughter whom he could implicitly trust.

But we must now return to Johnny and the *Mariana*. The crew of a whaler had need to exercise much patience. Sometimes they watch for weeks together, but watch in vain for fish. At other times so many are caught that they have not a moment to rest between the time that one is boiled down to oil, and another is brought alongside. We have seen that the *Mariana* had been fairly successful after leaving the Cape and before putting in to Port Louis for repairs; but after leaving Mauritius her good fortune seemed to desert her. She cruised about for days and weeks together in search of whales, but without success.

One day, however, they made a capture which pleased the crew immensely. It chanced that Johnny, who had been in the bows looking listlessly across the calm ocean, earnestly wishing that some active work would turn up, suddenly noticed a dark object floating at some distance on the weather-bow.

On reporting it to the captain he ordered a boat to be lowered to ascertain what it was, Johnny being permitted for the first time to make one of the crew. As they got near they saw that the creature was an enormous turtle, which, of course, would be a prize indeed, its flesh being delicate food, especially to men who were limited to salt-pork and ship-biscuits for months at a time. They paddled as quietly as possible for fear of disturbing the creature, which seemed to be asleep, and on getting close alongside the harpooner drove his weapon deep into its body. The turtle in one moment was lively enough, it swam off for some distance, then turning rapidly it made a snap at the rope, which it nearly bit in two. They were up to it again, however, and two or three plunges of a lance quickly finished it, when it was towed to the ship, and by means of a windlass hoisted on board. It was a really immense creature, seven feet wide, and four feet six inches in depth. Having been discovered by young Bertram, and he

having been one of the crew who went after it, this turtle was dubbed 'Johnny's Whale.'

Several other idle days were passed after this capture, and then fortune seemed to favour the *Mariana* once more. One calm day a large whale was seen spouting at some distance from the ship. Four boats were lowered. The first, in which was the captain himself, came up with the huge monster, and plunged two harpoons into its carcase, when the whale, without even attempting to run off as they usually do, immediately turned over on its back, threw its lower jaw open, and nipped the boat clean in two!

This was a terrible disaster, and might have involved the loss of all their lives, but, strange to say, the men all got clear of the broken boat, and swam off to the first mate's boat, which was close at hand. A third boat now came gallantly to the rescue, watching each movement of the whale, as the creature evidently meant mischief; but its wounds had been severe, the blood was flowing from them profusely, and although it tried to destroy this boat also, it was unable to do so, while several harpoons and lances were plunged into its body. This was the largest whale which had been as yet captured by the *Mariana*, being ninety-six feet in length. Still it was the least valuable of any, as it had been evidently attacked at some previous time, and its wounds on that occasion had caused a huge swelling on its back; the creature accordingly was in bad condition, the blubber was thin, and the oil only of second quality. Several other whales were captured after this, in quick succession, till no fewer than eleven of these huge mammals had succumbed to the attacks of the crew—the men being all in high spirits, as, even though no more should be taken, the profit on these eleven would be considerable, not only to the owners, but to each man who had borne a hand in the work. But they were destined to obtain still another whale, about which there is something special to be told.

It was high noon, upon a clear and cloudless day, when the look-out man at the mast-head suddenly sang out,—

'A boat ahead on the lee-bow!'

'A boat? What boat could it possibly be?' was the thought of one and all, as all hands crowded on deck in eager anticipation. Certainly a dark object was observed upon the horizon, which resembled a small boat, but the captain's telescope speedily put an end to the delusion.

'It is not a boat,' he said. 'I believe it to be a dead whale, as I can make out a flight of gulls above it.'

There was no longer any doubt. A number of birds could be seen hovering above the black object, which proved to be a whale floating high above the surface of the water. In half an hour the *Mariana* ran alongside, and made fast to an enormous dead whale. Boats were at once lowered, when, from the absence of any harpoon wounds upon the body, it became evident that this creature had died from disease; but the carcase being still fresh, it was resolved to cut it up, and extract as much oil as possible. This was accordingly done, when the joyful discovery was made that in the intestines of the whale there was a very large lump of the valuable substance known as ambergris. Immediately the question arose as to who should profit by this unexpected windfall, but it was amicably settled—each man agreeing to share and share alike with his mates; even Johnny coming in for a piece, which weighed nearly half a pound.

Boys and girls must be careful not to confound ambergris with the vegetable substance known as amber. Amber is a hard brittle substance of a yellowish colour, and semi-transparent, occurring in irregular veins all along the Baltic coast. After heavy storms, too, it is often found on the shores, having evidently been cast up by the waves. It is merely an exudation from extinct trees of the pine family, like gum from the cherry-tree or resin from the ordinary pine. It is not unusual to find insects inclosed in a piece of amber, and when this occurs the insect is always of an extinct species. Now ambergris, though often found floating in Southern Seas, is an entirely different substance; it is solid, fatty, and inflammable, of a dark grey colour, veined with black like marble, and possesses a peculiar sweet, yet earthy odour. For a long time its origin was not known, but now it is well ascertained to be a morbid growth formed in the intestinal canal of the sperm whale. Those pieces found floating in the ocean, or on the shores of Africa, Madagascar, &c., have been set free by the death and decomposition of the whale in which they were formed; while it has been observed that when actually found in a whale, the animal is either dead or much wasted by disease. The use of ambergris in Europe is entirely confined to perfumery, but when we know that its market value ranges (or did range at the time when the *Mariana* was cruising in the South Seas) from fifteen to twenty-five shillings an ounce, we can easily imagine how eagerly the whalers seizeon, and divide, so very important a prize.

The largest piece of ambergris on record was obtained by an American fisherman from a whale killed near the Windward Islands, and was of the astonishing weight of 130 lbs.; this valuable find being sold by its fortunate owner for 500*l*.

(*Continued at page* 154.)

A CURIOUS CLOCK.

THERE is a very curious clock at Rouen. It goes fourteen months and some days when wound up. This timepiece, the history of which is little known, is placed in the municipal library, and was made, according to the date inscribed on it, in the year 1782. Besides telling the time, the clock is a calendar, and gives the day of the month and the year. After belonging to several private owners, it was, about fifty years ago, bought by the municipality of Rouen, and placed in the library. During the last year it kept perfect time, losing only one minute in twelve months. The maker's name inscribed on the lid, with various interesting details concerning the timepiece, is Grenier, a native of Rouen, who was one of the most skilful clockmakers in the town where he lived and died.

THE LIZARDS OF LABUAN.

THE Island of Labuan, ceded to Great Britain in the year 1848, when entirely without inhabitants, lies just off the mouth of the Borneo River. The country is flat, well wooded and watered, but the climate is too unhealthy for a prosperous future to be before it. Some fifteen or sixteen reptiles are found on the island, of which six are lizards. Two of these are no larger than English butterflies, and, being winged, flit about in much the same way. They are viewed with dread by the Malays, who believe them capable of causing a man's death by biting him upon the back of the neck, although, in reality, they are perfectly harmless. In contrast to these, another kind of lizard found on the island, sometimes reaches a length of six feet, and is, therefore, known as the land-alligator. Its flesh is much praised by the natives, who assign to it several medicinal properties. The dried skin finds a ready sale with the Chinese, who make it one of the ingredients of a gelatinous soup. At Manilla, too, it is a stock article in the markets. A. R. B.

FEEL FOR THE SAD.

DON'T take on so, ma'am! pray don't!' said the kind-hearted landlady, who found her young lodger in tears. 'You may get a letter to-morrow; the ship may be quite safe after all—telegrams are such plaguy things. Now cheer up, do, and I'll fetch you a cup of tea in a moment.'

Poor Mrs. Wynn, whose husband had sailed in a ship reported 'lost,' could scarcely take comfort from a cup of tea; but, oh! how sweet to her heart was the sympathy of the good old woman. And after all the ship did arrive, a fortnight after its proper time, and Lucy once more had her beloved husband in her arms. Children, always be kind and feel for the sad and troubled, so will you brighten your own life and the lives of all those around you. B. M.

THERE are many men who lack not talent so much as purpose; not the power to achieve, but the will to labour.

COTTAGE HOME.

OH, Home, however homely—thoughts of thee
Can never fail to cheer the absent breast:
How oft wild raptures have been felt by me,
When back returning, weary and distrest!
How oft I've stood to see the chimney pour
Thick clouds of smoke in columns lightly blue;
And, close beneath, the houseleek's yellow flower,
While fast approaching to a nearer view!
These, though they're trifles, ever gave delight;
E'en now they prompt me with a fond desire,
Painting the evening group before my sight
Of friends and kindred seated round the fire.
Oh, Time! how rapid did thy moments flow,
That changed these scenes of joy to scenes of woe!

CLARE.

A PRYING TIGER.

AT a place in the Indian mountains called Sora-poonjee the rainfall in one afternoon amounts to, and sometimes exceeds, that which falls in England during the entire year. In consequence of this tremendous wet, the low country at the foot of the mountains becomes flooded, so the cattle have to be driven up to the top to graze. Now, the whole country abounds with tigers and leopards, who follow the cattle up, and kill great numbers of them. As there are no forests on the summit of these hills, the tigers prowl about all night in the open, lying concealed during the day in the limestone caves, the coal pits, and between the crevices of the rocks.

The residents come upon them in all manner of odd nooks and corners so unexpectedly that the much-

dreaded beasts are as much alarmed as themselves, and usually scamper off in one direction, their disturbers flying in the opposite one. No one stirs out at night-time without a powerful lantern or torch, for, as a rule, wild beasts will not come near a light, though this rule, as the following story proves, does not in all cases hold good.

Before coming to the main incident we must mention that, in consequence of the violent storms and smart shocks of earthquakes which occur in these mountains, the houses are built with very low walls; so low, indeed, that the window-sills are not higher than two feet from the ground, and the thatched roofs are brought down to within four feet, leaving a veranda open to the opposite side of the house from which the wind blows, so that people may walk about under shelter. You may be sure that none but such as are compelled care to go outside for a walk in the steady pelting rain, which has been known to continue for twenty days and nights together.

Well, as I have said, the rule as to wild beasts being afraid to face a light does not always hold true. An officer in the habit of reading in bed was thus engaged one very tempestuous night, the bed being near the window, and only separated from it by a small table, upon which stood the reading lamp. Above the ceaseless pattering of the rain and howling of the wind, he thought he could hear now and then some movement outside the window, but he did not attach much importance to it; but on it once more recurring he raised his eyes, and for a moment he was paralysed with horror and dismay, for with fore paws on the window-sill, his broad, white chest full in view, with nose flattened against the upper panes, his eyes glaring down upon the occupant of the bed, stood a royal Bengal tiger, utterly regardless of the lamp within a foot of his nose or the bright gleam from a large coal fire that shone full upon him. Springing from his bed, the officer bounded to the fireplace, where ready loaded guns were standing, but ere he reached them the animal disappeared. You may be sure that the bed was moved into an inner room, and stout iron bars afterwards placed against all such exposed windows. So extraordinary was the circumstance that the muddy marks of the tiger's paws were allowed to remain on the window-sill until all who wished came to see them and judge for themselves as to the truth of the story. How long the terrible beast had been gazing into the room, and why he did not dash through the window, cannot be explained, but the incident proves that light and fire are not such a protection from wild beasts as many people imagine.

O. W.

FOR A PENNY A-DAY

A YOUTH of fifteen may secure one hundred pounds payable at death, whenever it may occur.

Or, if thirty-one years old, he may secure the payment of fifty pounds at death, happen when it will.

Or, the payment of ten shillings a-week for the whole of life, after reaching the age of sixty-five.

Or, a man or woman aged twenty-six may secure ten shillings a-week, payable during sickness, for the whole of life.

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

IX.—TROUBLES IN THE ARMY.

AT Metz, which is a strong fortress, an officer named Bouillè commanded the troops. He was an exceedingly brave man, and a very loyal one. He looked upon the great National Oath with much dislike and suspicion. He did not approve of soldiers and citizens being too familiar with each other. He did not like his soldiers to mix freely with the people and imbibe their liberal ideas. He knew very well that the army was tainted with those notions, and the troops were becoming every day more mutinous. In those days no man could be an officer unless he was able to prove his nobility for at least *four* generations. The officers, therefore, were of the most select class, every man an aristocrat; and they spared no pains to show their dislike to these new and strange events. The privates were leavened with the popular spirit; they were beginning to think that one man is as good as another; they were beginning to resent the haughtiness of their officers; and they talked, often and much over their own grievances.

One great grievance was, they were not paid their wages; and they believed the officers robbed them of their money. General Bouillè, therefore, at this time did not rest upon a bed of roses. He felt like a man who lives over a powder magazine, where people go in and out with lighted matches. But his heart was like a rock; braver man than Bouillè never drew a sword. When the Regiment of Picardy boisterously embraced National Guards, and sang, and swore oaths together in disorderly array, the General had the men up in the barrack square, and gave them a bit of his mind very sharply. And when the Regiment of Salm advanced to the Colonel's house to lay violent hands on the money chest, Bouillè, hearing of it, ran before them, and stood like an iron statue on the outer stairs, sword in hand, keeping the whole regiment at bay. For two hours he stood there, supported by a few of his brother officers. Several times some wrathful soldier was persuaded by a hater of aristocrats to level his musket at the intrepid General, but in every case the barrel was struck aside before he could fire. Bouillè never flinched, nor cared a straw for aught any man among them might choose to do. After two hours, the Mayor interfered, and got the men back to their quarters by promises of pay, which were fulfilled in a measure the next day, when each soldier received half his arrears in cash.

So bad was the discipline of the army, indeed, that Mirabeau moved that it should be broken up and organized afresh; but his motion was not carried. The place where the army was in the worst possible position for drifting suddenly into open mutiny was Nanci in Lorraine. Nanci was more aristocratic than other places, both in her citizens and governors; but she had also a large population who were kept up to revolution pitch by a Jacobin Club; and there were here three fine regiments much tainted with the spreading evil, and quite ripe for mischief; one especially so, that of Château Vieux. The officers at

Nanci had made many objections to the oath-swearing which had gone on. At first they would not go at all to the Nanci meeting, and when they repented and went, they appeared in undress suits, and shirts that needed the washerwoman; and one officer was seen to spit in a marked manner when the national tricolor was carried beside him.

The large regiment, called of Château Vieux, was in the month of August, 1790 (only one month after the grand oath-swearing in the Champ de Mars), in a very bad humour, and justly so. For, while another regiment had been paid three gold louis per man, Château Vieux got the 'cat-o'-nine-tails.' Another regiment, that called 'du Roi,' got hold of its money-chest, but for some reason did not break it open.

An Inspector, named Malseigne, was sent down by the Assembly to inquire into the soldiers' grievances, and, as far as he could, to rectify them. He was a big, strong man, and brave enough, but he had not much tact. And so it happened that his bluff, bullying manner, led him into all sorts of troubles at Nanci. The men of the Château Vieux shut him up in the barrack court where he was holding his inspection, with cries of 'Decide it at once!' He got angry, drew his sword, and tried to break through the crowd. He broke his sword, seized another, wounded a sentry, and got out. He retired to a house, the soldiers following. He shut the door, got out the back way, and reached the Town-hall in safety. Next day he tried again to settle the matters of the Château Vieux, but none would listen. Then he ordered them to leave Nanci, but they refused. He then summoned the National Guards to his aid, and by Saturday 4000 had arrived. Still the regiment would not march as ordered. 'Pay us,' they said, 'and we will march to the world's end.'

About noon that day, Malseigne escaped from Nanci to Luneville, where there was, he knew, a loyal regiment of Carbineers. He was chased by about a hundred soldiers, but he reached the loyal regiment, and ordered them to fire at his pursuers. The Nanci soldiers, being fired on, rode back again and spread the alarm. 'The Carbineers are sold to the Austrians,' cried they. Whereupon the three Nanci regiments rose up as one man, and marched to Luneville. A parley followed, and matters were explained. Inspector Malseigne was given up, and marched back to Nanci; but lo, the big man broke away, and was off like a shot, and escaped with only one bullet in his coat. He made a wide, wheeling flight, and returned to the Carbineers, who gave him up a second time; and the next day the mutinous soldiers put him in prison, whither they had also placed Denoue, the commandant of Nanci. When Bouillè heard of these daring acts of rebellion—of a Government inspector and a leading officer in prison, and three regiments in open mutiny, he thought a decisive blow ought to be struck at once. He had a much smaller force than that of the mutineers, but he had law on his side. When he reached the village of Frouarde he sent this message: 'You must submit in twenty-four hours, or I shall make war upon you.'

A deputation of soldiers from the mutinous regiments, and one from the civil authorities of Nanci, went out to Bouillè in the course of the day. The soldiers, however, were stubborn, and even insolent, but they did not move the General. He insisted on total surrender, or he would storm Nanci. Distracted were the citizens, distracted were the soldiers; the regiment of Château Vieux being for resistance unto death; the others for giving in to Bouillè.

At half-past-two the terrible Bouillè was about a mile and a half from the city gates, and another deputation went forth to meet him. He granted an hour's respite. Nothing coming of it the terrified citizens could see the faces of his advanced guard, only thirty paces off. A flag of truce was then carried forth, and an offer of submission made.

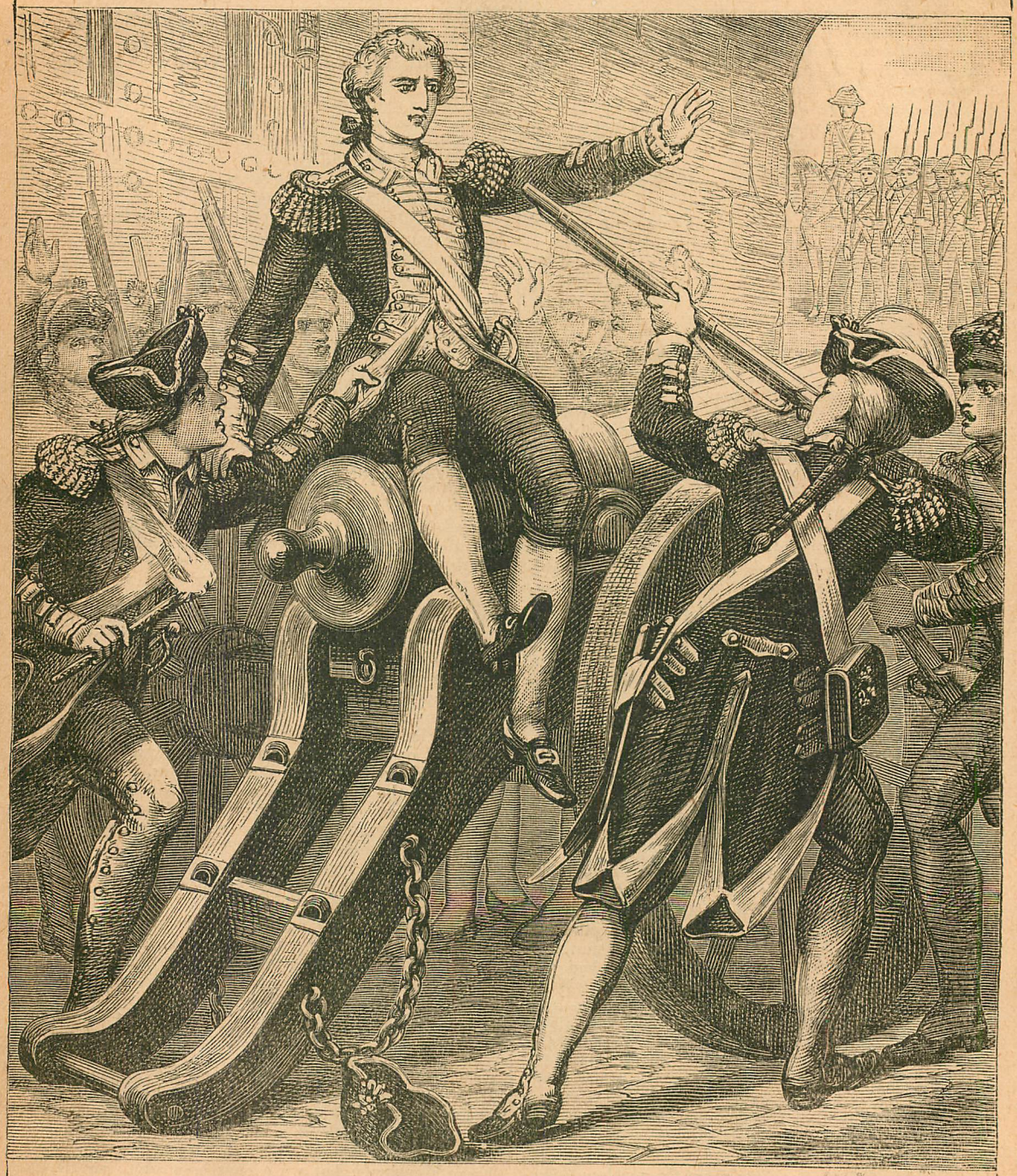
Now, while the victorious Bouillè was arranging how the mutinous regiments should leave the city, a very dreadful thing happened. In the city were many, both citizens and soldiers, who looked upon Bouillè as a traitor, and who were therefore opposed to the surrender. These men got hold of some loaded cannon, and levelled them through the gateway at Bouillè's army. A young captain, seeing lighted matches were being brought to the cannon, flung himself in front of the mouth of one, and swore if they did fire it the discharge should blow him to atoms. And when he was pulled away from the cannon-mouth by a number of soldiers, the determined officer sat on the touch-hole. This time the frantic soldiers were not content with dragging him off his perch; they shot him down as he sat there on the touch-hole, and then applied a match to the priming. The cannon roared, and fifty men of Bouillè's vanguard were killed. Oh, the rage of the men outside! With levelled bayonet and many a furious oath they dashed through the gate, and then was seen a terrible carnage. Friend killed friend by mistake that day, for all were so mixed up that it was often difficult to know who were fighting for Bouillè and who were fighting against him. Another cannon, ready loaded, was rendered harmless by a ready-witted woman, who threw a bucket of water on the priming. When the awful scrimmage was over half the mutinous Château Vieux were found stretched on a gory bed, and many National Guards who fought with them. Bouillè's losses, too, were great. By the time he reached the great Square he was minus forty officers and five hundred men; which shows how obstinately the city was defended, and at what a cost he won his victory.

The mutinous regiments, now shattered and subdued, had to march, each on its appointed route, and peace was restored for a time.

Paris was fearfully agitated by the news, and a solemn funeral service was held for the slain. The Assembly voted thanks to Bouillè by a great majority; but the lowest ranks of the people, to the number of 40,000, assembled under the windows of the Riding School, and demanded that the slain mutineers should be avenged.

Whether Bouillè was right, or whether he was wrong, he at least quelled in military fashion the spirit of mutiny, and made the whole French army feel that it had at least one captain who could maintain discipline, without which an army is only an armed mob. We mourn over the death of so many brave Frenchmen, but we cannot help admiring the iron determination of General Bouillè in doing what he believed to be his duty.

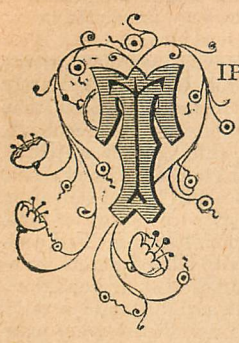
G. S. O.



"The determined officer sat on the touch-hole."

A Clever Dog.

A CLEVER DOG.



TIP was a clever dog, there was no doubt of it. I will tell you how I found it out. First of all let me describe Tip. He was a fox-terrier: and on the whole there are no cleaner, cleverer dogs than the little fox-terriers. I love them more than all other dogs—yes, better even than the big St. Bernards. He had a very sharp nose; it was long as well, and seemed able to poke into any place. He was very fond of using that nose, much fonder of it than I should have been if I had been Tip. To make up for his long nose he had a long tail. It was not cut; no, we never allowed that. I expect that if Tip could have spoken he would have said,—'I was born with a long tail, and look better with it, and feel comfortable, too. Why should it be cut off?' It is always silly as well as cruel to cut a dog's tail. Well, then his head: it was as pretty as you could wish, and marked with black and tan, and over each eye a little golden tan spot. Ah, those eyes! such bright, sharp little eyes they were. Then his ears dropped beautifully, which a fox-terrier's should always do: his body was smooth and white; his little chest deep and broad: whilst his legs were as firm as rock. He was good-looking, and he knew it.

I said Tip was clever, and I will tell you how it came about that I found it out. I always fancied he was clever by the way he got hold of things from the larder; but, more than this, Tip THOUGHT, and thought deeply. Tip had been taught to ring the bell; there was a little cord on it always, and when we said, 'Ring the bell'—at dinner, or any other time—he ran and pulled it hard, and Mary came up at once. One day I was lying on the sofa reading, and Tip was on the rug snoozing; suddenly in the garden there was a great noise; two strange dogs had come in, and were fighting. Tip ran to a chair near the window, jumped up and looked out. The window was shut. Oh, what a bother! Tip wanted to go and fight too, but he couldn't get out. He tried; no use: he ran to the door and scratched. It was shut. He came to me and pulled at my sleeve and cried. I pretended not to notice him, because I wanted to see what he would do. Then he jumped on the chair again and looked out. Oh, it was too bad! there those dogs were having it all their own way. Tip got frantic, and raced round the room barking as if he were wild with disappointment. At last he stopped on the rug for a moment and *thought*. A bright idea struck him; he rushed at the bell rope and tugged at it hard. It rang the bell. Then he trotted off to the door, and stood in front of it. Up comes Mary—Ah! he thought she would—and opened the door to ask me what I wanted, and meanwhile Mr. Tip popped out. Now I call that a very clever dog. Don't you? J. R.

THE STORY OF JOHNNY BERTRAM.

(*Continued from page* 147.)

IT now falls to us to relate a terrible experience which befel some of the crew of the *Mariana*, and in which not only the third mate, Bill Carter, but Johnny Bertram had to share an experience of unexpected trial and suffering, sure to make a man exhibit his true character in the eyes of his fellows, whether for good or for evil. It happened in this manner.

The *Mariana*, during the capture of all these whales, had not been merely cruising about in the neighbourhood of Mauritius; on the contrary, her course had been gradually steered eastward and northward till she found herself in what might be called Japanese waters, and not having touched at any port for many months, the want of fresh provisions was severely felt by the crew. In these circumstances, Captain Ramsay determined to touch at the Bonin Islands, an uninhabited group, much frequented, however, by whalers, and where he was led to believe wild pigs, if not goats, might be found; at all events, fish could be caught in abundance off the shore.

Having reached their destination, the *Mariana* was hove-to and a boat lowered, in which were Mr. Westwood, the second mate, Bill Carter, Johnny Bertram, and five other common seamen, eight men in all. They took with them, besides fishing-lines, a couple of muskets, three or four casks to be filled with water, and provisions for the day, as they did not intend to return to the ship till evening. Mr. Westwood, who had been there before, took the boat inside a high reef of rocks, where on his last visit he said he had caught a large number of fish. Very quickly they hauled in a number of magnificent fish, and were so interested and occupied with their success that they scarcely observed how quickly the time was passing. At length the second mate consulted his watch. 'Hallo, boys!' he exclaimed, 'how time has gone by! Get up the anchor, and let us be off.'

But when they pulled outside the reef they found that the weather had changed. It was blowing very hard, though, sheltered as they had been, they had not discovered this. Eagerly they all looked out for the ship, but the *Mariana* was nowhere to be seen! Mr. Westwood stood up in the boat looking all round him, but the prospect was not a pleasing one, the sea was raging furiously in the offing, the white caps rising ominously against the dark sky. Suddenly he sang out, 'There she is! there she is! she is burning a blue-light to guide us!' Eagerly the rowers again buckled to their work, but as they pulled the seas increased, and frequently broke over them; the wind was rising rapidly, and in a short time blew a heavy gale. In vain they looked out again for the ship's light, none could now be seen, while the risk of being swamped if they continued to pull was great. The two mates consulted together, then Mr. Westwood said, 'Lads, there's no help for it, we cannot reach our ship to-night; we must return to the island; and in the morning, if the wind goes down, the captain will stand in to look for us. Come along, let us pull with a will.' Easier said

than done. After two hours' hard labour, all the time in imminent danger of being swamped by the furious sea, it became evident that they could not by any possibility reach the island. It was now very dark. All that they could see ahead was an irregular line of black, but whether rocks or hills rising near the beach they could not tell; but nothing could be plainer than this, that if they ventured nearer shore, where the surf was beating furiously, they would be dashed to pieces in a moment. 'Lads,' said Mr. Westwood, in as cheery a tone as he could assume, 'we cannot reach our ship, and to press forward to the island would be destruction; let us drive before the gale. We have no other chance. But . . . God is over all.' The solemnity with which the second mate said these words showed very clearly his estimate of the danger. And certainly the situation was one to appal the stoutest heart among them —to spend the night in an open boat, without food or fire, in a drenching rain and furious wind. Could their frail little craft by any possibility hold out till the morning?

The night was very dark and the sea still rising. Now the water broke over the starboard, now over the port bow, nearly swamping the boat, two men being employed by turns to bale her out. Hour after hour went slowly by. Still, the night did come to an end at last, but there were no signs of the gale abating. As soon as the sun rose they looked eagerly around them, but nothing broke the uniform line of the horizon except the foam-tossed seas, which rose up tumultuously around them. They had eaten nothing, of course, all through the night, for they had nothing to eat, and the fatigue and exhaustion were hard to bear. If they could only get back to the island! but to attempt landing in such a gale would be sheer madness. And thus the day wore on, one of the seamen, a troublesome fellow named Price, declaring bitterly that if he did not get food he would die. The second night was, if possible, worse than the first; all were feeling the pangs of hunger acutely, but their hunger was nothing compared to the agonies of thirst. Johnny felt as though he could not endure it much longer, though as he listened to the selfish complaints of Price, the seaman, he felt how shameful a thing it is to be thoroughly occupied with one's own misery when other human beings close beside us are suffering the same distress. By a mighty effort, therefore, he braced himself up, putting on a cheerfulness which he could scarcely feel, and, turning to the desponding sailor, spoke so cheerily to him, and heartened him up so, that the man ceased his grumbling and again began to the work of baling the boat.

'Bravo, Johnny!' said Bill Carter, with a smile; 'you are a true sailor.'

'He does very well indeed,' said Mr. Westwood; and as the second mate was always very reticent, Johnny felt that these few words from him were praise indeed. The unfortunate boat's crew were just preparing for a third night of misery, and surely it would be their last! Death must release them from their anguish before many more hours had flitted by. The gale, no doubt, had greatly moderated, but, alas! too late to save their lives—they had no strength left to pull back to the island; and as for the *Mariana*, she had either been blown out of her course altogether, or —who could tell?—she might have foundered in the gale, and might be now at the bottom of the sea. Two fo the men were by this time lying senseless in the bottom of the boat, while poor Johnny was partly delirious and so persistently dreaming of home that he wanted to step out of the boat to reach it. Indeed, had it not been for Bill Carter's watchful care, that third night would have been Johnny's last in this troublesome world. But Bill looked well after his friend, bathed his forehead with sea-water, and kept his arm tightly round him, lest in his half conscious condition he should really pitch himself overboard. Just at this terrible crisis of their condition, Mr. Westwood suddenly exclaimed, 'A sail! a sail! she is standing this way!' Immediately every man who was at all able struggled to his feet, gazing with haggard eyes towards the north, where, sure enough, they saw a large vessel, apparently steering directly towards them.

Oh, blessed sight to poor starving castaway men! How eagerly did they watch the stranger, waving their caps, and uttering feeble cries for help, which, of course, none could hear, save the sea-birds which wheeled around them! Oh, surely this heaven-sent vessel will not pass them by, as so often happens at sea! But, no, God is very good to them; she is bearing straight towards them, and as she draws quite near, Mr. Westwood stares fixedly at the ship, then rubs his eyes and stares again, harder than ever. 'Carter,' he says, in a husky voice, 'did you ever see that ship before? Do you see the white patch on her foresail? the *Mariana* had just such a patch as that!'

'What,' cried Bill, excitedly, 'do you mean to say that she is the *Mariana*, our own ship? Hip, hip, hurrah! Johnny, rouse up! rouse up, man! here we are, home at last!' And poor Johnny opened his languid eyes just as he was drawn on deck, to see Captain Ramsay bending over him with anxious looks; then once more relapsing into unconsciousness, he was carried to his bunk and laid in the blankets.

'Thank God,' said Bill Carter, reverently, 'our troubles are all over now!' Alas, poor Bill! what if your sorrows are only beginning!

This perilous boat adventure being now a thing of the past was speedily forgotten, but the want of fresh meat had not yet been supplied; therefore, three days after the *Mariana* had picked up her castaway seamen, she was once more hove to off three small islands surrounded by a coral reef, a boat was lowered, and several men were sent ashore to catch turtle. The weather was now bright and sunny, the glass stood high, and the expedition was, therefore, a safe one, the men waiting about till evening, at which time these unwieldy reptiles come on shore in order to deposit their eggs in the sand. As darkness approached a large turtle was seen to land and move its head timidly around; it then crawled slowly up the beach, the men whispering to each other that she was as big as a boat—and she certainly was an enormous creature. Then another and another came ashore, till the bay seemed literally alive with turtle, all bent on the same errand, to secure a safe refuge for their eggs, which they cover up and leave to be hatched by the heat of the sun.

Presently no less than thirty turtle had come

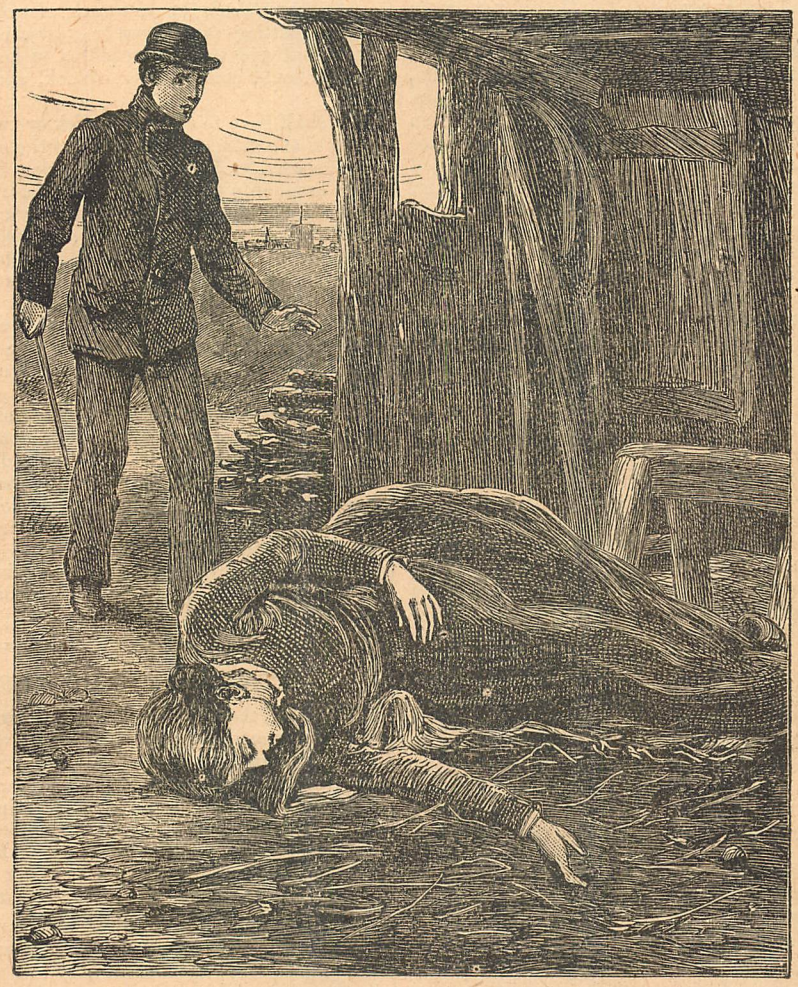
Watching for Turtles.

ashore. 'Now is your time,' whispered Bill to the men. (Johnny was not present, being still too weak after his experiences on the last expedition.) The men having received this signal from the third mate rushed out of their hiding-places, armed as they were with hand-spikes, and got between the turtles and the sea, turning them over on their backs, where they lay feebly kicking their legs about and perfectly helpless. As soon as they had secured as many as they could possibly carry away, they threw themselves down to rest, made a fire, and boiled some coffee, after which they turned over the boat and slept under it, the captain having desired them not to risk returning to the ship during the darkness. Next morning bright and early the men were all scattered over the beach, digging for eggs, when an enormous quantity were discovered and carried away, along with a boat-load of turtle. Altogether the

day's labour supplied the *Mariana* with fresh meat for a long time to come.

Just at this time Captain Ramsay and his first mate, on taking a survey of matters on board their ship, resolved to be content with the cargo already obtained, and to head the *Mariana* once more towards the Cape on her homeward way. And they might well be satisfied with the spoils obtained from the ocean; the oil and spermaceti of twenty-one whales was safely stowed away in the hold, and though they had room for still more it did not seem to be desirable to remain longer at sea. The cruise had already occupied three years, the owners of the *Mariana* would now be daily on the outlook for them, while many extensive repairs were urgently required before the ship could be considered in a satisfactory condition for the heavy work of whaling. This resolution was accordingly announced to the crew, most of whom received the intelligence with the utmost satisfaction, and began to look forward with eager anticipation to the joys of a 'spell at home.' But a heavy cloud was overhanging the *Mariana*, unforeseen by her able commander. The good ship which had been the home of over sixty men for so long a time as three years, was never more to sail in Scottish waters, nor were the greater number of these men ever to realise the joys of home which they so eagerly anticipated. But ere we relate the melancholy doom which befel the *Mariana* it is necessary to go back a little in order that our story may be fully understood.

(*Continued at page* 162.)



John Moss finding his Mother on the Floor.

HOW JOHN MOSS HELPED HIS MOTHER.

THE funeral was over, and the house was put to rights. John and his mother had gone through the form of supper; the table was cleared, and the lamp was lighted and set on it in the usual place.

And now that there was nothing to be done but to sit and think the grief came back afresh, and they wept together. John was nearly seventeen. He was henceforth his mother's protector. He felt as if he had made a sudden stride into manhood. 'There, mother! don't cry any more! Poor, dear little mother!' said he, drawing his chair beside hers.

Kind-hearted John Moss! He truly meant it. He fully intended to devote himself to make his mother happy and comfortable. Unstable, thoughtless John Moss! He did not know himself. He did not dream that he could be selfish enough to forget his mother's need for his own pleasures. He brought his first wages, and they went to buy materials for a new suit for him, which she worked far into the night to make up. The second month he wanted a gun. He had been promised one by his father, and now he knew a chance to buy one for 'only twelve shillings.' He wearied his mother with arguments till she consented. Her face had grown paler already from constant sitting at her needlework; and twelve shillings was all she earned by a whole week of steady, hard work. But John did not think of that. She rose early every Monday morning to do the washing for herself and John. She was a delicate little woman, and washing was hard work for her. Biddy M'Guire would do it for weeks for twelve shillings, as she had always done when John's father was alive. But John did not think of that.

'Perhaps I can shoot a rabbit for our dinner now and then,' said he.

She did say then, 'Twelve shillings would buy meat for a good many dinners, John.'

But he bought the gun; and she smiled patiently at his delight over it, as mothers will, and sewed a little longer every night that month.

The next month John had lost his pocket-knife, and must have another, and ammunition and a new book left but a trifle for his mother. That month she sewed a stitch in her side. The next month was December, and wood must be bought, and other expenses pressed hard; and John's wages were needed, and she took them reluctantly, feeling that he had yielded them but half willingly. When the wood-pile was in the yard, however, the sight of it, and the knowledge that he had paid for it, made him quite pleased with himself.

'I am going to saw it all up as soon as I can get it housed, so it will be out of the way of the snow-storms,' said he. 'I do help you a bit—don't I, mother? What a big pile it is! I did want those skates at Brigham's, though.'

His mother smiled and sighed, pressed her hand on the aching spot in her side, and then made her needle fly fast as ever.

'Don't you think I can have the skates next month? This wood will last a good while. Will there be anything else to buy?'

His mother thought of the shoes she needed even now, of the nearly empty flour-barrel, of approaching taxes, and the many, many stitches that must be set to meet these demands, and others that were continually arising, and she replied,—

'I don't know. I fear we shall need all we can earn through the winter. Boots are of more consequence than skates, and yours will soon be worn out.'

'Oh, these will last ever so long!' said John, giving the chair a thump with his best boot, that made his mother start. She had grown weak and nervous lately. 'I think I won't begin to saw the wood to-night. There's enough for to-morrow in the shed now, and I'm tired.'

To-morrow came—cold, snowy, and blustering. John was obliged to be off early, but he promised to come straight home and attack the wood-pile. How could he forget?

At four o'clock the last stick of wood was burned, and the sitting-room began to grow chilly. Mrs. Moss went out and scraped up chips to keep the fire till John should come. Five o'clock, and still he came not.

'I shall have to saw off a stick or two to last till he comes,' she said, and went out to the shed.

The wind buffeted her. The snow flew in her face, and crept into the holes in her shoes; but she persevered, and dragged one of the heavy sticks into the shed. Slowly and laboriously she pushed the saw up and down till the stick was off. Then she stopped to breathe, and pressed her hand on her side. But one stick would not keep the fire; so she went to work again—up and down, weakly and wearily, till suddenly the dreadful stitch in her side that hurt her seemed to break, and she fell down, the blood flowing from her mouth.

John found her there a little later, chilled, fainting, half dead. The doctor did all he could; the neighbours watched, and nursed, and helped. John was all attention, all tenderness and self-sacrifice now; but there was no help for the poor little mother. She died, blessing him, calling him her dear, kind boy, and praying for his welfare.

John has had twenty-seven years since in which to remember, with regret and self-reproach, how little he helped his mother.

SCRAPS OF KNOWLEDGE.

BEFORE the introduction of printing made books numerous and cheap, copies of the Bible were few in number. In the earliest times they were written on vellum or papyrus, and were generally of large size. One of the oldest manuscript copies of the New Testament may be seen at the British Museum. It was probably written about the middle of the fifth century, and was presented to King Charles I. by Cyril Lucaris, patriarch of Constantinople.

IDEAS about beauty differ very much in various countries, and at various times. The ancient Romans thought a low forehead necessary to good looks. The teeth are dyed black by some nations, whilst others prefer to file off the front ones. An aquiline nose was greatly honoured by the ancient Persians, but other races have preferred a nose broken in infancy. Several races are of opinion that the nose was intended to be pierced by a ring, and many more weigh down the ears with ornaments more or less heavy. A Chinese lady will undergo great torture in order that she may have feet too small to support her body. Many English maidens suffer much pain from tight lacing, with the result that their waists are too small to let Nature do her part properly.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES NOS. 26 TO 30.

26.

(1.) Napier.	(7.) Condé.	(13.) Lannes.
(2.) Amherst.	(8.) Ireton.	(14.) Hannibal.
(3.) Bayard.	(9.) Baird.	(15.) Bourbon.
(4.) Fayette.	(10.) Cato.	(16.) Pompey.
(5.) Gates.	(11.) Saxe.	(17.) Ney.
(6.) Hoche.	(12.) Vere.	(18.) Tilly.

27. (1.) Kilpipe, Drymen, and Waterperry.
(2.) Morebottle, Hartburn, and Wrangle.
(3.) Summerhouse, Hutton-in-the-hay.
(4.) Chimney and Tongs.
(5.) Uphill and Down.
(6.) Sheepwash, Ewes, Wool, Stock, Ramshorn, Swineshead, Sow, Fallowfield, Wheatacre, Barley, Rye, Harrow, Hay, Thornsett, Privet, Uplowman.
(7.) Woodside, Boarhunt, Seal, Badger, Liphook, Angle, Badshot, Shotover, Horn, and Hound.
(8.) Coaley, Iron Acton, Hammersmith.
(9.) Trowel, Limehouse, Sandy, Reed, Brickhill.
(10.) Wood, Deal, Ebony, Whetstone, Floore, Barrow.
(11.) Bold, Warboys, Powder, Battle, Wingate, Knockando, Kilmany, Kilmore, Morebattle, Slaughter.
(12.) Humbleyard, Thatchem, Poorstock, Turnditch.
(13.) Inkpen, Penmark, Rod, Blackrod, Whippingham, Yell, Stickathrow, Wantage.
(14.) Knocklong.
(15.) Dollar and Miserden.
(16.) Goring.
(17.) Wasperton and St. Bees.
(18.) Idle and Dull, Sleep and Snoring.
(19.) Sale, Chart, Brigg, Cargo, Bulk.
(20.) Rockland, Windrush, Churchdown.

28. Cur.—Cure. Curl. Curfew. Curate. Curd. Curt. Curb.

29. We.—Wee. Weak. Wed. Wet. Well. Weary. West. Weep. Weed. Wen. Wench. Weight. Weapon. West. Week. Wear.

30.—Canter—bury.

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31. A well-known and very true proverb is contained in these stars. You will observe it has twenty-five letters. Two letters are given twice over in the lowest line to assist the sorely puzzled wise heads.

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O O K * * * O I L

Now fill up the top line with the guest whom some superstitious people don't like to have at dinner.

Put in the second line what all like on a winter day.

In the third line set down what a book is called when the sheets on which it is printed are folded into eight leaves a-piece.

In the fourth what a person is who wears a mask at a ball.

In the fifth a part of speech.

In the sixth a delicious wall fruit.

In the seventh what you have who are guessing my riddle.

In the eighth what Dover is.

If you rightly guess these eight, the ninth line will be filled up at a glance.

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32. MY *first* is in a can of 'ale,'
My *second* is in every 'dale,'
My *third's* in 'egg,'
My *fourth* in 'beg,'
And like an earwig in a 'rail'
My *fifth*. My *next* is in the 'mud,'
My *seventh* is found in King 'Ehud,'
My *eighth's* in 'ram,'
My *ninth* in 'Cam;'
My *tenth* in sweet Miss 'Maidenhood,'
My last in neither 'bad' nor 'good.'

Now for my *whole*. Conceive a crowded room,
Lit up with candles to expel the gloom—
A stage, on which our dazzled eyes we fix,
A clever man who shows diverting tricks—
And you will have a very curious skill,
That has been used for ends both good and ill.

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33. I'M more than one thing, that is very certain;
Sometimes I'm chafed at by the rising tide,
Then I'm a cosy room behind a curtain,
And then a place where criminals are tried;
Then, on an oaken door, or garden gate,
Planted, I give intruding rogues checkmate.

Such am I—add but *d* to my short name,
Then starts a poet up, his eyes aflame;
Or, if a simple *e* to me you add,
I'm what you'd be if you'd lost all you had.
Give me but *k*, and I will cross the sea,
Or *n*, and I a place of store will be;
With *m* I help the brewer of the beer,
I pick up *on*, and find myself a peer.
Would you know more? With *ter* I sell and buy,
With *ge* I carry coals; then who am I?

[*Answers at page* 183.]

A JEWISH RETORT.

IN an old Hebrew collection of jests it is related that an Athenian, whilst passing along a street in Jerusalem, found an old iron pot which had a hole in it. Picking it up he went over to a tailor, whom he saw busily at work in his shop, and showing him the pot, said, 'Good master, will you put a patch on this article for me?'

The tailor paused in his work and looked at the damaged piece of ironmongery; then bending down he lifted a handful of sand, and holding it out to the Athenian, replied, 'Certainly, sir; if you will be good enough to twist me some thread out of this material!' A. R.

A Jew's Retort.

How Pussy astonished the Monkey.

HOW PUSSY ASTONISHED THE MONKEY.

CATS are very timid creatures, and monkeys, though not very courageous, are extremely mischievous, and seem to take a delight in teasing other animals, if they can do so with impunity.

I knew of a cat that lived in a house where a monkey was kept as a pet, and though she was larger than the monkey and could have demolished him with her sharp teeth and claws, she lived in constant terror of him. He was always watching for an opportunity to pounce on her as she passed up the garden, and she would scamper for her life to get out of his reach. But one day, as poor pussy was quietly dozing on the window-sill, her nimble tormentor caught sight of her, and sprang with one bound on to the sill; but just as he was stretching out his little hand to make a clutch at her fur, pussy started up. There was no retreat, for she was in the corner of the sill, so rearing herself up like a kangaroo, she dealt Jocko such a box on the ear with her sharp claws, that, clapping his hand to the side of his head, he stared at her with open mouth, and pussy, dropping down into the garden, made good her escape before he had time to recover from his astonishment.

A. R.

ABOUT ANTS.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK has added a great deal to our knowledge of these insects by many curious experiments. He found that, although they may not be deaf to sounds made by themselves, the loudest noises made by him did not affect them. He tried to see how a single ant would behave if shouted or screamed at. It did not mind this in the least, and was equally insensible to the sounds of the violin, a penny whistle, and a shrill dog-whistle. But they were more sensitive to smell. A camel's-hair brush, dipped in any strong-smelling liquid, and held just above them, caused the ants to hurry on their way, or even to turn back again.

It would seem that ants, although of a very blood-thirsty disposition towards their enemies, do not show any care for companions who may be in trouble. Sir John Lubbock was watching some ants feeding on honey when one got entangled in it. The rest did not try to help the prisoner, and so it was smothered in the honey. If two or three were buried in sight of their companions, the rest walked over their grave, without any effort to release them.

When some ants were put in a small bottle with the mouth closed with thin muslin, the others from the nest close by did not try to set them free. But no sooner were some from another nest placed near them in a similar bottle, than they began biting at the muslin to get at their enemies. One of the strangers happened to put out a leg and it was soon seized. After some time a hole was made in the muslin, and all the strangers were killed.

THE STORY OF JOHNNY BERTRAM.

(*Continued from page* 157.)

IT will be remembered that not very long after the ship had fully entered upon her whaling work, she had put in at Port Louis in Mauritius for repairs. Here Captain Ramsay had taken in several casks of new rum, not intended for consumption on the voyage, but as part of his cargo; indeed, this spirit in its present condition was quite unfit for use, being immensely strong, indeed about thirty per cent over proof.

As soon as this spirit had been brought on board and stowed away in the hold it became a bone of contention among the seamen and a cause of some anxiety to the captain himself, who heartily wished he had never meddled with it at all, but contented himself with the more legitimate profits arising from oil and spermaceti. The first trouble had been that in stowing the casks: one of them had been carelessly stove in, the fiery liquid flowing all over the hold, until it finally disappeared in the bilge. The men engaged in storing the rum had, immediately on the accident happening, thrown themselves upon the ground, eagerly lapping up the liquid poison, with the natural result that they became not only intoxicated but actually delirious, fighting with each other and doing so much mischief that two of them had to be put in irons for a couple of days. This disagreeable episode had thrown a gloom over the whole ship, some of the men were surly and almost inclined to be mutinous, while the vessel could never be thoroughly cleared from the powerful smell of the new rum, the atmosphere of the hold especially being charged with the pungent fumes.

Now we can easily imagine that to some men the continual and overpowering smell of drink must be a terrible temptation, and there were some six or eight seamen on board the *Mariana* whose hankering after the forbidden stimulant seemed utterly to demoralise their character, changing them from quiet, orderly men, into mean sneaking fellows, ever on the watch to circumvent their superior officers, so as to appropriate to their own use some of the forbidden spirit.

Among these unruly characters was Price, the man who had been so cowardly during the storm in the long boat; he and another seaman named Scallop would have liked nothing better than to get up a mutiny, take possession of the ship, and drink themselves to death, so regardless of consequences do men become when they allow this passion for strong drink to take possession of them. After a while, however, the unpleasantness among the crew seemed to blow over, they soon got among the first whales of the season, and the healthful stimulus of constant and pretty hard work had a beneficial influence over them, the great casks of rum in the hold being apparently quite forgotten. But there was one man who had never forgotten it and who only waited for a chance to obtain what he so much coveted. This man was Price, and the chance came to him just as Captain Ramsay had told his crew that the *Mariana*, being three parts full, would now be headed for the

Cape, keeping a look-out for other whales all the way.

A week had passed since the vessel's course had been changed, the weather was bright and beautiful and all going well, when one night a man might have been seen creeping cautiously along the deck so as to escape observation. Watching his opportunity he then noiselessly descended the hatchway, carefully feeling his way till he arrived at that portion of the hold where the rum puncheons had been stowed. It was very dark, while the close atmosphere was so overcharged with spirit, that the pungent fumes caused the would-be-thief to cough and sneeze. He struck a light, however, and having ignited a candle he began peering about among the recesses of the hold. But immediately there was a loud report, the gas generated by the new rum had exploded; the miserable man Price lay mutilated and lifeless amid the frightful ruin which he had caused, while in less time than it takes to record the awful fact the hold was a mass of flame, which, shooting up the hatchway, roared like the blast of a furnace, and presently the doomed ship was wrapped in fire from stem to stern.

But we must now return to Dundee, where loving hearts were eagerly anticipating Johnny Bertram's return to his home.

'Maudie, my dear, where are you? Come to me, I have a few words to say to you.' And Maudie Bertram, now a tall fair girl of nearly sixteen years, rose from her seat by the fire on hearing her father speak, and gently approached his bed; for alas! Mr. Bertram was a confirmed invalid, a stroke of paralysis about six months before having laid him low.

'Yes, father?' replied the girl. 'I have been beside you all the evening; I thought you were asleep. Can I do anything for you, father?'

Mr. Bertram with trembling hands drew a folded paper from underneath his pillow. 'Read the address of that letter, my dear,' he said, and Maudie read as follows:—

'Miss Harcourt,
'*Burnbank Terrace*,
'*Cheltenham*.'

She looked at her father in some surprise. 'Who is Miss Harcourt?' she asked. 'I never heard the name before. Do you wish me to post the letter, father?'

'Yes, my dear, I do; but first I must tell you something that will surprise you not a little. Miss Harcourt is your aunt, your own mother's sister. Her home has been in Cheltenham all these years, ever since I married your mother.'

'But—how—why—have we never heard of her, father? You never told us we had an aunt! Is she—pleasant?'

Here Maudie paused with an instinctive feeling that changes, and perhaps unpleasant ones, were at hand.

'Maudie, sit down,' said her father, 'and I will tell you a little of the past. There was a quarrel, child, twenty years ago, before Johnny was born—a family quarrel, the saddest kind of all; but the fault did not lie with your dear mother nor with your aunt either. The fault was all mine, Maudie; I acknowledge it with sorrow, for I was a hard, stern man always.'

'Not now, father,' interposed Maudie, softly.

'Well, dear, if my nature is less hard now, it is God's mercy that has changed it a little; but never forget what I say, Maudie, the quarrel was altogether my fault. And now that I am weak and helpless I have been thinking a great deal about the past, and about the future, too; if I should die, my dear (and we must look this composedly in the face), if I should die, it would be a great satisfaction to me to know that your aunt was with you, taking care of you and Mary. I wrote to her, Maudie, a fortnight ago, and she replied immediately, eager to be reconciled, as I was sure she would be. And now, my dear, in this letter which I hold in my hand I am inviting her to come, not on a visit, Maudie, but to make her home with us in future. Shall I post the letter, Maudie? it greatly depends on you.'

Maudie hesitated a little. Many girls in her position—the eldest daughter in the home and motherless—look with small favour upon the prospect of any lady inmate being added to the household, whether it be a stepmother, an aunt, or a governess, greatly fearing to be deposed from their exalted position as the lady of the mansion, their father's helper and companion. We will not say that Maudie was entirely free from such a feeling, but it did not weigh nearly so much with her as with other girls. She had already been at the head of domestic affairs for some time, and was beginning to feel it a little too much for her unaided strength, especially now, when her father required such close and constant attention. No, Maudie had lost all jealousy on this account, and would gladly surrender the keys of office; but a stranger aunt, an unmarried lady, or, as Maudie put it in her secret heart, an old maid, peevish, perhaps, and exacting—old, of course, and possibly ugly—oh, it did not seem inviting! but still, her father evidently wished it, and Maudie was really an amiable girl. She cleared her brow as quickly as possible. 'Yes, father dear, let it be posted,' she said; 'we will all try to be pleasant to her. Is she—very old, father?'

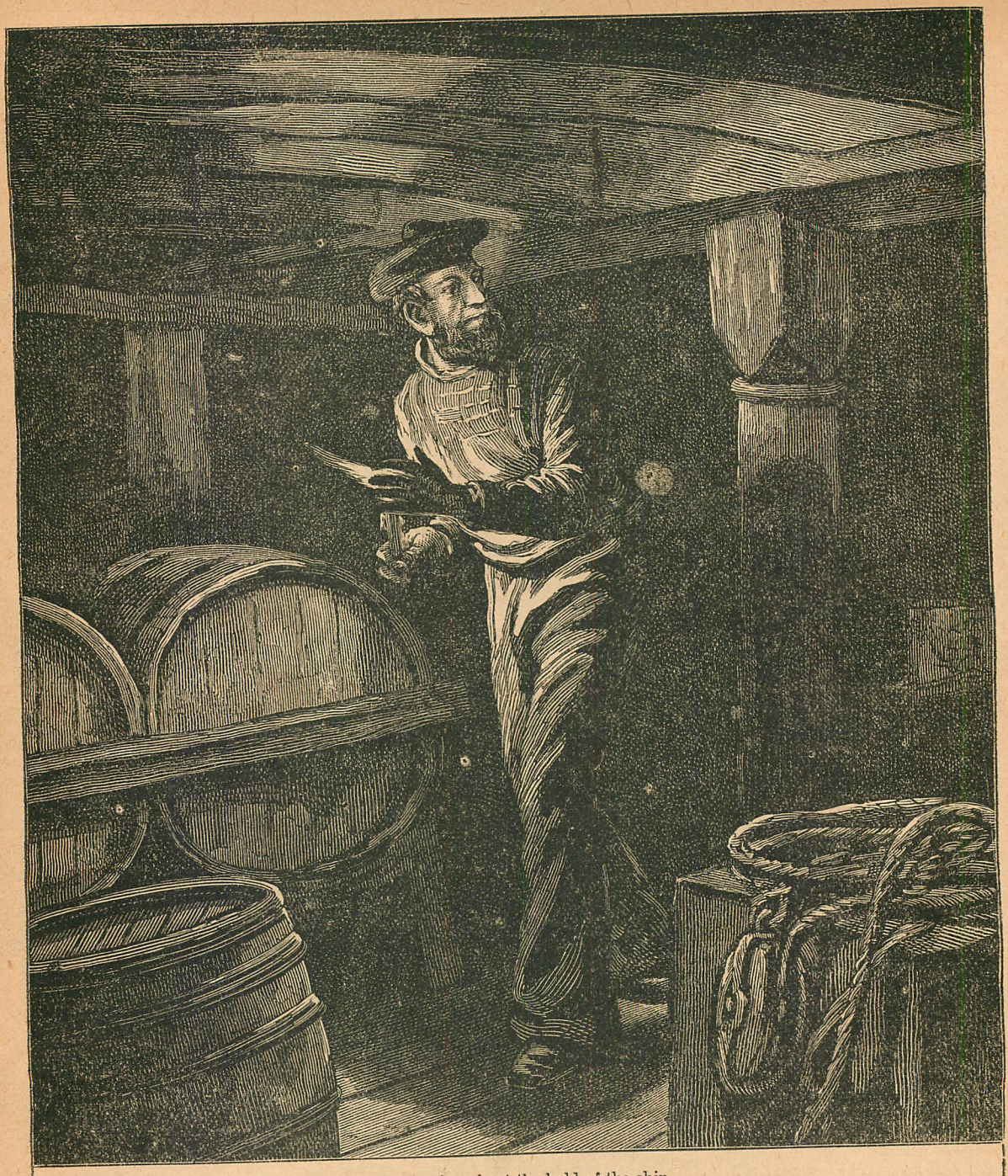
'No, my dear, not very old, and if she is like what she was as a girl, she will be very lovable; but I am very, very thankful that you are agreeable about this, Maudie; it greatly relieves my mind, and I have many anxieties just now. How long has Johnny been away? I was trying to count back a little while ago, but my mind is not so clear as it was. Is it three years past next summer, Maudie?'

'It is more than three years already, father, and every one says the *Mariana* will soon be home. Oh, how delightful it will be to see our dear darling boy once more!'

'Who is the "every one," Maudie? Who did you hear talking about it, my dear?'

'Well, it was the postman, father; he says it is the town-talk that she may be expected any day, as she was only arranged for a three-years' cruise. Dear father, I think it will make you well again to see Johnny once more!'

'It would indeed be a great pleasure,' replied Mr. Bertram. 'I think I will write to the owners to-morrow and learn if they have any news of the ship.'



Price peering about the hold of the ship.

But the owners had no tidings to give. They had written themselves to their agent at the Cape of Good Hope, but as yet no reply was forthcoming. They believed, however, that there was no cause for anxiety. Captain Ramsay was an able commander and the *Mariana* a well-found ship. Mr. Bertram might keep his mind quite easy about his son. And so the days wore on.

Miss Harcourt duly arrived, and soon was on happy terms with all the household. Spring gave place to glowing summer; Tom Briggs came back from Edinburgh, a fully fledged young medico; poor Mr. Bertram, though very patient, was gradually becoming weaker in body, though quite clear in mind; yet Johnny Bertram had never arrived—there was no news of the ship.

(*Continued at page* 170.)

The Wagtail.

THE WAGTAIL.

THERE was a workshop full of sound,
Where hammers went all day ding-dong,
Where monster wheels flew round and round,
To snatches of the workman's song.

Here, close beside a turner's wheel,
In this grim temple of unrest,
Mid clang of brass and clash of steel,
A little wagtail built her nest.

Her cunning eye, how well it knew
The face of every Vulcan there!
The bird divined with instinct true,
Her brood was sacred in their care.

It mattered not what noise they made,
Their gestures, laughter, jokes, and play,
She kept her nest, no whit afraid—
'These are my friends,' she seemed to say.

But came there some one to the shop
Whose features were to her unknown;
The timid wagtail would not stop,
Ere he had entered she was flown.

Her mate, less trustful than his bride,
Misliked the workshop and its din;
He often sought the roof outside,
But never would he venture in.

He wagged his tail and caught her flies
Upon the villa's well-kept lawn,
And, with affection's beaming eyes,
He fed her gaily night and morn.

And oft as she her supper ate
Upon the grimy workshop tiles,
She smiled upon her loving mate,
Who well repaid her with his smiles.

But when she said, with roguish leer,
'Come and see how our darlings are,'
He answered, '*'Tis* not safe, my dear,
To trust those noisy men so far!' G. S. O.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

34.

You must fill up these asterisks, my little men,
If you fail at the first, well then, try, try, again;
In the *top* line an officer comes to our view,
Or the staff in his hand, painted yellow and blue;
In my *second* an isle near to Scotland you find
With a famous old church, ruined time out of mind;
The bell does my *third* when the spirit has flown,
My *fourth* is a wild beast you'd best leave alone;
My *fifth* makes the needle do just what it's bid.
My *sixth* is the place where the former is hid;
My *seventh* is what very good dancers can stand on;
My *eighth* is a science you must not abandon;
My *ninth* is a thing with four legs and a tail;
Aim true at my *tenth*, and you'll hit without fail;
My *next* is what all of us once were, I'm sure;
My *last* is a gem, very precious if pure.

Who downward reads the letters first of these,
He idle talk and empty prattle sees;
Who reads the *last*, and reads them as the *first*,
Finds that to be which makes a man accurst.

35. I AM an evil thing, impure, untrue,
But if to me you add what sounds like you,
I bring much strength. If only *g* you add
I am what, well done, makes a hearer glad;
And if an *e* you tack on after *g*,
Why, then, I scorch, so much it alters me.

With *g* I sweetly sound, with *e* I'm dumb,
A geometric line I then become;
Gle makes me lonesome, widower or unwed,
K sends me down just like a lump of lead,
With *c e* joined on I go into the past,
And with an added *r e* I honest am at last.

[*Answers at page* 183.]

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

No. X.

THE DEATH OF MIRABEAU.

AS long as Mirabeau lived the King had a friend on whom he could depend. It pleased God, however, to remove this great man when he seemed to be of the utmost use to the French Monarchy. When he saw men were going too far and too fast in the direction of changing all the old order, he became a check on their wheels; and he was so mighty in deed and word, that it may be truly said he upheld for some time with his one hand the tottering throne.

But he did it at the expense of his strength, and he died, worn out by his immense exertions. No one, who had not lived with him and seen him at work, could imagine what Mirabeau was able to do in a day. Some one once said to him such and such things were impossible; when he started up and exclaimed, 'Never speak that brute of a word to me any more.'

We cannot now follow every step of this great Frenchman, nor understand all he meant to do and would have done had his life been spared. We do know, however, that he was most anxious to remove Louis from the Tuileries.

One night he met the Queen in the garden of St. Cloud, and talked over this important matter. She was far more resolute than her royal husband. She was a daughter of the famous Theresa of Austria, and had inherited some of her lofty qualities. In fact, as Mirabeau said of her, 'She is the only man his Majesty has about him.' Louis lacked decision—he never could make up his mind; and he dreaded above all things a civil war. But no civil war could have been so terrible as the French Revolution

proved to be. Had the King left Paris, as Mirabeau advised, and flung abroad his banner, and rallied his loyal subjects, and put down, as he might have done, the lawless spirit that was abroad, and had he then resolved to rule his people in righteousness, by the advice of the wisest men in France, his reign might have been a glorious one, instead of a disastrous one, and, when he died, the criers might have gone about the saddened streets, sounding their bells, and saying, 'Le bon roi Louis, père du peuple, est mort.' But it was not in Louis to take this decided step in time. He waited and waited, and then ran away in a clumsy fashion, and, after being stopped at Varennes, he was brought back to Paris in disgrace.

The health of Mirabeau had been much impaired by the excessive labours he underwent in managing the affairs of the nation during those most stormy times. The month of March in the year 1791 had arrived. Matters were getting worse instead of better. Duels were being daily fought between the members of the French parliament, and deadly anger glowed between those who loved the King and those who loved him not. One such duel we will notice, as it shows how the people sided with their champions. A man named Lameth was a prominent people's leader. He fought the Duke de Castries with swords. As Lameth was making a lunge at the Duke's body, his own sword arm ran against the point of the Duke's sword, and was frightfully ripped open. The duel was over, and the people's friend was nearly dead. As the fight ended, so the people attacked the Duke's house, and flung all his furniture, pictures, and valuables into the street. But not a single thing was stolen; for this order went about: 'The man who steals even a nail shall be hanged.'

But to return to the dying Mirabeau. In the month of March, 1791, his strength was evidently giving way. As far back as the January before, he was obliged, when he came to the Assembly, to wear linen cloths about his neck; and, after the morning debate was over, to apply leeches to his head. He said one day to a friend about this time, 'I am dying. I feel as if I were being burnt up by a slow fire. When I am gone, they will know how much I was worth.'

Things went on thus until the end of March; when the great senator got worse. On the 27th of that month, as he was on his way to the Assembly, he was forced to rest at a friend's house, lying for some time on a sofa in a half-conscious state. When he had recovered, he went to the debate, and spoke no less than five times with all his old fiery energy. He then left the tribune (that is, the speaker's pulpit), and never was seen in it any more. It was Mirabeau's last effort to do what good he could for his distracted country.

Though his popularity had been waning, because he opposed the wild schemes of such ignorant quacks as Robespierre, yet, when he was laid in the last days of March on his death-bed, there was hardly a man in Paris who did not feel that his end was a lamentable event. The meanest men in the city jostled against the highest at the door-step, to ask how Mirabeau was. The people of their own free will blocked the street, and allowed no carriage to rattle by and so disturb the sufferer; and every three hours an account of his health was given by the doctors, copied out, printed on hand-bills, and circulated all over Paris.

The second day of April came. It was a Saturday, and the dying man felt sure that he should not live to see the sun rise any more. 'I wish,' said he to some one who was supporting his head in his last struggle, 'I wish I could leave it to you.' After the power of speech had left him, he motioned for a pen and paper, and wrote the word 'Opium.' The doctor said 'No.' Mirabeau wrote next the word 'Dormir,' and pointed to it. At half-past eight in the morning the end came, and the greatest of Frenchmen had left his country bereft of his wisdom.

A great gloom and a strange silence fell upon the gay and busy city. Every theatre was closed while Mirabeau lay unburied. And wherever the people heard the sounds of music and singing they knocked loudly at the door, and insisted on the party being broken up at once.

In every street during the next few days you might see men here and there, standing and proclaiming with loud voices and sorrowful faces the virtues and services of the dead statesman. The public funeral, which took place on Monday, the fourth of April, was one of the most wonderful ever seen. The procession itself was three miles in length. It was five o'clock on a sunny April afternoon when Mirabeau was thus carried to his long home, through crowds estimated by the hundred thousand. National Guards in double file lined the route; and the deep silence was every now and then broken by the rolling of drums. At the church of St. Eustache the procession halted to hear a funeral oration, and when the speaker had finished the National Guards discharged their muskets in the church, and the vibration caused portions of the roof to fall. It was almost midnight before the great burial was done, and Mirabeau was left sleeping among the worthies of France in the church of St. Geneviève.

It is painful to think how the Paris mob afterwards took up his remains and cast them out in dishonour. This was done by the people in July, 1793, when they buried their apostle Marat where Mirabeau had been laid. Mirabeau did not please the men who adored Marat. Mirabeau was by birth a noble, and, though a great reformer of abuses, and a remodeller of the rotten old constitution, he was one who tried to set up the ancient Monarchy on a new and firmer basis, and for this he was hated by the more violent party. And when, as we shall see, the iron chest which the King and the blacksmith made in the Tuileries was discovered, and its papers examined, Mirabeau's share in the attempts to get the King removed from Paris was found out; and his bust in the hall of the Jacobins' Club was shivered to atoms by a man who mounted a ladder and hurled it to the ground.

So died, so was buried, Gabriel Honoré Mirabeau; a most illustrious man, who crushed the old nobility, as a privileged class, with one hand, while he kept down the madness of the people with the other. He was always a favourite with women; and even the rough fishwives would mount the gallery steps and listen with delight to his speeches; and he was called by them always 'Our little mother Mirabeau.'

The Death of Mirabeau.

Watching the Doomed Ship.

THE STORY OF JOHNNY BERTRAM.

(*Continued from page* 164.)

AT length, however, all suspense came to an end. The Cape agent wrote a hurried line to say that the *Mariana* had been lost at sea, totally destroyed by fire. All hands had safely left the ship, the weather being propitious. The seven boats had held well together for three days, then had become separated. The long-boat, containing the captain, third officer, and fourteen or fifteen of the crew, had arrived at the Cape. Log-book saved, proving the amount of oil on board, by which the owners could recover the insurance. Fate of the other boats not as yet known.

It is impossible to give any idea of the crushing effect of this letter upon the townsfolk of Dundee. It must be remembered that many of the crew belonged to the port, and had wives and children all interested in their fate. The captain and third mate, however, were Aberdeen men, to which city also many others of the crew belonged, and where the excitement and sorrow caused by the untoward fate of the *Mariana* was fully as keenly felt.

But we are more interested in Johnny Bertram's home than in any of the others, and No. 6, Meadow Gardens, was a house of mourning indeed. The news sent by the Cape agent, though brief and rather obscure, yet seemed clearly enough to point out that poor Johnny must have been in one of the missing boats, the only officers saved in the long-boat being the captain and third mate, while all the others were distinctly described as common seamen. If the poor lad was in any of the other boats what had been his fate? for by this time the fate of all the boats must have been settled long since (letters took a long time to reach their destination in those days). Had he and his poor companions been wrecked in a storm and engulphed in the ocean? Had they perished from hunger, or, worse still, from raging thirst? Had they been cast upon some lonely island of the sea, to linger hopelessly, perhaps, for months, and then perish miserably? Who could tell? They might never even have the satisfaction of knowing the truth. Only the fact seemed to be certain that Johnny had perished.

In this terrible crisis at No. 6 Meadow Gardens, Miss Harcourt proved a true help and comforter, assuring poor Mr. Bertram that he had not done wrong in allowing his boy to go to sea, as in the weakness and bewilderment of disease he seemed to imagine. It had been Johnny's own wish to go, and he had been sent with every possible advantage, and under a careful and able commander.

'Besides,' added Miss Harcourt, after a little hesitation, 'to my mind you take too gloomy a view of things. It does not seem to me conclusively settled that the boy was not in the long-boat; being neither an officer nor one of the crew, he may have been present but not mentioned at all. Besides, the number of the crew was not even accurately known. The letter said fourteen *or* fifteen, and no names were given. For my part, I cannot help a strong feeling that your boy, being in the special charge of Captain Ramsay, and having a special regard for the third mate, was very probably in the same boat. Of course, we cannot be sure,' added the lady, hastily, as she saw how eagerly the poor father caught at the mere suggestion of his son's safety. 'But, my friend, let us commit it all to our Father in Heaven, and trust His love whatever may be the issue of this heavy trial!'

Mr. Bertram fell back upon his bed, soothed and quieted, and with more composure than could have been expected awaited further intelligence from the Cape.

Meanwhile, let us return to the unfortunate *Mariana* and her unhappy crew. No sooner had the unfortunate accident happened, which in one moment sealed the fate of the ship, than the whole crew hurried on deck along with the captain, whose experienced eye realised in a moment the extent of the catastrophe, and the utter impossibility of saving his vessel. But to save valuable lives might still be in his power.

'Lower away all boats!' he cried. 'Fill all the water-kegs, my lads. Steady, all hands!'

Then, turning to Bill Carter, who, as we have seen, was a great favourite of his,—

'Now is your time, Carter!' he said. 'Get as much water stowed in the boats as you can, together with biscuits and salt pork. There is no earthly chance for the *Mariana*. But, see, here is the log-book: it must be preserved, whatever goes; also the chronometer and charts.'

The well-organized crew, under the leadership of the officers, worked with extraordinary energy, each man being apparently endued with double strength to meet the fearful emergency. Provisions were hastily collected, firearms, oars, sails, and everything that could be useful on a long and precarious voyage in an open boat were handed into the various boats. But rapidly as they were making their preparations, they soon found that the fire, fed by stores of rum and oil, was rapidly gaining upon them. The flames had now caught the sails, and were roaring and leaping in a frightful manner. The steersman rushed to the wheel, and put the ship before the wind, the boats, with their crews, keeping a few yards astern.

At length, every preparation being made, the crew were told off into the various boats, the captain being the last to leave the deck, already hot beneath his feet.

'Where is young Bertram?' he suddenly cried. 'Carter, see that Bertram goes in the long-boat. And now shove off, shove off; pull a few strokes astern, and get clear of the ship. Farewell to the old *Mariana!*'

It was with inexpressible grief that Captain Ramsay uttered these words, while he stood up in the bow of the long-boat watching the doomed ship, as, forsaken by all her crew, she slowly forged ahead before the gentle breeze, leaving the seven boats behind like tiny specks upon the calm and glimmering ocean. It was a sad sight, yet he could not take his eyes off her, till, just as the sun sank below the

horizon, an immense body of flame shot upwards, followed by a loud report, then burning fragments fell hissing into the sea, and all was still!

It is said that a seaman loves his ship as much as his wife or child; but, without admitting quite so much as this, we may truly believe that a good captain, who has a well-found ship under his control, learns to love it almost as though it were a living creature and a friend of his own. And, besides his natural sorrow for the loss of his vessel, Captain Ramsay was oppressed at this time by many other anxious thoughts. Could he, by any foresight, have averted this frightful calamity? Would the owners of the *Mariana* feel satisfied with his explanations? Would the Insurance Company pay at once, or would they demand an investigation? And what would be his own position in future? Would he get the offer of another ship, or was he henceforth to consider himself a ruined man?

But from these painful thoughts he was quickly aroused by the pressing necessity of taking measures for the safety of his boats and men, for it was a sad moment for the crew. The excitement of the late struggle for life was over, and they now faced the cold reality of their situation. They were six hundred miles from the Cape, and if they ever hoped to reach it they must pull at the oars without ceasing, lest their provisions should fail them ere they were rescued from their forlorn position.

Captain Ramsay addressed a few encouraging words to the assembled crews, warning them against quarrels, enjoining submission to rules, and entreating the whole flotilla to keep well together. The course was given 'west-north-west,' and the men, cheered by the words of their trusty captain, pulled manfully at the oars, little thinking what heartrending scenes some of them would shortly have to go through.

When morning dawned they found that they had gone about forty miles, and if they could only keep it up, it was not impossible that they might reach land before starvation stared them in the face. Their stock of water was considerable, yet when a calculation was made respecting the greatest allowance that could be afforded to each man, it dwindled to an insignificant quantity, while the heavy work of rowing under a burning sun was, of course, provocative of intense thirst. But seamen are proverbially light-hearted, and having done pretty well so far, they resolved to take a cheerful view of the future; and, indeed, for three days everything went wonderfully well with them. The wind, being favourable, had enabled them to carry sail, which greatly lightened their labour, and the sun had not been so distressingly powerful as they had feared; but on the fourth day there came a change. The sky became overcast, and the wind, suddenly chopping round, blew hard against them. All sail was taken in, the men laboured at the oars against the strong head-wind, but made little progress. Fine weather and good fortune seemed to have forsaken them. Terrific seas burst over and around them, so that the boats could scarcely be kept against the roaring surf. Just at this miserable time, the intelligence was conveyed by signal from Mr. Westwood's boat to the long-boat that they had lost two of their crew, who had been washed overboard, while the horrified seamen could plainly distinguish the long, dark brown fin of a shark as the monster first rose to the surface then dived like lightning after his human prey. This untoward accident still further depressed the exhausted men, and when at length a grey streak proclaimed the dawn, and, looking round, the crew of the long-boat could see nothing of their companions in misfortune, despair seemed to seize upon them. They ceased rowing, and would have speedily been swamped had the captain not roused and cheered them by an extra ration of food. And, indeed, it was not a moment for sad reflections; there was too much danger present, the weary men having not only to struggle against the furious wind, but to keep constantly baling whenever a huge sea capped the gunwale and poured over the sides of the long-boat. Once more the morning broke, while the gale had somewhat decreased. Still across the stormy waters nothing was to be seen of the other six boats, and it was with heavy hearts that Captain Ramsay and the remnant of his crew pursued their lonely and toilsome way.

It would make our story far too long were we to narrate all the difficulties and dangers which they had to endure. It is sufficient to say that the time soon came when, in addition to fatigue and exposure, the crew of the long-boat had to endure all the agonies of thirst, aggravated by the use of raw salt pork, with a very insufficient supply of water. Then to the miseries of their position was added the new horror of mutiny, several of the rougher men among them demanding water, with menacing gestures. Water, they declared, they would have, even should they die of thirst to-morrow!

(*Continued at page* 181.)

SHUN THE RED WINE.

Tune — 'The Campbells are Coming.'

OH! shun the red wine, if you're wise, young man,
For it is but a fiend in disguise, young man;
Ever luring to wrong
Both the frail and the strong,
And filling fair earth full of sighs, young man.

Oh! heed not his smirks and his smiles, young man,
For he sports with the hearts he beguiles, young man;
And he laughs at the wrecks,
Be whatever the sex,
That have foundered and sunk through his wiles, young man.

Never dream of his light-hearted toasts, young man,
But think what his merriment costs, young man—
Of the heart-aches and fears,
Of the sad mother's tears—
Oh! then count how poor are his boasts, young man.

Oh! what's his wild mirth and its worth, young man,
When it brings sorrow home to the heart, young man?
Breaking hearts that we love,
And, as silent graves prove,
Spreading ruin and wrong round the hearth, young man.

J. B. Dunn.

AN EVIL-DISPOSED BARREL.

NOW tell me what's the use of things
That won't do what they should?
This barrel is the queerest piece
Of whisky-sodden wood.

I set it up on end, just now,
Atop of Greenwood Hill,
But when I took my hands away
It toppled down, until

It fairly galloped through the street
With me behind, full cry!
But, eugh! I hate to run so fast,
So let it go, say I.

Ah! Joseph Watson, had you been
As sober as you should,
You would have held a firmer grip
Of this old bit of wood. D. B.

A NIGHT OF WATCHING.

WE watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours. T. Hood.

A DANGEROUS AMUSEMENT.

LITTLE children are exposed to many dangers from the carelessness of nursemaids, who often throw the little ones up into the air, delighted with their infant laughter and utterly regardless of the danger of so doing.

On one occasion, a little boy of only one year and a half had been tossed in a garden swing, to his own great delight, and the amusement of those around him. But, alas, for the consequences of this rash proceeding! little Willie was tossed out of the dangerous swing, and falling to the ground, was terribly injured, though not actually killed. Oh, the agony of the poor mother and the indignation of the father, whose wrath was directed against the foolish woman whose heedless conduct had wrought so much ill. A child crippled for life is a sad sight, and to those who have caused such a disaster, the constant recollection of it must cause life-long sorrow and remorse.

M. K.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

36. This is one of Cunninghams's lively ballads, or rather, a portion of one; so arranged as to be somewhat of a puzzler, but, to the painstaking youth, by no means a very stiff one. Our readers will soon master these lines we are convinced. The only remark we have to make is, that the lines are arranged as the poet wrote them, and the words and letters follow each other in due order. The only restriction made is, that he who would try and guess this riddle must not hop, skip, and jump from squares apart, but must soberly step from one square to one of its neighbours, and not by the corner, but through one of the four sides.

A	W	T	A	T	H	A	L	E	A	N	E	A	G	L
T	E	E	N	E	E	H	L	K	A	E	E	R	F	E
S	H	E	D	L	W	S	F	I	W	A	Y	O	U	R
I	R	D	A	A	I	T	I	L	G	L	A	N	D	G
V	I	N	G	G	N	S	L	E	N	H	E	L	O	O
F	T	A	H	T	D	A	L	L	E	T	T	E	N	O
O	L	L	O	W	S	F	O	I	D	N	E	E	T	D
A	E	T	I	H	W	R	U	H	L	O	O	C	H	S
N	D	R	U	S	T	L	I	W	O	D	P	U	E	H
N	A	L	I	A	S	G	N	S	S	N	M	N	L	I
D	A	L	L	A	N	T	M	Y	E	A	A	N	E	P
B	G	D	N	A	T	S	A	O	V	L	H	I	E	F
E	R	B	U	R	G	A	L	B	A	G	G	N	O	L
N	U	E	O	T	N	A	L	Y	E	N	E	D	L	I
D	O	N	D	M	A	S	T	M	L	D	N	A	S	E

37.

My *first*.

From Berwick bounds to Solway,
If you search England round,
You'll find, in every parish,
Me, in my yard of ground;
Yet, search the wide world over
But one of me is found.

My *second*.

When some great monarch wakes me,
I snatch up sword and gun,
Amid the thriving homesteads
I make the red flames run,
And kill my tens of thousands,
Before my rage is done.

My *third*.

A thicket is before me,
A dark roof overhead,
Two glaring eyes inside me,
Two paws dyed deeply red;
Most people don't come near me,
I'm such a place of dread.

My *whole*.

I serve a useful office,
And do the best I can
In every parish meeting,
Where I'm a leading man;
And then I'm smoked at evening.
Beside a foaming can.

[*Answers at page* 183.]

BALLADS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

WAT TYLER; OR, THE SERVILE WAR.

ABOUT five hundred years ago,
And at the time when cowslips blow,
The men of Kent, enraged by wrong,
Rose up in arms—a mighty throng.

It was at Maidstone some one said,
'We'll have Wat Tyler for our head;'
'Ay, ay,' ten thousand lips replied,
'We could not have a better guide.'

Out of his prison came John Ball,
To be a preacher to them all;
John was a priest of evil fame,
Whose words had set the world aflame.

'All men must work,' this preacher said,
'Their equal work for equal bread;
For never was there gentleman
When Adam delved and his Eve span.

Woe then to him who did not *trudge*,
But went on horseback—were he judge,
Bishop, or lord, or merchant, who
Could go and not bemire his shoe.

Woe to the rich who drank the wine,
And ate the meat and manchets fine;
Woe to the great men's homes of state,
Filled with soft raiment, gems, and plate.

Intent on all the preacher spoke,
To lawless deeds the mob awoke,
Weaponed with cudgels, scythes, and flails,
They slew the jailors and sacked the jails.

With drunken shouts and savage joy
They fired the palace of Savoy,
They burned St. John's in Clerkenwell,
Altar and vestment, book and bell.

The rebels then more daring grew,
And bade the Tower its gates undo;
And though twelve hundred manned that place,
They trembled so at Tyler's face,

And feared so much a broken skin,
They let him and his forces in,
Who swarmed across the lowered bridge,
And filled the Tower from base to ridge.

There, half in anger, half in mirth,
They vexed the game they'd run to earth;
They caught and kissed the Princess Joan
(Mother of Richard on the throne).

They dragged Archbishop Simon out
With many a curse and bitter flout;
They had no pity for his prayers,
His sacred rank nor silver hairs.

To death they doomed him that same hour,
Within a bowshot of the Tower:

The doom was doomed, the murder done,
Before all London and the sun.

* * * * *

The King is to the Abbey gone,
To say his early orison;
Before the holy altar there,
Ere now had monarchs bent in prayer,

And found deliverance from their woes.
And he might be as one of those;
Heaven help thee, boyish King, we say,
For thou wilt need it much this day!

When prayer was ended he arose
And sallied out to front his foes,
And many held their breath in pain,
To see him with so small a train

Speed to his mark, for woe or weal,
With face of flint and nerve of steel;
Yet why was Richard made a king,
If not to do a kingly thing?

A king should cheerful risk his life,
To stay the storms of murderous strife,
To pacify rebellious men,
And send them happy home again.

And well that day he paid the debt,
A slight young prince, *not fifteen yet;*
His father's mantle had, in truth,
Fallen upon the royal youth.

No axe he swung, nor mail he wore,
Like his great namesake long before;
But clad in robes of peace he rode
Fresh from the quiet house of God.

'In Smithfield,' it was told the King,
'There is a monster gathering;'
To Smithfield, then, the King will ride
With Lord Mayor Walworth at his side.

At length, before the Abbey gate,*
Richard drew bridle. 'Here I wait;
And from this spot will never ride,
Till these poor serfs are pacified!'

When from his place Wat Tyler saw
The lilies' bloom, the lion's paw,
Cried he, 'The King himself is there,
And now's my time to do and dare!

Move not, my men, I'll go alone,
And beard that youngster on the throne;
Yes, horse to horse, and face to face,
I'll set the truth before his grace.'

'King!' said the Tyler, drawing nigh,
'Seest thou those men?' 'Yea, true, and why
Dost ask me such a simple thing?'
'Because,' said Wat, 'I am their king:

And every man has sworn to-day,
To do my bidding.' Here, they say,
The rebel with his dagger played;
When Walworth, for his king afraid,

Strode up and struck him. Turned he then,
Bleeding and gashed, to join his men;
But reached them not, for, lo, a squire
Smote the fierce Tyler in the mire,

With thrust of death. The rebels cried,
'They've killed our captain and our guide!
Now, men, your arrows to the string,
And shoot him dead, this traitor king!'

That instant did King Richard show
What man may to prompt courage owe;
He saw the bowmen bend their bows,
He saw there was no time to lose;

The fate of king and kingdom hung
Upon his eye, his hand, his tongue;
A thousand bows on him were bent,
A twang, and his frail life was spent,

When, lo, his pluck the danger quelled,
Its boldness never yet excelled;
Into the rebel ranks he sped,
All wrathful they for Tyler dead.

'My men,' he cried, 'what do ye do?
Your chief was false to me and you.
I am your king—come, follow me
To plenty and to liberty!'

The end had come. Some slunk away,
Some thought it wiser to obey,
And in the field were not a few
Who stood, scarce knowing what to do.

The war was done—in that same hour
King Mob was rifled of his power,
And once again his wilful jaws
Felt the strong bridle of the laws. G. S. O.

* The Priory of St. Bartholomew.

A POINTER'S CONTEMPT.

IN proof of the dislike a pointer will show to a bad shot, Mr. Jesse tells the following anecdote, given on reliable authority. A gentleman, on his requesting the loan of a pointer dog from a friend, was informed by him that the dog would behave very well so long as he could kill his birds; but if he frequently missed fire, it would run home and leave him. The dog was sent, and the following day was fixed for trial; but, unfortunately, his new master was a very bad shot. Bird after bird rose and was fired at, but still pursued its flight untouched, till at last the pointer became careless, and often missed his game. At last, as if willing to give one chance more, the dog made a dead stop at a fern-bush, with his nose pointed downward, the fore-foot bent, and his tail straight and steady. In this position he remained till the sportsman was close to him, with both barrels cocked; then, moving steadily forward for a few paces, the dog stood still near a bunch of heather, and out sprang a fine old blackcock. Bang! bang! went both barrels, but the bird escaped unhurt. The patience of the dog was now quite exhausted, and he turned round, put his tail between his legs, gave one howl, long and loud, and set off as fast as he could towards home.

"'My men,' he cried, 'what do ye do?
Your chief was false to me and you.

I am your king—come, follow me
To plenty and to liberty!'"

The Wild Girl of Soigny.

THE WILD GIRL OF SOIGNY.

IN the year 1731, as the villagers of Soigny, in the north-east of France, were engaged in a rustic merry-making, they were startled by the sudden appearance of a strange creature in their midst, of a black aspect, nearly naked, with long dishevelled hair hanging over its shoulders, and armed with a short thick club. Thinking it was some demon or evil spirit they were too frightened to approach it, so they loosed the village watch-dog—a huge animal that wore a collar set round with spikes—and with cries and shouts urged it to attack the dreadful-looking being, who boldly awaited its approach; and when the fierce dog flew at its throat the creature dealt it such a blow with its club that the animal's skull was fractured, and it fell dead. The unknown being then ran swiftly across the fields into the neighbouring forest, where it climbed into a tree. The villagers dared not follow it, and nothing more was seen of it for some days.

But the Seigneur de Soigny, who owned the estate, hearing of this evil spirit, ordered the forest to be searched in every part for it; but it could not be found, till one night a servant saw the creature in an apple-tree in the orchard. When he approached it sprang from tree to tree like a monkey, and finally escaped into the top of a high tree in a grove. The man aroused his master, who sallied out with all his household. They assembled at the foot of the tree to prevent the escape of the creature that tried to conceal itself amongst the thick foliage. The villagers, catching sight of it, cried out that it was 'the evil spirit,' but the Seigneur saw that its face was like that of a young girl, and told them that it was no evil spirit, but some lunatic that had escaped from confinement. The people kept watch under the tree all that night, and the next day, at the suggestion of Madame de Soigny, a pail of water was placed at the foot of the tree, and the people went a little way off and hid themselves. Presently the creature came cautiously down the tree, and, plunging its face into the water like a wild animal, eagerly drank. The people now rushed forward to capture the supposed maniac, but her fingers and toes were armed with long, sharp nails, and she made a desperate fight for her liberty; and it was with great difficulty, and not till they had received some severe scratches, that they were able to secure her and carry her to the château, where she was taken into the kitchen. The poor creature must have been starving with hunger, for seeing the cook preparing some fowls for the spit she broke away from those that held her, and seizing one of the birds devoured it raw.

She appeared to be twelve or thirteen years old, and the blackness of her skin was owing to dirt and exposure to the sun. Madame de Soigny tried to make her wear clothing, but she violently resisted all attempts to dress her; nor would she eat cooked food, nor lie in a bed. Her dislike to these things was gradually overcome, and she was taught to wear clothes, and in about a month she seemed to have lost her wish to escape, and was allowed to roam about the château. Lest her health might suffer from such unusual confinement, De Soigny thought he might venture to take her for a ramble in the open air. He accordingly set out on horseback, accompanied by several servants on foot, who had the wild girl in their midst; but no sooner had they reached the fields than she set off running with such amazing swiftness that the servants were left far behind, and De Soigny could barely keep her in sight by urging his horse to a gallop. Reaching the edge of a lake she stopped, took off her clothes, and plunged into the water. De Soigny thought she had drowned herself, but when he rode up he saw her swimming about with the greatest ease. Presently she dived, and remained under water so long that he again thought she was lost; but she again appeared, gracefully shaking the water from her long hair, and with a fish glistening between her teeth. Swimming to the shore, she ate her fish, resumed her clothes, and returned to the château with De Soigny.

It was soon perceived that the girl was not a lunatic, but must have been abandoned in her infancy, and lived in the woods in a state of nature ever since; for though she had no knowledge of any human speech she could imitate to perfection the cries of the wild creatures of the forest, and even the songs of all the birds, that of the nightingale being the only one that was beyond her powers. When excited or vexed she howled in a way that was anything but pleasant. With patience and perseverance she was taught to speak, and at length she was able to give an account of herself.

Owing to her indistinct ideas and limited knowledge of the names of things her meaning was not always clear; but she told her new friends that she had lived in the woods as long as she could remember with a companion like herself—presumed to have been a sister—and she also had some recollection of people who lived near the sea-shore and gathered sea-weed, who were probably her parents. She and her companion lived on the animals they could kill in the wood, and in winter covered themselves with skins. In warm weather she wore nothing but a girdle, to which she suspended the club with which she killed the wild animals, and had also used to kill the village watch-dog. This club she called *boutoir*, a boar's snout, which it somewhat resembled. She related also the way in which she lost her companion. They were swimming together in a river when a shot from a sportsman, who perhaps mistook them for water-fowl, passed close to them. They dived, and swimming for some distance under water, emerged and escaped into the forest near the village. Here they chanced to find something, which seems to have been a string of beads. Both wished to possess it, and in struggling for it the sister gave the wild girl a blow on the arm, which she returned by a blow on the head from her club, and, as she said, her companion 'became all red.' The sight filled her with pity, and she ran off to find a remedy; but what she was going to apply to the wound could not, from her words, be made out. When she returned to the spot where she had left her sister she could not find her anywhere, and her grief was intense. She searched

through every part of the forest, and it was during her search that she came suddenly on the peasants, having ventured into the village to quench her thirst. As no trace of her sister's body had ever been found it was supposed that some wolf had dragged it to its den and devoured it.

The fame of the wild girl spread to Chalons, and the bishop, De Choiseul, went to Soigny to see her. From what he observed he thought it would be better for her to be placed in a convent; so she was removed to one at Chalons, much to the relief of the household at the château, for though extremely interesting, she had ways that made those about her rather uncomfortable. She had an ungovernable temper, and though quiet enough with girls she had an antipathy to the male sex, and was roused to fury when any of them approached her.

In the convent she was baptized, and was afterwards known as Mademoiselle Leblanc; but so far from seclusion and restraint taming her wild nature it seemed to arouse all her longing for her old free life in the woods, and she wished to escape to it once more. And that the low diet on which she was put had not subdued her savage tastes was proved when a young lady who had a great desire to see her visited the convent. This young lady was of a very florid and blooming complexion, and was seated at dinner when Mademoiselle Leblanc was introduced. The wild girl gazed at her with eager and dilated eyes, and the young lady, thinking she was hungry, offered her the wing of a chicken; but she put it aside, and, trembling with excitement, exclaimed, 'No, no, not that; it is you I want!' And as she looked as if she would seize the young lady her attendant removed her by force.

In Paris great interest was taken in the wild girl, and during the years she remained in the convent she was visited by many people of distinction. The Queen of Poland passed through Chalons on purpose to see her, and the poor girl was made to exhibit all the tricks of her wild life for Her Majesty's amusement. She howled as she used to do in the forest, and a live hare was brought in for her to kill. But an unexpected feature was added to the exhibition, for on one of the Queen's officers approaching her in a jesting manner she seized him by the throat, and would certainly have strangled him had she not been forced by the bystanders to let go her hold.

The interest in her continued to increase, and the celebrated M. de la Condamaine, of the Academy of Sciences, was commissioned to visit Chalons and make an inquiry into her life. He at first intended to remove her to a religious establishment in Paris, but her health had been so impaired by the restraint and low diet of conventual life that he raised a sum of money by subscription for her maintenance, and placed her in an asylum near Paris, where she was properly attended to. As the years went by her savage tastes and habits disappeared, and her health continuing to decline, the wild girl died in Paris in 1780 (forty-nine years after her capture at Soigny), in about the sixty-second year of her age. A. R.

OUR BIOGRAPHY.—No. V.

Joseph Addison.

MAY-DAY, 1672, saw the birth of Joseph Addison. His father was a clergyman, and the son had the advantage which a good education gives. Addison was amongst the gentlest of men. But if the stories about his schooldays are true, years must have sobered his character. We are told that he was ringleader in a school rebellion; ran away on another occasion, hid himself in the woods, and was only brought back after long and anxious search. But, at any rate, he worked well at his books, and at fifteen was able to enter at Queen's College, Oxford. He afterwards became a Demy, and subsequently a Fellow of Magdalen. There his portrait still hangs in the Hall, and Addison's Walk preserves the memory of his favourite resort by the shady banks of the Cherwell.

As a young man, his Latin and English poems attracted some notice, and a pension from Government of 300*l.* a-year enabled him to travel on the Continent. Upon his return to England he found himself in poverty. But a change soon came. His garret up three pairs of stairs in the Haymarket was one day visited by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Would Mr. Addison write a poem in honour of the Duke of Marlborough's victory at Blenheim? Mr. Addison undertook the task, and his poem was a success. Other men had written on the same subject, and Lord Macaulay quotes three lines from one; they are these:—

> 'Think of two thousand gentlemen at least,
> And each man mounted on his capering beast;
> Into the Danube they were pushed by shoals.'

It was not difficult to beat this. Rewards now flowed in, and encouraged by success, Addison produced other works.

In 1708 he was elected Member of Parliament for Malmesbury. He rose from office to office, and was in 1717 made Principal Secretary of State. But he was clearly out of place in Parliament. He rose once to speak, but could not overcome his bashfulness, and ever after sat silent. Nor was he able to carry on the public business with greater skill.

It is to Addison's connexion with the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, that we look for convincing proofs of his genius. And they are found in plenty. When English literature was almost unknown on the Continent, Addison's writing brought him fame there.

Three years before his death he married the Dowager Countess of Warwick; but the union is said to have been an unhappy one. He suffered much from asthma, and died at Kensington in his forty-eighth year, on June 17th, 1719.

His manners were retiring, but when amongst a group of friends his conversational powers were of the highest. His body was laid in Westminster Abbey, but neither his widow nor the public placed any memorial on the walls. That has now long been done, and those who love the great names of English literature will not miss Addison's in Poets' Corner. A. R. B.

HOME NEWS.

A LETTER from home! Oh, the pleasure and joy!
It tells of his wife, and his little ones dear,
His fair baby daughter, his brave little boy,
Till on his bronzed cheek falls affection's soft tear.

He reads of his mother, now feeble and grey,
And he knows that she loves him as well as of yore;
He sees the gay garden where oft he would play
With brothers now scattered on many a shore.

But, ah! how the letter has cheered his lone heart,
And steadied his soul for the battle of life!
In every stern duty he'll now take a part,
For he works for his homestead, his babes, and his wife.

B. M.

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

MR. P. L. SIMMONDS has been examining the food supply of all nations, and has collected some strange facts as to the dainty dishes in favour amongst various tribes and nations. Australian savages have been seen to make a very hearty meal off the raw blubber of a stranded whale, eaten upon the spot. A young girl in the Sandwich Islands will begin the day by eating six or seven raw mackerel for breakfast. Some of the North American Indians have a way of burying fish-eyes and roes in the ground until they are putrid, and then eating them, raw or cooked. The Sioux dish of dried meat thoroughly pounded, and then mixed with dried cherries, is nearer to our own taste. Many of the tribes in Central Africa gorge themselves upon raw flesh, and others have eaten as a choice morsel putrid bodies of animals found in the river. Some of the Arabs deem raw sheep's liver and kidneys to be a tasty dish when eaten with a little salt. The people of Lapland and Greenland look upon marrow still warm from the bones of a newly killed animal as the greatest delicacy they can offer to a guest.

But it is in China that the strangest dishes are in favour. A well-prepared puppy is one of their favourite dishes; stewed kitten with a garland of mice is always eaten hot; sharks' fins, birds' nests from Borneo, putrid eggs, peacocks' liver, salted ducks, fowls' hearts, cocks' combs, snipes' brains, curried frogs, stewed fungi, green ginger, and tortoise—these are some of their choicest luxuries.

The Cochin Chinese have a most offensive diet, for they eat alligators' flesh, worms, maggots, entrails, mice, and rotten eggs.

A. R. B.

INSTINCT IN ANIMALS.

IT is a well-known fact that horses, dogs, cats, and many other quadrupeds, can find their way through trackless wilds or lonely mountain regions to the loved home much more readily than man can do. Often on the wild prairies of the West, bewildered by blinding snowstorms, or sinking in deep morasses, the keen-eyed trappers have been glad to remove the halter from their horses, in order that the sagacious animals might guide them home—and this they are sure to do, if entirely left to themselves. D. B.

THE STORY OF JOHNNY BERTRAM.

(*Continued from page* 171.)

OH, it was a bitter, bitter time! and Johnny Bertram, in the midst of all his own suffering, could not but admire the patience, the heroism, and the unselfishness, both of Captain Ramsay and the third mate, who, although steadily refusing to break in unduly upon the supply of water, yet cheerfully gave up the half of their own allowance for the use of the most suffering of the crew. An example of this kind is never lost upon those who witness it, and Johnny learned lessons at this time which helped to steady his character and make him what he afterwards became, a first-rate seaman, able to cope with all the difficulties of a sea-going life, and with an influence over the minds of others, which he invariably used for good. But we must go back to the sufferings of the crew.

Several of the men were by this time delirious with fatigue and want of sleep. When their turn arrived to take the oars they threw them into the sea, refusing to work any more. Two men insisted on drinking sea water, but these unfortunates speedily went mad and died. Another, with a loud cry, threw himself overboard and sank. Even Captain Ramsay was by this time prostrate, and Bill Carter had to take command of the miserable, half-mad crew; but they could not be goaded to any further effort. 'Let us die,' they said. 'Why should we try to live any longer, only to perish of thirst?'

To this pathetic appeal Bill could make no reply, he felt the force of it; and, indeed, without water he could do nothing more himself; he had attempted to take an oar, but felt that his strength was gone. He threw himself down despairingly in the bottom of the boat, where the captain was already lying, trying earnestly to compose his throbbing brain. No one moved, no one spoke, every one was asleep, or it were more correct to say half-unconscious; evening drew on, but mercifully there was no wind to disturb the boat, which lay motionless upon the ocean with her dying crew. Poor Johnny was again dreaming of home, dear, sweet home; he was again a child at play with his little sisters, Maudie was running after him with a panful of water which she insisted on pouring over his head. He woke with a start, and instinctively touched his hair. Why, it was quite wet! and so were his clothes! He gazed upwards in a transport of delight, the blessed rain was falling steadily and silently from Heaven.

Before we can estimate aright the joy of that moment on board the long-boat, we must ourselves have

suffered from all the torture of prolonged thirst. The effect upon the crew was quite wonderful—a draught of the cool refreshing liquid not only seemed to put new life and energy into the suffering men, but it seemed to affect in a wonderful manner even their moral nature. Before the welcome rain had descended many of the men had grown surly and brutal under their sufferings, ready even to snatch from a weaker comrade the little tin of water which contained his allowance, and which he might be feebly trying to raise to his head. But now how different! they all helped and encouraged one another to spread the boat's sail, so as to secure as much as possible of the precious liquid; then rousing the captain from his death-like trance, they held the water to his lips till they had the joy of seeing consciousness and energy somewhat restored. The rain then became almost tropical in its violence, so that they were able to fill all their empty kegs; laughing all the while and jesting with each other, as though all sorrows and dangers were over! Such was the blessed effect of renewed hope upon the almost despairing crew of the long-boat; nor did they amid their new joy forget to return thanks to Almighty God, the giver of it all. Then morning broke; a fine breeze had sprung up; the wet sail was hoisted, thus saving the weary men from all exertion, while to add to their joy about a dozen of bright flying fish, which had been pursued by a dolphin, left the water and dropped into the boat. No food could have been more welcome after their diet of raw salt pork, and under its stimulus each man seemed to be really a new creature. Nor did this favourable state of matters soon terminate; the breeze did not slacken, so that the long-boat travelled rapidly under sail; nor did it blow too violently so as to expose them to danger; the flying-fish still rose from the water like silvery swallows and obligingly fell plump into the boat, while shoals of porpoises rolled about, evidently in pursuit of these little creatures.

Then, to the great delight of all, a little bird appeared and settled on the mast to rest. It was a land bird, which had evidently travelled sea-ward, and to the excited feelings of the men it seemed like some heavenly messenger sent to tell them that land was near. And so it proved to be. Not very far off to the west they could see through a dim haze a long line of surf, which, as they drew nearer, they could see was beating upon a group of coral islands, small, and apparently uninhabited, with a number of cocoa-nut-trees fringing the shore. It was, indeed, a blessed and most welcome sight; but ere we proceed any further with our story we would say something about these coral islands.

An island made of coral—it sounds like fairyland; who made it, or how did it get there? Almost every boy and girl has seen, either in museums, shops, or, perhaps, in their father's house at home, large pieces of coral, generally white, and branched like a tree; these have at one time formed part of a coral island, and have been broken off and brought home to England as curiosities. It is strange to think, but perfectly true, that all this coral is the work of a tiny inhabitant of the sea; a little creature of the same description as the sea anemones, with which young people are quite familiar, and which has the power of secreting the carbonate of lime out of the sea and thus forming what we call coral. It is a most interesting little creature in many ways. It can split itself in two, and thus form two creatures; or, for a variety, it can send a bud out of its side, and then another bud, till it grows into a kind of bush or tree. But it can do more than this: it can hatch little eggs inside it, and throw out young ones from its mouth, each one provided with little hairs, by means of which they can swim off to new resting-places. What a wonderful little creature is this! There are such millions of these polyps (as they are called), and they all work so industriously at coral-making, that great reefs of coral are found in the Pacific Ocean, either surrounding islands or skirting the shores of continents. Now this little creature can only work under water; if it was exposed to the heat of the sun, even for a short period, it would certainly die, therefore they can only raise the coral reef to the level of extreme low water, but no further. How is it, then, that coral islands are found, the blocks of coral standing high up out of the water? This is caused by the force of the breakers, which dash upon the outer edge of the reef, gradually breaking off masses of coral and throwing them up, one above another: of course the little polyps in these pieces soon die when thus thrown up above the surface, and the mass then becomes dead coral. In course of time these masses increase, till at last they form dry land—a coral island which speedily becomes covered with luxuriant vegetation. But where does the vegetation come from? In reply to this, we would remind young readers that upon the restless waters of the ocean many seeds of tropical plants are always floating about, many cocoanuts which have dropped into the water and floated away; then rivers bring down mud and soil of all kinds; and these various matters being occasionally thrown upon the coral island the seeds soon sprout, and especially the cocoa-nuts, which grow most luxuriantly upon the very edge of the sea. Much more might be written about coral, but enough has been stated to give young people some slight knowledge on the subject, and we must now return to the long-boat and her crew.

The sight of land, after the trying experiences they had undergone, was a great joy to Captain Ramsay and his men, who soon drew up the boat upon a shelving beach of snow-white sand, leaped on shore, and scattered about to forage for provisions. The island, though uninhabited, had evidently often been visited by whalers and others, as there were vestiges of a fire here and there, with pieces of half-burned sticks, which the crew carefully gathered together, in order to enjoy the luxury of a comfortably cooked meal. Presently, Bill Carter and Johnny, who had gone off together, came running back with the welcome news that there were many turtle eggs in the sand; and besides these, they had discovered a whole bed of delicious oysters!

(*Continued at page* 190.)

DON'T expect to be called a good fellow a moment longer than you consent to do precisely what other people wish you to do.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES NOS. 31 TO 37.

31. Too many cooks spoil the broth.

(1.) Thirteenth.	(5.) Adverb.
(2.) Overcoat.	(6.) Nectarine.
(3.) Octavo.	(7.) Youth.
(4.) Masquerader.	(8.) Cinque Port.

32. L, e, g, e, r, d, e, m, a, i, n.

33. Bar—Bard. Bare. Bark. Barn. Barm. Baron. Barter. Barge.

34. Tittle-tattle—False-hearted.

TIPSTAFF
ION A
TOLL
TIGRESS
LOADSTONE
EARTH
TIPTOE
ALGEBRA
TERRIER
TARGET
LITTLE
EMERALD

35. Sin—Sinew. Sing. Singe. Sine. Single Sink. Since. Sincere.

36. Begin with A at the top left-hand corner.

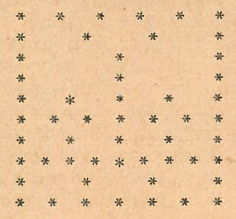
A wet sheet and a driving gale,
The wind that follows fast,
Shall fill our white and rustling sail,
And bend our gallant mast;
And bend our gallant mast, my boys,
While, like an eagle free,
Away our good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

37. Church—War—Den.

BURIED STATESMEN.

38. EXHUME these buried statesmen, which, with some care and attention, you will find in the following sentence:—*The boy learns* something every day indeed, *but every day* and hour *must afford real progress* in 'letters,' as they are called, if one is to become a shining M.A. *of Oxford* or Cambridge. It seems a pity, but as for many a boy, a *big rat, tan terrier*, a night-line with its *pulled-up eel—ale, ice, stern seat* in a boat—anything and everything pleases him more than books. Neither the *wind nor the rain* ever keep him indoors, though a rainy morning often stops him from school. Such a *boy mad is on matters* of the greatest importance. When I tell such an one he must work, and how the idle suffer, while *the rich lie upon beds* of down, he says his aunt Jane will leave him all she has. Now, though she is *the best aunt on earth*, she hates sluggards, I know. Now, boy, write this sentence. In the *starry system Pleiades* is a beautiful group, and useful to the sailor. If he *would trip on his voyage* happily, let him keep his glass by his side, and *often clap it to his eye*. As long as he has *a good capstan hope remains*, and he will be soon able to say, 'Father Thames, I am glad to see you;' '*So, Mersey, here* we are again.'

39. Two words, containing each just letters ten,
Are in these ten lines hidden from your sight;
One is a brute, who haunts the Indian fen,
A one-horned monster, huge, who dares to fight,
Or, so they say, the monarch of the jungle.
The other is a man who tries to write,
And, when he makes a poem, does but bungle.
As for the brute, the letters first do show it;
The letters last, read down, the clumsy poet.



After the *first* all people run.
My *next* sometimes surrounds the sun.
My *third* to travellers is sweet.
My *fourth's* a lady in retreat.
My *fifth's* the sixteenth of a pound.
My *sixth* a game that needs a ground.
The meaning of my *seventh's* precise.
My *eighth* wins races in a trice.
My *ninth's* a man of giant mould.
My *tenth*, he is a warrior bold.

[*Answers at page* 215.]

MILTON'S DAY.

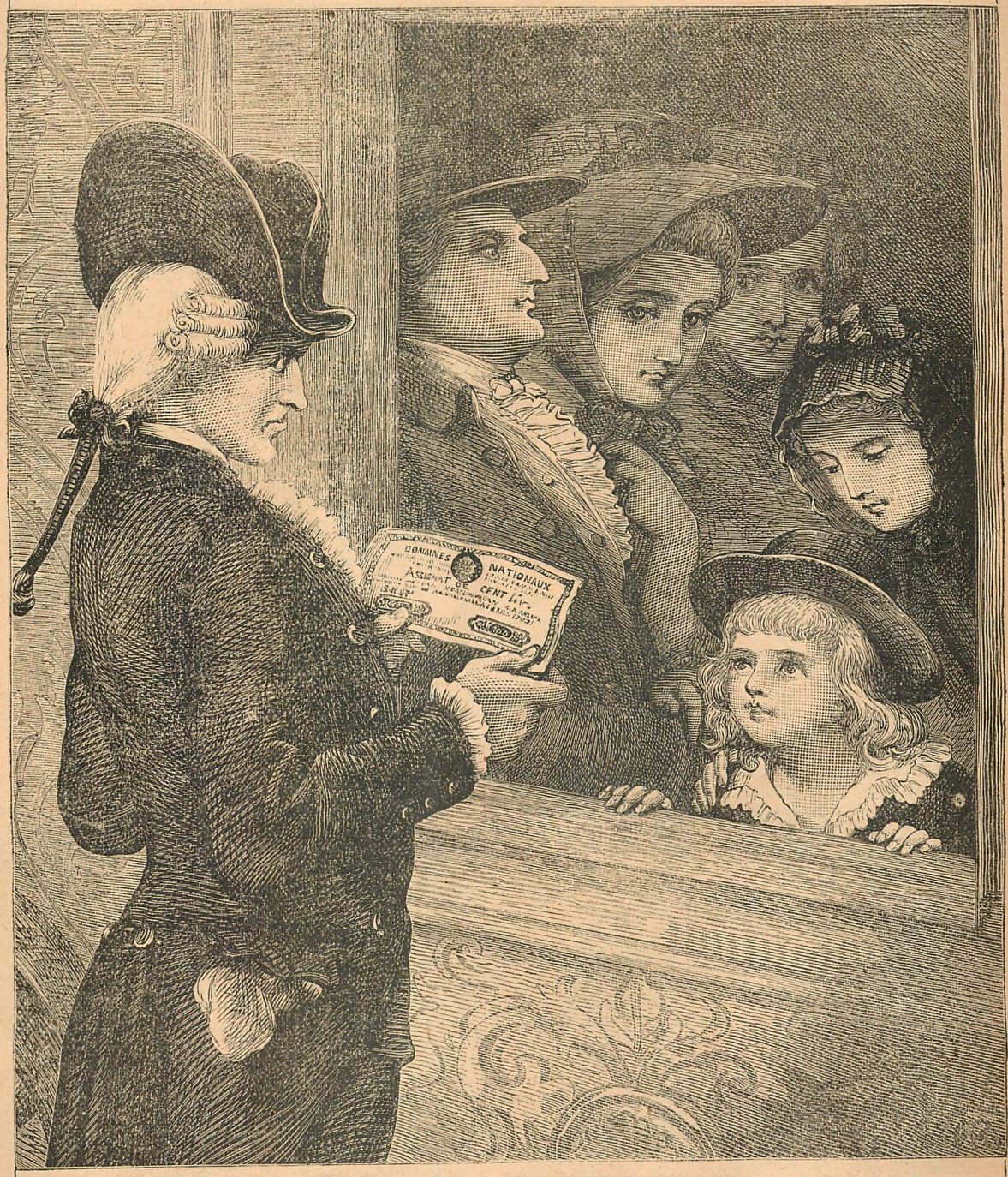
JOHN MILTON, when writing *Paradise Lost*, thus divided his day—recollect, he was then blind. When he rose, he heard a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, and then he studied till twelve; after an hour's exercise he dined. After dinner he devoted himself to music, playing on the organ or singing, and then studying till six o'clock. Visitors he received from six to eight, then he supped, and, having had his pipe and glass of water, he retired for the night.

A CAUTION TO SWALLOWS.

COME and see the swallows build,
For their work divinely skilled:
To and fro the summer's day
Adding to their house of clay.
What a gabble when they meet!
Like a squabble in the street;
What a scream of mild delight
When they spread their wings for flight!
Never did a happier pair
Skim the pool or cleave the air.
Hark! the robber-bird I hear
Ominously chirping near.
(Satan thus, as we are told,
Envied bliss in days of old.)
Swallows! keep a sharp look-out
While the sparrow is about;
Or you may be dispossessed
Of your compact little nest.
Never leave it both together,
Even in the finest weather:
People given much to roam
Little dream what's doing at home.

D. G.

Swallows building their Nests. By Harrison Weir.



Drouet comparing the face on the Assignat with the face under the Round Hat.

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

XI.—THE KING'S FLIGHT.

THE King, who had not been very well in the spring of 1791, decided on keeping the festival of Easter at the Palace of St. Cloud. The proposed plan was published with a good deal of parade, as though he wished his subjects to take particular notice of it; which they did, in a very disagreeable manner. For when the day of his little jaunt arrived, and the old family coach, with its eight horses, rolled up to the grand entrance of the Tuileries, the bell of St. Roche pealed out its notes of alarm, and a crowd assembled with the rapidity of wild fire to stop his Majesty's journey. In vain the King appealed to his loving subjects to let him go. In vain did General Lafayette fret and strive. It would not do. The King should keep his Easter at Paris and nowhere else. For one hour and three-quarters did this strange contest go on, and then Louis had to give way, and descend crestfallen from his coach, feeling now that he was indeed a captive. This was on the 18th of April, just one fortnight after Mirabeau's funeral.

The King felt excessively mortified at this treatment, and nursed the plan of escape day and night from thenceforth. As it had now become a difficult matter to get away he was determined to do it, and without much loss of time.

The Queen does not seem to have acted very wisely in her preparations for the great event. As she was about to leave Paris, she thought it necessary to order a vast number of dresses and other toilette matters which she thought she could not live without; and so she managed to keep suspicion on the alert. A lady in her suite, who was a people's friend, whispered her secrets to General Gouvion, second in command of the National Guard; and he looked the more carefully to his sentries, and kept a yet sharper watch on every carriage which came in or went out of the Tuileries.

Some rooms in the palace, which had been occupied by a certain Duke, were now empty, the Duke having emigrated in a pet; and as they had a convenient door of egress, the Queen occupied them, intending to slip out when the important moment had arrived. There was a certain Swedish Count, named Fersen, who had much to do with the King's flight. He got a new coach built big enough to carry the whole royal family, a lot of luggage, and several Body Guards. He told the coach-maker that it was for a Russian Baroness, and it was built accordingly, the Count being very particular about its construction. This great lumbering affair did not come near the Tuileries, as it might have aroused the suspicion of the sentries on duty. An ordinary glass coach waited on the night of June the 20th, not far from the palace. The coachman on the box was none other than Count Fersen. By-and-by, a lady with a hood, and two children, wearing hoods also, came from the Duke's door into the court, and thence into the street, and entered the coach. Then came another lady, followed by a gentleman in a round hat, and they got in also, but the coachman still waited. Now the suspicious lady of the bedchamber had her own reasons for supposing the royal family meant to escape that very night, and she told Gouvion, and he told Lafayette, and Lafayette came himself in his carriage to see with his own eyes whether all was well or not at the Tuileries. Now the General's carriage, driven at a rapid pace, and glaring with lamps, passed so close to a lady in a broad-brimmed gipsy hat, that she was able to touch one of its wheels with a light stick which she held in her hand. That lady was Marie Antoinette, the queen of France. Somewhat flurried by the noise and lights of Lafayette's carriage, the Queen, as she went to the glass coach that was waiting, took the wrong turn instead of the right one. A servant attended her, but the stupid man did not know his way about, and he and the Queen wandered about the streets until they had wasted one precious hour. What must the gentleman in the round hat have felt all this time? For he was the King, and the two children were his children, and one of the ladies was his sister.

And how the Count on the box must have fretted at the delay! But at length the Queen appeared, and stepped in; the stupid servant got up behind, the Count cracked his whip, and they were off. The poet in John Gilpin says,

> 'The stones did rattle underneath,
> As if Cheapside were mad.'

And, surely, not less did the stones of the Rue de Grammont rattle, as the royal family of France were borne away rapidly towards the Russian lady's big new coach. Before long it was in sight, waiting there with its six horses, and in a few moments the gentleman in the round hat, the lady in the gipsy bonnet, and the others were seated in it. As for the glass coach, the Count turned it round, and left it to its fate, and it was found the next morning in the ditch. The Count jumped on the box of the new carriage he had been so anxious about, cracked his whip, and made the six horses go as fast as they could, but the progress was dolefully small. The new coach travelled only sixty-nine miles in twenty-two hours.

When Count Fersen had done his part he made a low bow, and took his leave, and on went the King's new coach with its six horses, another chaise behind with a pair, and three couriers in yellow, each astride of a nag, making a cavalcade of eleven horses in all. What an unwise display! Now and then there was something amiss with the harness, and delays occurred, and when the huge machine had to be dragged up a hill the King got out and walked. General Bouillè had soldiers stationed here and there along the route, and everything was done which seemed best, but the whole affair was mismanaged, and ended in grievous failure.

At a village named St. Menehould there lived at that time an old soldier named Drouet. He had retired from service, and was master of the post there. He

was a staunch patriot (as the favourers of the revolution were then called), and on that eventful night he happened to be in a very bad temper because some one had interfered with his privileges. Towards sunset the great coach rumbled into the village, attracting by its splendour everybody's notice, and especially that of the old soldier Drouet. His suspicions were at once aroused, and while the royal party were halting, he scanned carefully the side-face of the gentleman inside, and thought he had seen him before somewhere. Was it in the Champ de Mars last July?

'Fetch me a new assignat,' said he to some one near. An assignat was a sort of bank-note, with the King's head engraved on it, as our Queen's is on a postage stamp. Drouet had no sooner compared the face on the assignat with the face under the round hat than he felt quite sure the gentleman was the King, attempting to escape.

As quick as thought Drouet told his mind to another old dragoon, and they two, mounting swift-footed horses, were off, having first whispered a word to the village authorities to rouse what National Guards and patriot men there might be in St. Menehould. Off then rode the two old dragoons, and after a rough night ride reached Varennes before the King and his party had succeeded in leaving it. Bouillè's son was here to receive them, but the foolish young fellow, thinking all was over for the night, had gone to bed. While the King was trying to get fresh horses, a good half hour was wasted, and during that half hour, Drouet and his comrade had reached the village and stopped the King's progress. They had found a light still burning in the 'Golden Arm Inn,' and the landlord, whose name was Le Blanc, was still serving guests. Entering in, Drouet called the landlord aside, and asked 'Art thou a good patriot?' Le Blanc said, 'I am,' and then Drouet whispered his story in his ear. Then, while Le Blanc bestirred himself in his own way the two old soldiers went out and blocked the road by overturning a furniture van, and by adding to it such other things as barrows, barrels, and the like. Le Blanc by this time had brought his brother and one or two other patriots, and the party then stood, musket in hand, awaiting the arrival of the King and his cavalcade. When the coach reached the place its way was barred. It had to stop, and at the same moment the barrels of two guns were thrust into the coach windows, and a gruff voice demanded passports. There was no further advance to be thought of; no friendly aid was near; no young Bouillè and his troopers; nothing was to be done but to stay the remainder of the short night in the village. The baffled royal party put up at a grocer's shop, where they were served with bread and cheese and a bottle of burgundy.

Thus was the King taken captive, and so did his attempted flight come to an inglorious end. About seven o'clock on Saturday night the great coach might have been seen returning to Paris. The King was carried through a vast crowd of silent and wondering citizens, who had been instructed by a widely circulated placard how to behave on the occasion. 'Whoever insults Louis shall be caned,' it said; 'and whoever applauds him shall be hanged.'

G. S. O.

THE SQUIRE'S SON.

—o—

'HARK to the bells!' said Mrs. Rowe, stopping in the midst of her washing. 'It's too early for a wedding, let alone as there isn't one coming off. What is it now, I wonder?'

She was not long in finding out. A little son had been born to the Squire. And the merry peal was a welcome to the child, whose life was of such importance to the Ashton people. A strong healthy baby he proved to be, and he learned to walk and talk at an earlier age than most children. The Squire's heart was wrapt up in his darling boy, and as soon as the little feet could trot about with anything like steadiness father and son were constantly together. They were seen in the farmyard, for John Apperley was an old-fashioned man, superintending his own labourers, and inquiring daily into the condition of his flocks and herds; in the stables, where little Alfred soon showed that he inherited his father's love of horses; and even, on special occasions, in the crowded streets of the busy market-town, where the proud Squire would present the child to his friends, with a triumphant,—

'There's a lad for you, now! He's got the making of a fine man in him, I can tell you.'

And so he had; but, unfortunately, John Apperley's idea of a fine man was an incorrect one. Little Alfred grew up handsome and sturdy, well versed in all the mysteries of farming, shooting, and riding, and bidding fair, in the opinion of the Ashton folk, to be a credit to the name he bore. But those who knew the family well were less sure about Alfred's future than the villagers were. They felt that a lad who had been encouraged to lisp out the bad language which his baby ears had heard in the stable-yard, for the amusement of the guests at his father's table, was not likely to understand or respect that father's objection to his use of the same expressions when he had learned to speak them plainly; and after being laughed at for his childish dislike to wine, and for his first unsuccessful attempts to copy the Squire's use of pipe and cigar, it was not strange that the high-spirited boy should resolve to overcome his natural repugnance to these things, and should keep his resolution with a bravery worthy of a better cause.

So as the years went on, Alfred, having learned how to waste time, strength, and money, did waste all three. In vain Squire Apperley reasoned, scolded, and finally, stormed. In vain the gentle mother pleaded with tears in her eyes. Alfred was proving the truth of the saying, 'As the twig is bent the tree inclines.' Swearing, drinking, and smoking, were signs of manhood when he first became acquainted with them, and such he still held them to be. Gradually his better friends dropped him out of their circle. Fathers and mothers, who valued the characters of their young folk, feared to bring them into contact with young Apperley, and at last the poor old Squire could no longer blind himself to the bitter truth that the son of whom he had been so proud, and for whom he had worked so diligently, adding herd to herd, and

"There was a quarrel between them when they met in the fields."

field to field, was shunned by all respectable society, and could never be anything but a disgrace to his home and to his name.

There was a quarrel between them one morning when they met in the fields, ending in cool impertinence from Alfred and savage threats from the Squire. Then came weeks of anxiety for the mother, who saw the breach daily widening, until at last Alfred put the finishing stroke to his undutiful conduct by leaving home altogether. Where he went, no one knew, and the Squire sternly refused to take any steps towards tracing him. Whispers of a forged cheque were heard in the village, and it was impossible to conceal the fact that the Apperleys had suffered some great loss. Age came rapidly on the Squire and his wife. She died (broken-hearted, the villagers said) within a year of her son's departure, and two months later the family vault was again opened to receive the body of her husband. The property passed into the hands of strangers, for in the first heat of his anger the Squire had disinherited his son, and had willed all he possessed to a distant cousin, and nothing was left to keep the name of Apperley in remembrance except the tablets on the chancel wall.

'Ah!' said many a man and woman in Ashton, 'if they had taught Master Alfred different when he was a boy, he might have been the pride of the place!'

Fathers and mothers may well take heed, for it is so easy to smile at the beginning of evil, and, alas! so impossible to restore to the boyish heart that purity and innocence which are the charm of infancy, and might be, if guarded faithfully, the very crown and glory of manhood.

A RETROSPECT.

YES, Sir, I mind you well,
Although 'tis many a year
Since you and Squire's young lady used
To ramble over here.

Ah! you were young and gay,
And oh, so lovely she!
Excuse me, Sir, my own dear wife
Was nurse to her, you see.

And often has she told me
Of all her winsome ways:
Who could have thought that she should die
Ere mid-time of her days?

"Yes, Sir, I mind you well."

And you, Sir, wounded sore
In Egypt's bloody fight;
Ah, me! what troubles come to us!
But God, He knows the right.

Yes, Sir, she lies just there
Beneath that hawthorn-tree.
When she was dying, thus she spake
To my dear wife—says she:

'I'd like to be at rest,
Where pretty birds might come
And sing their sweetest notes above
My cold and narrow home.

'But, nurse, I do not grieve
To go, save for one thing;
My dearest Charlie, when he comes,
And brings the wedding ring,

'Will miss me, oh, so much!
But tell him all was well,
And that I loved him to the last,
More than my tongue could tell.' B. M.

SHOOTING RAPIDS.

RAPIDS are narrow places in rivers where the water rushes down to a lower level, not with a steep drop like a waterfall, but with a long, gradual slide amid rocks and stones, against which the rushing current dashes in a most alarming way. The roar of the torrent, the splashing, the tremendous pace at which the canoe hurries past the banks, and grazes the rocky obstacles in the path, all tend to make 'shooting a rapid' most exciting work. But the boatmen, who guide their canoes through such dangerous passes, are skilful and not nervous. Any faltering when once in the stream, or a single wrong turn of the steering paddle, would bring the frail craft in contact with either the bank or a rock in mid-channel which would knock her into splinters, and hurl the occupants into the stream, where they would be carried away, and perhaps dashed on the rocks, to receive serious injuries, if not killed outright. However, accidents seldom occur, though I did get upset in coming down a rapid in Northern India; and, though the boat was knocked to bits, we all escaped with merely a good ducking, which did us no harm in that warm climate, though the mountain stream was icily cold.

I had been buying india-rubber from the hillmen —not the slate-coloured cakes with which you rub out pencil-marks, but the gum (for it is a gum) as it comes from the tree. The boat was rather heavily laden with what strangers might have mistaken for large balls of rough, red-coloured string. I told the boatmen I thought the boat was too full to go down the rapid with safety, but they assured me there was no danger, and one jokingly said we could all swim and the cargo would float! We went merrily along for some miles, until the sound of the torrent, as it ran between the rock-bound precipices, became audible. This told us that we were approaching the rapid, which was nearly half a mile long, and dropped thirty feet in that short distance, so you can imagine there was a tremendous rush down the declivity; but not until we neared the edge could we see anything of what was in front of us. The steersman stood upright in the stern, gazing steadily in front. And now the water seemed to slide forward, our rate of travelling growing faster and faster each minute, while louder grew the noise of the angry waves.

In an instant we were in the channel, the water dashed and foamed around, while trees and rocks flew by with lightning-like rapidity. Once or twice I felt the boat touch the bottom, but our speed was too great to be checked, and the end of the rapid was in sight, when a heavier bump than usual threw the steersman off his legs, and in an instant we dashed against a treacherous rock, the boat was thrown high into the air above the boiling tumult of water, and we were hurled out, clutching vainly at the passing rocks and boulders, spinning round and round, now under now above water, escaping contact with the stones as if by some miracle, till, in a couple of minutes or so, we were shot into the deep pool into which the rapid fell. So breathless and exhausted were we with our whirl through the angry waters, that it was with difficulty we reached the shore. As for the boat, she was reduced to a heap of splintered planks, but, as the man had before observed, the cargo floated, and was speedily recovered. I have been upset since, but I have never had such a narrow escape as that I have just described. O. W.

THE CHARITY TRICK.

BRESLAU, a celebrated juggler, being at Canterbury with his troop, met with such bad success that they were almost starved. He repaired to the churchwardens and promised to give the profits of a night's conjuration to the poor, if the parish would pay for the hiring of a room.

The charitable bait took, the benefit proved a bumper, and next morning the churchwardens waited on the wizard to touch the receipts.

'I have already disposed of dem,' said Breslau. 'The profits were for de poor. I have kept my promise, and given de money to my own people, who are de poorest in dis parish.'

'Sir!' exclaimed the churchwardens, 'this is a *trick!*'

'I know it,' replied the conjurer: 'I live by my *tricks.*'

THE STORY OF JOHNNY BERTRAM.

(*Continued from p.* 182.)

WHAT a night that was upon the coral island, as the joyful crew seated themselves round a blazing fire, cooking turtle eggs, roasting oysters, singing songs, and spinning yarns, regardless alike of the sorrows of the past and the unknown difficulties which might yet lie before them. But, perhaps, it is as well that men are thus able at times to lay aside the heavy burden of trouble, so as not to be always over-ridden by it; if they could not do so —if they could not enjoy a little respite from sorrow for fear of other woes still to come—life would be, in many cases, one long period of gloom from the cradle to the grave.

Captain Ramsay, knowing this, was well pleased to hear the merry laughter of his crew; but as he had no thought whatever of remaining for any length of time upon the island (where, indeed, there was no fresh water), he had to stir up the men on the following day to be industrious, and gather together as many things as would be useful to them during the rest of their voyage to the Cape. Three turtles were accordingly secured, a supply of firewood, a quantity of eggs and oysters, and, most precious of all, a number of fresh cocoanuts. As each nut contained nearly a pint of sweet water, we can easily imagine how very valuable this fruit was to the crew, who had not tasted vegetable matter for so long a time. Once more all were on board the long-boat in renewed health and spirits, and pushing out from shore they rowed out into the open sea, after which, the wind being in their favour, they drew in the oars, set up the mast, and hoisted the sail. But their troubles were by no means over yet. For four-and-twenty hours all was plain sailing—a sunny sky, a light breeze, abundant food, and dry clothing. Then a change came. They again found themselves approaching land—a small island, not unlike the one which they had so recently left, only more densely wooded. As they did not, however, require any further supply of provisions, they had no thought of landing, but kept stretching away towards the west. To their astonishment and dismay, however, they speedily became aware that four or five canoes had shot out from land, and were evidently pursuing them. It seemed impossible that the long-boat could escape. 'Give way, lads! give way!' shouted the captain; 'let us avoid them if we can, but if the worst comes, then we must fight for our lives. Pull hard! pull hard!' The men bent to their oars, pulling till every nerve and sinew seemed strained, and the moisture streamed from their faces. It was of no avail, the savages were gaining on them, one canoe taking the lead and coming up hand over hand. They could see the warriors dancing and leaping with exultation, flourishing their clubs and shrieking directions to their companions on shore. It was an

anxious moment. 'Give them a shot, Carter,' said the captain, 'but fire over their heads; it will show them that we are armed, and perhaps frighten them off.'

'Aye, aye, Sir,' cried Bill, heartily, and immediately fired. The shot seemed to have had no effect, for still the leading canoe came on. The men were straining every nerve, but could not make the long-boat go any faster. Again the third mate fired, and down came the yard and sail of the canoe, the men in the long-boat cheering madly as they saw what had happened. The canoes all paused. The savages seemed undecided what to do. First one lowered her sail, then another, while the long-boat still rushed through the seething water in her efforts to escape. The captain looked back. 'They have not given up the chase yet, my lads,' he cried. 'Pull on! pull on! Ah, the wind has gone round a point! Up with the sail!'

Soon the sail was hoisted, the long-boat shot far ahead of her pursuers, while Bill Carter grimly reloaded his gun. 'If they come near us again,' he said, 'I'll give them a peppering they won't forget in a hurry;' but the native warriors thought better of it. The gun had evidently scared them, and they made no advance. 'Hurrah!' cried Johnny, who had been standing up in his eagerness to watch them. 'Hurrah! they have gone about and are steering for the land!' And so they had, their friends on shore howling with rage and disappointment at this discomfiture of the canoes.

'Well, I am not sorry they have left us,' said Captain Ramsay. 'We are in no condition to fight so many of them. Pull on, my men, in case they change their minds and come after us again.' But the savages had disappeared, the long-boat pursued her voyage in peace. The wind was still favourable, and three days after this alarming episode they found themselves drawing near the Cape, where all their troubles would be over, and they would once more enjoy the sympathy and help of their fellow-men.

The arrival of the long-boat at Cape Town caused intense excitement among the residents there, who had seen the *Mariana* go proudly forth to her work in the South Seas. Eagerly was the captain questioned as to the disastrous event which had caused the loss of the *Mariana*, while the agents (acting for the owners of the lost vessel) at once laid claim to the log-book which Captain Ramsay had brought with him, that they might ascertain the amount of oil which had been on board, and at once lay claim to the insurance money. As anxiously, in his turn, did the captain make inquiries as to the other six boats which had left the burning ship along with him; but nothing was known of them at Cape Town—and here we may say that no clue was ever obtained as to their fate. It seemed most probable that they all perished during the first storm encountered, which had separated them from the long-boat and her more fortunate crew.

But we must not forget our poor Johnny Bertram, who, with a beating heart, was reading the letters which had lain for months, and, indeed, for years, awaiting him at the Cape. Cape Town was the only port to which letters for the *Mariana* could be addressed; therefore, until now, not one of the men had heard any tidings from home. Ah! in three years time what a variety of news for one and all!—news grave and gay; news heart-breaking and heart-rejoicing; news to bring a smile to the lip and a happy light to the eye; or that might cause a death-like pallor to overspread the features, while the heart seemed to receive its death-blow! Which of us in this sadly changeful world, if we had heard nothing of our dearest ones for three long years—which of us could open the first letter we received without an inward sinking of heart as we dreaded we scarcely knew what? It was so with Johnny Bertram. With trembling fingers he had opened the first letter, which contained the sad intelligence of his step-mother's death. Ah! what repentant thoughts were rising up in his heart as he thought of all the past! Why, in his hasty and blundering youth, had he not better valued the poor lady who had tried to fill his mother's place, and whom he now seemed to love as he had never done in her lifetime? And to think how kindly she had nursed Maudie, and how very possibly her devotion to his sister had caused her own death—for had she not died of the same fever, caught, no doubt, while attending to the sick girl? Oh, Johnny's heart was sore within him, just as your heart will be, young reader, if you thoughtlessly despise the sacred loves and friendships of the home circle, and only awake to a sense of your folly when all chance of atoning for the past is gone for ever!

But in all his distress Johnny had one pleasurable reflection. He had sent a little gift to his step-mother from the Cape, along with the ostrich feathers which went to Maudie and Mary. Maudie had told him that his gift arrived in time. The poor lady had been much gratified by receiving it, and had sent him a tender and loving message of farewell! Oh, how glad he was to think of this! it heartened him up to open and read his other letters. In them he learned of his father's lingering illness, his Aunt Harcourt's arrival (a very astounding piece of news, as he had not known of her existence before), and various other items of home news. Tom Briggs, too, had written a long letter; and as Johnny closed and tied up his precious bundle of letters he felt very thankful indeed that he had so many loving friends.

All this time Bill Carter had also been busy with his correspondence, and his letters, too, seemed to be giving him pain. 'Anything wrong, Bill?' asked Johnny, sympathisingly.

'It is my mother!' replied Bill, in husky tones. 'She is gone nearly a year since. I have no one else in the world now to care for, or who cares for me!'

'Oh, come now, old fellow, don't say that!' cried Johnny, warmly. 'You must put up with us for a while. After we get back to the old country I promise you a warm welcome from all. Why, you've saved my life, Bill, over and over again!'

'I must first go to Aberdeen and settle matters,' said his friend, absently; 'but thank you, Bertram, with all my heart. I shall look you up some day in Dundee, you may be quite sure.'

(*Concluded at page* 198.)

The Long-boat attacked by Natives.

Little Jack Horner.

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

MANY nursery rhymes are very old; so old, that mothers must have repeated them to their children, in the forests of Germany, long before Saxons or Angles invaded Britain, for they are found to be nearly the same in both German and English: but there are some rhymes of a more recent date, and peculiar to England. The story of 'Little Jack Horner,' and the rhyme about him, is founded on a real incident.

When the monasteries were dissolved, and their property seized by Henry VIII. in 1539, Abbot Whiting, the Abbot of Glastonbury, refused to surrender his monastery, so he was ordered to send all his title-deeds to the Royal Commissioners in London. After some delay the Abbot resolved to send them, but he was at a loss to know how to do so without running the risk of their being seized on the way. At length he hit upon the novel idea of putting them in a pasty, and sending it as a present to the Commissioners. There was a boy named Jack Horner, the son of poor parents living in the neighbourhood of Mells Abbey, and him the Abbot chose as his messenger, thinking that no one would interfere with a poor boy carrying a pie tied up in a cloth.

So Jack set out with the pie on his weary journey towards London, which is about one hundred and twelve miles from Glastonbury. He grew tired and sat down in a sheltered corner by the way-side to rest; and worse still, he grew hungry, and was far from any house where he could get anything to eat. So he opened his parcel and looked longingly at the pie with its high-raised crust. There must be something very nice inside, he thought—perhaps plums! Could he not get one out without the pie being any the worse? He would try: so, inserting his thumb under the upper crust, he gently raised it, and pulled out—a musty old folded-up piece of parchment! Great was Jack's astonishment and disappointment. He peeped into the pie and found to his dismay that there was nothing in it but parchments. Now Jack could not read, but thinking that the parchment he had pulled out might be worth money, instead of replacing it in the pie, he put it in his pocket, and tying up his parcel again, he made his way to London, and delivered the pie to the Commissioners.

When they had opened it, and turned out its contents, it was found that the most valuable deed, that which related to the Abbey and Grange of Mells, was missing; and as Abbot Whiting had refused to give up his monastery, it was believed that he had purposely withheld the deed; so an order was sent down for his immediate execution, and the last Abbot of Glastonbury was hanged without trial.

An old parchment was afterwards found in the possession of the Horner family, which proved to be the title-deed to the Abbey and estate of Mells; and the circumstance of its preservation was believed to have suggested the rhyme:—

'Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"'

A. R.

RICHARD COBDEN ON TEMPERANCE.

'I AM a living tribute to the soundness of your principles,' wrote Richard Cobden. 'With a delicate frame and nervous temperament I have been enabled, by temperance, to do the work of a strong man. But it has only been by more and more temperance. In my early days I used sometimes to join with others in a glass of spirits and water, and beer was my every-day drink. I soon found that spirits would not do, and for twenty years I have not taken a glass, unless as a medicine. Then port and sherry became almost incompatible with my mental exertions, and for many years I have not touched those wines excepting for form's sake in after-dinner society. Latterly, when dining out I find it necessary to mix water even with champagne. At my own table I never have anything but water when dining with my family, and we have not a beer-barrel in the house. For some years we have stipulated with all our servants to drink water, and we allow them extra wages to show them that we do not wish to treat them worse than our neighbours. All my children will, I hope, be teetotalers. So, you see, that, without beginning upon principle, I have been brought to your beverage solely by a careful observation of what is necessary to enable me to surmount an average mental labour of at least twelve hours a-day. I need not add that it would be no sacrifice to me to join your ranks by taking the pledge. On the contrary, it would be a satisfaction to me to know that from this moment I should never taste fermented drink again. Shall I confess it? My only restraining feeling would be that it would compel a singularity of habits in social life. Not that this would, I trust, be an insurmountable obstacle if paramount motives of usefulness urged me to the step.'

GUSTAVUS VASA.

THE HERO KING.

CHAPTER I.

'Reflect well in all things; but execute with speed and abide by it.'—GUSTAVUS VASA.

AWAY, far away, in the north of Europe, is the scene of our story. It is of Sweden in the year 1518 that we speak. Sweden, the land of snow, rugged mountains, vast lakes, and dark pathless forests where roamed, in all the glory of freedom, the bear, the wolf, and many other wild shaggy animals, thickly clad in order to withstand the intense cold of those Arctic regions. And the people, too, were just as hardy, and, loving their country, only asked to be allowed to dwell in peace and security. They were a God-fearing and, consequently, a brave race, and thought no country so beautiful as their own. But the blessings which they thankfully accepted from God were begrudged them by man. For many years their land had been overrun and desolated by their hereditary

enemies the Danes, and great misery had they suffered at their hands. Sometimes, however, when goaded too far, they had risen in arms, and then they, for a time, drove out the Danes; but, sad to say, their efforts for freedom had often been rendered of no avail by some of the nobles and chiefs of their own land who were jealous of each other, and so, when one of their own order obtained power and wealth, they set to work to deprive him of them, for, as they elected their own kings, they feared that possibly one of themselves might occupy the throne, and to prevent this they used to call in foreign princes.

For one hundred and twenty years Danish sovereigns had claimed the throne and brought bloodshed and horrors upon all the land. Cities were destroyed, villages laid waste, and in every direction the fire and smoke of war rose up to the sky. The jealousy of the nobles caused all sorts of disorders, and constant civil war raged. But though there were recreant nobles who for selfish or jealous motives favoured the Danish usurpers, there were others who refused to bend down before a foreign lord. Many brave and true men had arisen and led the peasants, the real defenders of their country, to victory; but those victories, from want of unity, came to nothing, and caused the foreign yoke to bear more heavily upon the enslaved people. Sweden groaned beneath the weight of the usurper, whose grasp after each attempt seemed to be more firmly fixed than ever.

Yet, in spite of disasters, there never lacked brave sons who were willing to risk everything to secure freedom and prosperity. Men like Engelbrekt, the Dalecarlian peasant farmer, who, like another David, showed the people how to rid themselves of their Philistinian adversaries, and the noble Stures who strove valiantly against the Danes. Brave women, too, donned warlike accoutrements and held castles in defiance of the Danes. Women like Christina Gyllenstzerna (Golden Star), who, though tenderly nurtured and only twenty-six years old, yet inspired the peasants to defend themselves from invasion; and if the nobles had as truly given their strength, the country would have been saved from many fearful horrors.

At the time of our story, King Christian of Denmark, though defeated on land in the battle of Bränkyrka, lay before Stockholm with his warships, determined to regain the kingdom from which he had been expelled by the faithful peasant army under Sten Sture the younger. It was in the glorious Swedish summer months, when all nature was clothed in her most radiant robes. The Swedes were joyful at the thought of their victory and confident in their brave leader; and while Christian had suffered defeat on land he was also unfortunate by sea, for, with famine and mutiny on board, he had enough to do to keep himself in safety.

In this difficulty he opened negotiations with Sten Sture, and that generous chief even supplied his ships with stores. Then the Danish king invited him on board to confer upon terms of peace, and the noble Sten was ready to go; but, fortunately, he listened to wiser counsels and refused. Christian then appointed a meeting on shore, but he first demanded six of the principal men of Sweden as hostages for his safe return.

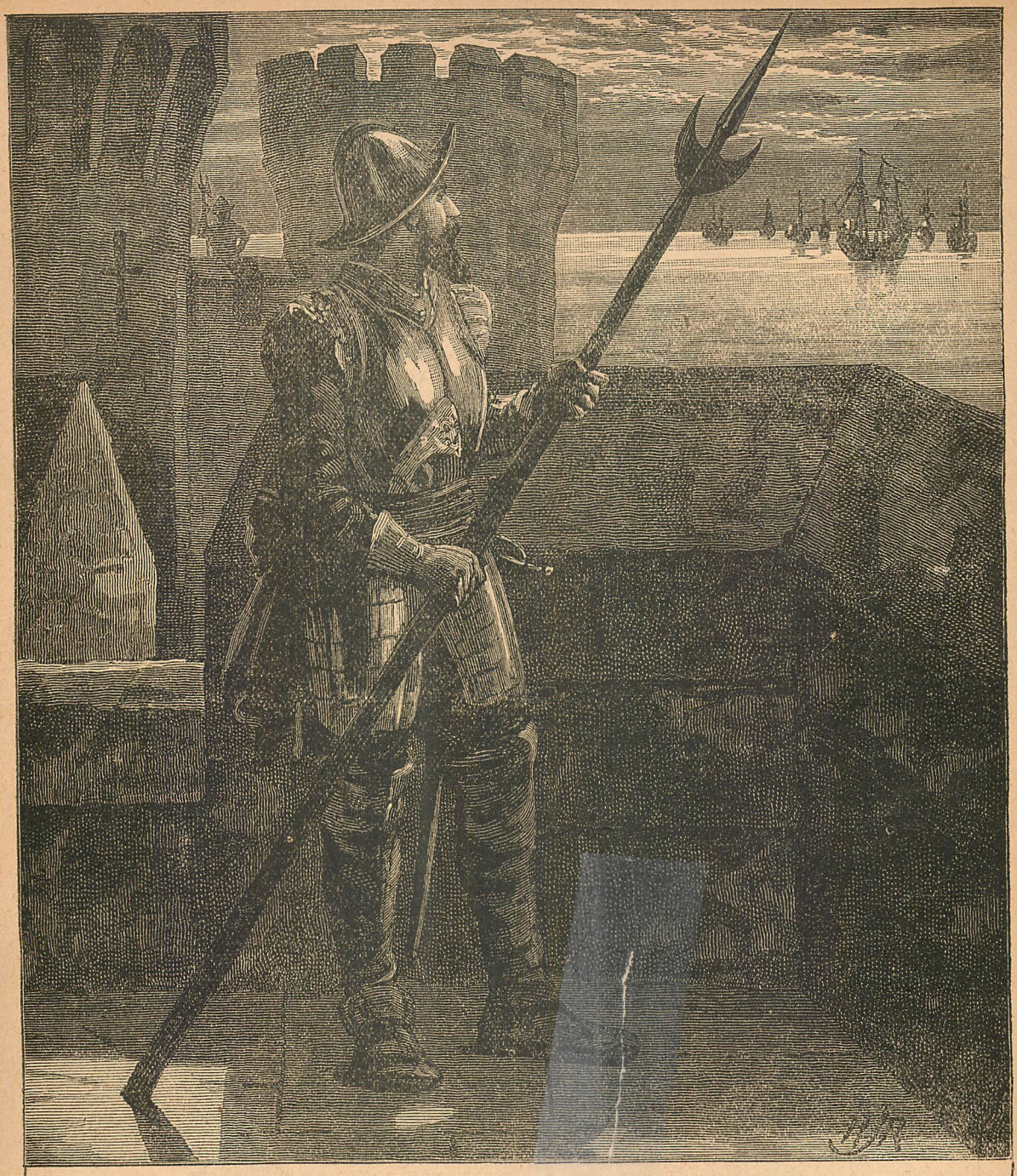
Now, indeed, if Sweden had been true to herself all the horrors which shortly befell her would have been avoided. But yet her trials evoked the noblest self-sacrifice from her faithful sons and daughters, and if we have to tell of awful deeds we also have to relate many deeds of true heroism and devotion almost unequalled in the world's history.

Merrily poured down the sun's beams upon the ramparts of castellated Stockholm, and broad over the land his glory shone, lighting up the sombre pine forests and the open glade. In the city all was life and bustle. Out in the bay rode the great war-ships of Denmark, and their hoarse-voiced guns, now silent, seemed waiting for the command to send out their thunders of defiance to the shore. But they spoke not, for victory rested on the other side; and if they had dared to flash out their tongues of flame and hurl their iron messengers to yonder ramparts, a stern and quick reply would have been the result. The sentinel looked out from the lofty turrets of Stockholm and watched every motion of the silent but hostile fleet. All knew that the Danish king had proffered peace, and all were anxious that it should be speedily settled. The six hostages demanded were ready to go on board, and soon the King would be on shore, and then, God willing, all would end happily.

Gaily sped the boats out towards the ships, and soon the six voluntary hostages trod the deck of the Admiral's ship. Nobody suspected treachery, or if they had the six would not have been allowed to go; for they were eminent men, tried in their country's service, and could not be spared. There was that staunch foe of Denmark, the aged Bishop Hemming Gadd, and four nobles, and the sixth—he it is that will claim our attention. Once already, though a young man barely twenty-three years old, he had borne his country's standard to victory over the Danish hosts. He was destined to strange adventures and fearful dangers. He was to war against the Danes exactly as did our own King Alfred. He is our hero, Gustavus Vasa, the progenitor of the mighty Gustavus Adolphus the champion of Christendom. He is the future liberator of his country. As if conscious of his great destiny he proudly trod the deck of his enemy's ship, and flashed back defiance for defiance at the invading Danish chiefs. Perhaps he was thinking of his past triumphs and of his brave Dalecarlian peasant followers, who never fought except for home and freedom, and so were always victorious.

Yes, proudly his eye flashed as he glanced over the bulwarks of the ship towards the turrets, towers, and grim battlements of Stockholm, and thought of the noble-minded Sten Sture, his chief, and of the brave, hardy men who filled his ranks. But if he expected to go back again he was doomed to disappointment. King Christian had no particular wish to go on shore; perhaps, gauging others by himself, he was afraid to trust himself amongst those whom he had so oppressed and who had every cause to detest him.

At this moment the wind, hitherto so contrary, veered round in favour of the Danes, and the King immediately gave orders to set sail for Denmark, intending to return at a more favourable time and regain his lost kingdom. Yes, slowly the great battle-ships bore out to sea, carrying away, in defiance of truth and honour, the six hostages. Away sailed the fleet, bearing into a cruel exile the six true men amid



The Sentinel on the lofty Turrets of Stockholm watching the hostile Fleet.

the jeers of the Danes, though at home deep and stern were the denunciations of the deluded Swedes. They found that a king's word was of no more value than a dicer's oath.

Yes, Gustavus Vasa, the young chivalrous knight, is a prisoner and an exile from his beloved country; but he never lost hope, already his busy brain is planning schemes to effect his release.

(*Continued at page* 202.)

LINNETS AND FINCHES.

WITHIN the furze-bush lowly
The mother lays her young;
Gay is thy breast, O linnet,
And undefiled thy tongue!
Yea, thou canst talk, they tell us,
Say 'Pretty boy,' and such;
The finches may be jealous,
For they can't do as much.

In the Thuringian forests
That clothe the porphyry peaks,
The armourer on his anvil
His daily living seeks.
What cheers him in his labour,
As he shapes the deadly brand
That yet may kill a brother,
Grasped in a brother's hand?

Caged in a niche beside him,
Or on the window-sill,
In his gay plumes apparelled,
Who sings the 'double trill,'
The 'bridegroom's song,' the 'wine song,'
And many a lay beside?
It is the little chaffinch—
The rough man's joy and pride.

The miner's iron fingers,
Which break a bow of steel,
Are perches for his *schild vink*,
As he takes his saucy meal;
And in that Saxon bosom
A little shrine is set,
A home, a love's oasis,
For his wee feathered pet.

He'll fare on bread contented,
With water for his drink;
And ninety miles he'll travel,
To lime a singing spink.
A cow for one deep triller,
Another man resigns,
So mighty is the bird-love
In the Thuringian mines.

O Pyrrhula,* O Bullfinch,
With wood notes soft and low,
Scarce heard is thy short twitter
Beside the river's flow.
But in thy gilded prison,
Taught by a master's skill,
Thy flute-like tones, how charming
When all the world is still!

O Pyrrhula, the loving,
When the quick shuttles fly,
When sings the busy weaver,
And thou art listening by,
His ears thou soon wilt gladden
With the same home sweet air;
Soft music—over payment
For thy dear master's care.

O Pyrrhula, thy wood-notes
Are sweet as sweet can be,
And God has, in His wisdom,
Laid beauteous tints on thee.
Yet not to me so charming
Sweet song and varied hue,
As that true love thou showest
To tender friends and true.

The auctioneer was busy,
His hammer rose and fell,
Within the poor man's parlour,
Where Pyrrhula did dwell.
He sold the little bullfinch,
A ruined master's pride;
The bird would never pipe again,
But hung his head and died. G. S. O.

THE STORY OF JOHNNY BERTRAM.

(*Concluded from page* 191.)

THE voyage home from the Cape was all that could be desired. The officers and crew of the long-boat having received an advance of money and an outfit from the agents, were shipped on board a trading-vessel homeward bound, and in due time Johnny Bertram, with a beating heart and a kindling eye, found himself once more in the well-remembered and fondly-loved home of his boyhood. But, oh, how changed did everything seem! Those tall, fair girls, who came so shyly yet so lovingly to embrace him, could these be Maudie and Mary, the two little girls who used to play with him, years ago, at whale-hunting, a bolster being the whale and a toasting-fork the harpoon? And that poor invalid, quite confined to bed, speaking often with stammering tongue and confusion of thought—could that be his once strong, stern father, for whom in his boyish days he had always felt fully as much fear as love? Oh, what changes! But the introduction to Aunt Harcourt was all pleasure. Johnny could see how much his sisters loved her, and his father depended upon her; and in his heart he felt thankful that she had come to supply the vacancy caused by his stepmother's death.

Johnny Bertram had been but a few weeks at home when he became conscious that a strange feeling of irritation and dissatisfaction with the existing state of matters at No. 6 Meadow Gardens had arisen in his heart. But we are such curiously complicated machines, we poor human beings, that he could scarcely say, even in his secret mind, what was the cause of this uncomfortable feeling. Of one thing, however, he felt certain, it was in some way or other connected with Tom Briggs. Yes, strange to say, Johnny's dear old chum, the inseparable companion of his boyhood, was at this time a source of daily aggravation to the young whaler. He was upon such easy and familiar terms with every one in the house that Johnny felt himself somewhat in the position of an outsider—an honoured visitor—instead of the one only son of the household, whose word used to be law, at least, to his two young sisters. If the ladies wanted anything to be arranged, oh, Tom, of course, would see about it! If Mr. Bertram was suffering more than usual, he immediately cried out for Tom, and this happened so often that on several occasions the young surgeon had remained overnight in the house, to the manifest satisfaction of every one save Johnny. And Tom's manner, too, was so provokingly easy; he came and went just as pleased him, till really, as Johnny said grumblingly to himself, 'He might be my father's son, and not I.' Then, being a generous young fellow, he would immediately repent of such feelings, and say to himself, 'Well, after all, it is quite natural. I have been long away, the girls have got used to depend upon him; and as for poor father, he is weak and old, and likes to talk about his ailments, and, of course, Tom, being a doctor, can comfort him much better than I can do, but still——'

Johnny shook his head and stared out of the window, wondering what had come over him; and was he really so mean as to feel jealous of dear old Tom Briggs?

At length one day things came to a crisis, and Johnny had it out with Tom. The young whaler had run upstairs two steps at a time to have a little talk with his father, when he found the door bolted, while Tom, from within, called out quite cheerfully, 'Can't admit you just now, old fellow, you must wait a little.'

Johnny at once turned on his heel and went downstairs, a rather ominous cloud upon his brow. Seeing Mary in the dining-room with her needlework he turned in there, and at once began to air his grievances.

'Upon my word, Mary,' he said, 'Tom seems to

* The Roman name of the bullfinch.

lord it over every one here! He is in my father's room just now with the door bolted. I was not allowed to enter.'

'Father likes to have him,' said his sister, calmly, as she picked up a stitch of her knitting.

'Likes to have him!' echoed Johnny. 'It seems to me you all like to have him. Why, the fellow is never out of the house!'

'Of course, we all like to have him,' said Mary, again, with provoking calmness. 'Only imagine the house without Tom Briggs!'

Johnny felt hurt and indignant; but at this moment his father's door was heard to open, and the young surgeon, carelessly humming an air from the last opera, walked into the dining-room, Mary at the same time escaping by another door.

'I hope my father is not worse to-day?' asked Johnny of his friend.

'Oh, dear, no!' said the doctor, airily; 'indeed, I think he is much better. He is quite cheerful this morning.'

'H'm,' said Johnny somewhat sternly, and looking fixedly at Tom, who did not seem to be at all impressed by the dignity of his demeanour. 'H'm, you seem to be a great deal with my father, Tom. I am sure we all feel deeply indebted to you for your kind attention to him.'

'Oh, dear, no!' again replied the culprit cheerfully; 'I have many reasons for showing him every attention in my power.'

'Oh! what reasons, if one may ask?' again said Johnny, who felt an unaccountable desire to knock his old friend down.

'Well,' replied his friend, 'for one thing I love him as though he were my own parent. Why, I have known him all my life! Then he is Maudie's father, and——'

'Of course he is Maudie's father,' interrupted Johnny, hotly, 'and Mary's father, and my father. But what in all the earth has that to do with your regard for him?'

'Oh, nothing particular, so far as you and Mary are concerned,' replied Tom, equably; 'but that he is Maudie's father makes him doubly dear to me;' and the young doctor looked straight at Johnny, whose irritation was rapidly increasing.

'I don't at all see what my sister Maudie has to do with it,' he said; 'but since I came home it seems to me that you all talk in riddles. I can't understand it, and I don't like it.'

'You can't understand it?' replied Tom; 'then let me make it plain to you. Your father is dear to me for Maudie's sake, she being my promised wife.' And again Tom Briggs looked straight at his friend.

Johnny was literally gasping. 'Your—what?' he roared, somewhat after the fashion of his boyhood. 'Your promised wife? Maudie? she is a child! Why, how old is she?'

'Seventeen,' replied Tom, promptly; 'dear, dear, how old we are all getting!'

The provokingly cool manner in which Tom uttered these words made Johnny fairly boil over. 'Have you spoken to my father about this?' he almost shouted. 'Maudie's opinion is nothing, she is too young to be consulted. And my Aunt Harcourt, what does she say?'

'Aunt Harcourt knows all about it, and is quite delighted,' said that lady, who just then entered the room. 'Why, Johnny, you were admiring my needlework yesterday; it is to be a wedding gift for Maudie.'

These words fell upon the ears of the bewildered Johnny like a blow delivered straight from some athletic boxer. He gazed helplessly at the smiling faces around, feeling very much as one of his own whales might do, with half-a-dozen well-planted harpoons in its body.

'Then it is all arranged,' he gasped. 'You might have told me. I think it is a horrid shame. I thought you would have liked my congratulations, Tom.'

'So I do, old chap,' cried Tom, heartily. 'And we would have told you, but you were so enchantingly simple-minded that Maudie said, "Oh, just let him find it out!" and so——'

'That reminds me,' cried Johnny, still a little fiercely; 'where is Maudie? The cunning little witch, she really deserves——'

'What do I deserve, Johnny?' asked his sister as she appeared on the scene, with a look of perfect simplicity.

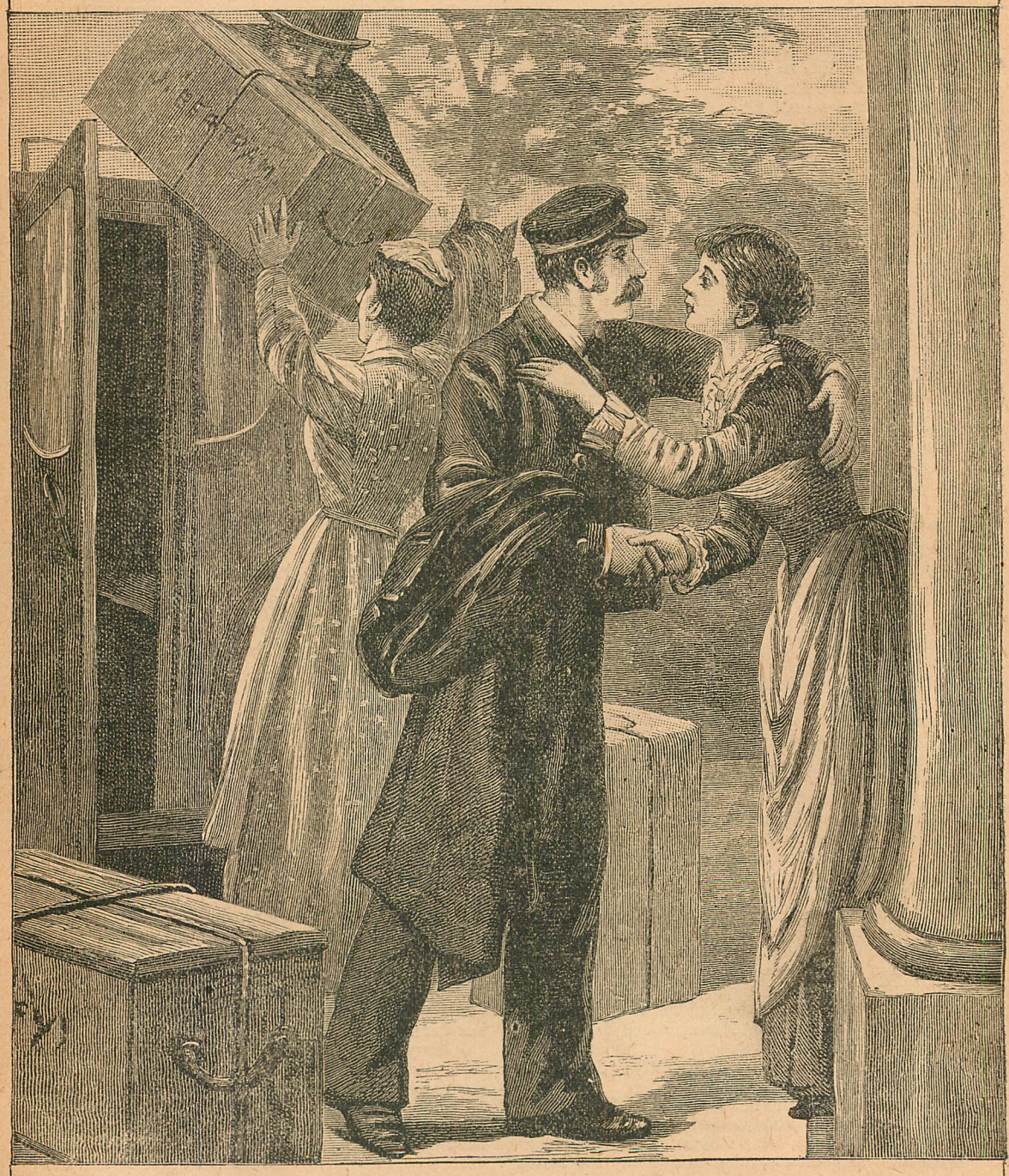
'A good kind husband, my dear,' said Miss Harcourt, 'and I think you have every prospect of it. The truth has all come out now, and Johnny is quite pleased, or will be by to-morrow morning.' And to a speech like this what could Johnny say?

Our story must now draw to a close, but if our young readers will kindly imagine that twenty years have come and gone since Johnny Bertram's return to his home, we will then tell them, in few words, the fate of each one of our Dundee friends.

Mr. Bertram, of course, has long since been carried to the grave, his last days being greatly cheered by the kind and dutiful attention of his family. Johnny, still in the prime of life, has been for many years master of a whaling-ship, the *Neptune*, having earned for himself the distinction of being the most skilful as well as the most daring of commanders. It would be difficult to enumerate all the whales, as well as polar bears, walruses, and seals, that have fallen to him and his crew. It is enough to say that almost every voyage of the *Neptune* has been a successful one. Dr. and Mrs. Briggs are a prosaic and almost old-fashioned couple by this time; their eldest son already talks of following his father's profession, while their youngest, aged six, always declares, when questioned on the subject, that he means to be a whaler like Uncle Johnny. Miss Harcourt is still alive, and along with Mary Bertram keeps house at 6 Meadow Gardens. Of Mary it is reported that she is shortly to be married to Bill Carter, now master of a merchantman trading to the Moluccas for coffee and spice; whether this is true or not the writer cannot affirm, but thinks it very likely.

Johnny has never married and never intends to do so, declaring that a whaling-ship is as much as he can manage, and he does not think a wife would at all suit him. He is, however, the best and kindest of bachelor uncles, and very popular among the young folk, who think that the best amusement for a winter evening is to sit round a glowing fire, and listen to some of the thrilling adventures of Uncle Johnny.

D. B. McKean.



Johnny Bertram's return home.

Dash and his Friend.

DASH AND HIS FRIEND.

A True Story.

A LONG time ago we had a brown retriever dog, which we called 'Dash.' He was not a pretty dog, but we grew very fond of him. He used to be chained up in the yard beside his kennel, and if anybody he did not know entered the yard he would bark most furiously, and try to reach them and bite them.

Some time after Dash became our dog, a sailor brother brought from Malta a tiny white Maltese dog. It was such a little mite of a thing that it really looked more like a toy dog than a living one. We decided to call this new pet by the name of 'Malta,' in honour of its native place, and very soon it would answer to its name when called.

At first Dash did not seem to like this new-comer very much, but when Malta ran to him and frisked about, and pretended to worry the big dog's brown coat, then Dash became quite friendly, and very soon he would let Malta do just what he liked. Malta would climb over Dash, and pull him, and take the nicest bits of his dinner away, but the big dog never made any objection. He would lie in the yard blinking lazily at his frolicsome friend with the utmost good humour.

Just about this time somebody presented us with a white kitten, which we named 'Snow.' Snow and Malta were sworn enemies from the first, but Dash regarded the little cat with friendliness. Many a time did pussy come out and sit in the yard close by her big brown friend. She had not been with us long before she showed this friendship in a curious way. Dash was dreadfully afraid of thunder. If a storm came on he would whine and cry, and try to get into the house, he seemed so afraid of being left alone.

One afternoon a violent storm raged, and the thunder crashed with terrific violence. Poor Dash had vainly tried to break loose from his chain and come indoors, and he was whining with fear. Suddenly the little white cat was seen picking her way across the wet yard, and going to the kennel she calmly seated herself in the doorway, while Dash retreated inside. He ceased whining, apparently content now that he had a companion, and Snow kept her place until the storm was over, when she came indoors. Strange to say, all the time we had her she always in a thunder-storm went to Dash's kennel, and he was always quiet if she sat there.

ANNIE M. BARTON.

THE LOST RING.

ONE evening a lady, while preparing for bed, laid three rings on her dressing-table, where, among other articles, a small plate of oatmeal had been placed. During the night the owner of the rings was seized by illness, so severe that for nearly a week she never remembered her property, which had meanwhile been taken charge of by a nurse. On inquiry, however, there proved to be only two rings, the nurse declaring that she had never seen the third, though she had removed the others immediately on entering the sick-room. This not being satisfactory, a thorough search was instituted, but without success, and gradually the ring was forgotten.

Many months afterwards there was an unpleasant odour in the same apartment, and a bricklayer was summoned. He raised the hearthstone and discovered the dead body of a thin emaciated mouse, which, on examination, proved to have the lost ring firmly fixed round its neck. The death of the mouse had evidently been caused by suffocation, and the explanation of the whole seems to be, that, on the evening when the rings had been placed on the table, the mouse (which must have been very young), attracted by the smell of the oatmeal, had crept up to partake of this dainty, and, while moving about, had unconsciously pushed its head through the circlet of gold. As the little creature grew larger, however, the pressure of the ring must have caused it much uneasiness, and finally strangled it altogether. The attenuated condition of the mouse was a proof of how much its health had suffered during the gradual process of strangulation. B. M.

SCRAPS OF BIOGRAPHY.

THE famous Prince of Condé was very far from being avaricious. The following anecdote shows how he checked a tendency to this vice in his son:—

The Prince was going to pay a visit in Paris, and at his departure left his son, who was about nine years of age, fifty louis d'or to spend in the meantime. In due course his visit came to an end, and he returned home. When the Prince appeared, the child at once ran up to him with the words,—

'Here, father, is all the money quite safe. I have not once touched it.'

The Prince took the money in silence, drew the boy to an open window, and there, before his eyes, shook all the coins out of the purse into the street beneath.

The boy looked in surprise to his father for an explanation of so strange an action.

'My son,' said the Prince of Condé, 'if you have neither virtue enough to give your money away, nor spirit enough to spend it, always do this with it in the future, that the poor at any rate may have the benefit of it.'

THE poet Collins before his early death would spend hours of each day in roaming through the aisles and cloisters of Chichester Cathedral. Just before he died, his biographer found him in his room at Islington reading the New Testament. Of this Book he had said to Johnson: 'I have but one book, but that is the best.' A. R. B.

GUSTAVUS VASA.

(*Continued from page* 196.)

CHAPTER II.

'Defer nothing till the morrow. The resolves which are not carried into execution at the right time resemble clouds without rain in long droughts.' GUSTAVUS VASA.

IT is now meet that we tell you something of our hero's birth, parentage, and training. He was born May 12th, 1496. His parents were Sir Eric Johanson Vasa, a member of the State Council and Governor of

the little group of islands of Aland in the Gulf of Bothnia, and Lady Cecilia of Eka. They were people of a distinguished race, descendants of a long line of kings. Gustavus was the eldest of eight children, and very proud of him was the stalwart Sir Eric, and he brought him up to perform all those feats of skill and daring which were at that time so necessary a part of every young nobleman's education. His stern though pious mother instilled into his mind precepts of love and reverence for God which counterbalanced his warlike training.

When but a boy Gustavus was sent to the Court of the Regent Sten Sture as a foster-son, or rather page, and he must have discharged his duties well, for when old King John of Denmark saw him he was struck with him. He patted him on the head and cried, 'Ah, thou wilt be a man some day!' a prophecy which was fulfilled to the confusion of the Danes. King John wished to take the ruddy golden-haired boy with him to Denmark and bring him up at his Court, but Sten Sture boded no good to the boy, and he promptly sent him home, thus saving the boy and giving himself a good excuse to decline the royal honour.

Now we see Gustavus at school at Upsala, a famous place of learning even then; but the boy must have had strong likes even at his early years: he disliked the Danish masters for their severity as he did their nation for their cruelty. He often came in for severe punishment, an indignity which his hot Vasa blood angrily resented, and one day when his master Ivar spoke with contempt of the Swedes, the hot-headed young scholar drew his little sword, thrust it through the book and shouted, 'I tell you what I'll do: I will one day go to the brave Dalecarlians, assemble them, and crack the heads of every Dane!' And with that outburst he rushed from the school and never returned.

From that time he occupied himself at home in perfecting himself in all that pertained to a nobleman's life: in learning, of which he was fond, in sporting, and in the manly exercises of his gallant nation.

At eighteen years old, in the year 1514, he again went to the Court of Sten Sture, and was placed under the tuition of Bishop Hemming Gadd; but from the peaceful instruction of this man he was soon drawn to take a part in the furious uproars which now again arose between the Danes and the Swedes, and from that time until he was twenty-three years old he bravely bore a patriot's part in the liberation of his country. That part, as we have told, led to his being treacherously carried away captive to Denmark by King Christian.

On that woeful day, as the coast of his native land faded from view, he felt the full dangers of his situation, yet his heart never failed him. He knew that there was a Power far greater than that of the tyrant King, and trusting in that he determined to wait patiently, watch closely, and when the right moment came, then to strike for freedom once again.

Amid the gloomy surroundings there were rays of hope. Some of King Christian's advisers advocated the slaying of the hostages; but this counsel was overruled, and Gustavus was, fortunately, sent for safe-keeping to a relative, Eric Bauer, at the Castle of Kallö in North Jutland, and Eric was under a bond of 6000 riksdalers (about 400*l.*) to keep him in safe custody.

It would seem as if now all the young hero's dreams were to end, for, though under the care of a relative, he was the prisoner of a king notorious for severity and breaking his word. Yet the young soldier's courage was too high to break down at this sad reverse. He appeared to be quite contented, and was allowed to join in the hunting expeditions of his kinsman, though under a strict guard. But the excitement did not reconcile him to the loss of his liberty, and, what was worse, his patience was sorely tried by the sneers of the young Danes by whom he was surrounded. At the table and at the sports they boasted that soon King Christian would have another army ready, and then they would all go and help to enslave Sweden, and when they had done that they meant to divide their wealth and ladies amongst themselves. This caused Gustavus great suffering, but he secretly made up his mind to be present at the subjugation of his country. He did not trouble much about the hard fare given him at the table of Eric, and it was very hard and coarse, consisting of black sour bread, dried rank fish, and beer which tasted like vinegar.

No, what made him miserable was the gloomy tidings which reached him about his native land. He knew that a fearful tempest was about to burst over Sweden, and that though brave Sten Sture and his heroic wife, Christina Gyllenstzerna, were defending it, yet every strong arm and brave heart would be sorely needed, for rumour loudly told how Christian was hiring an immense army of English, Scotch, French, and German mercenaries, to destroy the brave sons of Sweden.

Clearly he must escape, but how? He was in Denmark, in the midst of enemies, and cut off by the sea from Sweden; but where there's a will a way will soon be found. For about two years he had endured his unjust captivity, and he determined that the time had come when he must go or die. Besides, he meant to be present when those haughty young braggarts went to parcel out the wealth and beauty of Sweden among themselves, and he intended to make their division an extremely difficult task.

At last the time came, as it always does for the patient and the brave. One day a small cavalcade set out from the grim old Castle of Kallö to hunt in the vast forests near at hand. It was a bright morning, and all were eager for the sport. The impatient horses champed their iron bits; and the dogs bayed and looked wistfully for the signal to start and rouse up the gaunt wolf, or mayhap the antlered deer!

Soon the woodlands echoed back the shouts of the hunters, and all seemed merry and secure. In the excitement Gustavus was forgotten. He found himself alone, but in the heart of a hostile country it was no light thing to attempt escape. But he was determined, and soon he found himself far away from the castle and its forests. Meeting with a drover he got him to exchange clothes, and now disguised he fearlessly journeyed on, and with such speed that he covered forty-two miles the first day.

The hot-headed young Scholar.

He knew, however, that he would be hotly pursued, and that great care and speed were necessary. He therefore hired himself out to drive a herd of cattle along the road to Lübeck, the place where he looked for safety. Safely and surely he trudged on after his charge, and in due course he arrived at the gates of his city of refuge.

But the pursuit was both swift and sure, and soon after he arrived there came messengers from Kallö demanding the refugee. Now fresh anxieties arose. Would the Lübeckers surrender him? If so, then his lot would be hard indeed. No more hunting, and no more liberty, but a dungeon would be his fate, and perhaps death. But though his fate hung quivering in the balance he did not lose heart. He patiently awaited the decision which would either consign him to imprisonment or set him at liberty.

(*Continued at page* 210.)

MY COTTAGE HOME.

MY cottage home stands on the sweet hill-side;
I used to think of it both night and day,
When I had crossed the ocean wild and wide,
To seek for honest bread, far, far away.

For in that little home I'd left my wife,
My dearest Mary and our babies three;
They were the joy and gladness of my life,
Yet ah, they were so far away from me!

But God was very good; the time drew near
When I might once more hope to see my home.
I wrote and told them, and my babies laughed
With joy to think that Daddy soon would come.

The darlings met me at the wicket-gate,
But Mary stayed within, for tears would flow—
Sweet tears of joy they were, but, as she said,
'Don't let the neighbours see me weeping so.'

My cottage home, ah, 'tis a lowly place!
Tiny the garden—unpretending all;
But happier we than any one I know
In country or in town, in hut or hall.

Home happiness! Can any joys compare
With the calm solace that a man may find
In his own cottage with his family fair,
God's blessing, and a clear contented mind?

M. K.

CHILDREN.

IN recalling the many days of happiness which I have enjoyed, my memory rests with the greatest pleasure on the hours which I have spent amongst children. Amongst men and women we constantly meet with much that overcasts the original excellence of our nature,—with ambition, selfishness, pride, vanity; with the jarring of contending interests and opinions; with the false assumption of knowledge, the doubtings of affectation, the tediousness of egotism, or the repinings of disappointment. All these are perpetually elbowing us in our intercourse with men, but with children we see nature in its real colours, and happiness unsullied as yet by any acquaintance with the world. Their little life is like the fountain, which springs pure and sparkling into the light, and reflects for a while the sunshine and loveliness of Heaven on its bosom. Their absence of all affectation, their ignorance of the arts of the world, their free expression of opinion, their ingenuous confidence, their undissembled love of goodness and ignorance of vice, the beautiful aptitude with which their minds instantly embrace the doctrine of an overruling Providence, and the exquisite simplicity and confidence of their little addresses to their Father which is in Heaven; that unforced cheerfulness, that sunshine of the breast, which is only clouded by the tear forgotten as soon as shed: all this is to be found in the character of children, and of children only.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

40. When green, I'm good to eat,
That is, if cooked with skill;
When blue and pink I'm very sweet,
And nosegays help to fill:
But sweeter far it is to view me,
When *c* and *e* are added to me.

Yes, though I'm good to eat,
With *r* I'm sweeter still,
With *c* and *h* am yet more sweet,
With *k* I top the hill;
Add to me but a single *l*,
Then rolls the thunder, sounds the bell.

Yes, though I'm food, you see,
Changes soon come across
A little edible like me,
For *t* makes me a moss;
And if *r*, *l*, to me draw near,
I am a gem, fit for my lady's ear.

---

41. A * SUBE * *
A pretty word for kind.
A pair of eyes.
A round building, as the Pantheon.
Always in drops.
Not enough.
One of the four cardinal points.
The arrows of heaven.
A burglar.
* * * NDIS * *

Fill up the second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth lines. Take care that the first letters of each word lie exactly between the first stars in the top and bottom lines. And take care that the last letters of each word lie exactly between the last stars in the top and bottom lines, and then, if you get the words right you will read a well-known proverb round the edge of the figure.

42.

A	1	C
10		14
*	5	*
0		22
*	2	*
22		13
*	19	*
23		11
*	7	*
19		14
*	2	*
18		4
*	14	*
20		2
*	25	*
2		18
R	12	E

The stars are letters, and the figures mean
The alphabetic gaps that are between;
Betwixt that A and R, that C and E,
Two horrid monsters very huge there be.
Reader, 'tis mine to hide, 'tis thine to find,
So set about it with an active mind.

[*Answers at page* 215.]

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

XII.—A YEAR AFTER THE KING'S FLIGHT.

WHEN the King was brought back to the Tuileries he was at first watched more closely than before. Even outside the bedroom door a sentinel was stationed; and one night, when the Queen could not sleep, a National Guard offered to sit by her bedside, and have a little chat with her.

But, in a while, the King's friends had contrived to surround him with eighteen hundred loyal men, selected from various districts of France, all under the command of the Duke de Brissac. Beside these, Louis had his Swiss Guards stationed in or about the palace. By-and-by, too, the flight to Varennes seemed more or less forgotten, and Lafayette obtained a general amnesty; that is, a forgiveness of all past faults on all sides. The King and Queen might now be seen sometimes at the Opera, and *vivats*, that is, cheers were sometimes raised as the royal equipage rolled through the streets. On the 30th of September the old Assembly was dissolved, after sitting nearly twenty-nine months, and a new one began its labours the next day. The streets were illuminated, and two very popular deputies, named Robespierre and Pétion, were carried home on men's shoulders, amid much shouting. So the 1200, who had met in the Tennis Court, and there had vowed to complete their work in spite of all, were broken up, and went their ways.

The new Parliament consisted of 745 men, and they were mostly of a patriot turn of mind. No less than 400 of them were lawyers. The King had some friends in this Parliament, but they were lovers of liberty too. The extreme revolutionary men sat on the left side of the President, on some benches high up, and so got the name of 'The Men of the Mountain.'

The country, though fairly quiet upon the whole, was in an explosive state, and a riot broke out every now and then. La Vendée had to be carefully watched all the winter long by General Dumouriez, a very able soldier. The Mayor of Etampes, who hung out a red flag (the same as reading the Riot Act), was trampled to death. As fort he Navy and Army, they were in a wretched state, and the law was slack to punish crime. The King's party worked very hard to keep up an appearance of loyalty. Some of the leading Republicans (Danton, for instance) were hushed by presents of money; and men were actually hired to applaud the King when he appeared in public. Some of the lowest of the Paris populace were also hired to applaud speeches favourable to the King in the Assembly. Men, too, were paid to 'write up' the monarchy. The King's friends who had emigrated hoped, of course, for the restoration of the past. It was said Coblentz was become a second Versailles, for there the princes and nobles chiefly gathered, and enrolled themselves in a little army, ready, when the time came, to invade France and punish the rebellious people. And letters, written in

cipher, frequently passed to and fro between these emigrants outside France and the King's friends at home. A certain newspaper, called the Friend of the King (*Ami du Roi*), was able to name the number of those who were biding their time for the invasion of France. There were, according to that paper, 419,000 foreign soldiers, and 15,000 emigrants. All this was enough to incense highly the French people, for they knew if the King's foreign friends came down on them they would be punished horribly for behaving as they had to their sovereign. It was therefore a very anxious time for both people and ruler.

In the month of June, 1792, the Duke of Brunswick declared openly that it was high time to march on Paris, and deliver Louis from his troubles. A camp of 20,000 national volunteers was thereupon decreed by the French Government for the needful defence of the city, each man to be a picked patriot. It was also decreed that the priests, as presumed friends of the King and favourers of Brunswick, should be banished. What did the King now do? He placed his veto ('I forbid') on each of these decrees. He was remonstrated with by Roland, the Minister of the Interior, in a very plain letter; but the King stuck to his veto, and all his Ministers resigned in consequence. This happened on the 13th of June, 1792. Both the decrees were hateful to the King, for he knew the 20,000 volunteers would be violent Jacobins, and the priests were his friends; and so he said 'Veto' to both. But as he did it, he was pulling the house down upon his head; he was raising a storm which swept him from the palace to the prison of the Temple.

Paris was now in a state of frenzy. The Duke of Brunswick was just about to march, and yet the King forbade their raising a garrison of 20,000 patriots for the defence of their homes and wives. It was now that every patriot who had the courage of a man screwed that courage to the sticking-point, and resolved to do or die. One deputy after another came to the Parliament to entreat it to alter the King's power of veto. It was now that Barbaroux, a fiery South countryman, wrote to Marseilles for 'six hundred men who knew how to die!'

The 20th of June arrived; it was already become a memorable day, for it was the anniversary of the Tennis Court Oath. Some of the citizens of Paris had resolved to celebrate the day by planting a tree of liberty near the Tuileries, and by also, perhaps, having a word or two with the King himself, if they could see him, on the subject of the veto.

On the morning of this eventful day the tree of liberty was ready. It was a Lombardy poplar, and it was lying quietly on a sort of car, ready to be moved when the time came. The authorities, fearful of riot and bloodshed, attempted to stop the affair, but the people assured them that they had the most peaceful intentions, and only wished to plant a tree, and have a word with their King. So the procession set forward, each moment swelled by hundreds from every alley and court of the suburb St. Antoine. A curious banner was borne aloft. It was no less than a pair of old black silk breeches, with these words as a motto in French: 'Tremble, tyrants! here are the Sansculottes!' Sansculotte was a cant name given to the poorest patriots by the Royalists. It means 'Destitute of Breeches.'

Once more the authorities tried to stop the crowd; but the leaders answered them, 'We are as peaceable as doves. We mean no harm. We cannot stop now; and you had better come with us.' And so the patriot stream followed on, until it reached the Riding School, where the Parliament was met for business. Here an address was read; and then the multitude surrounded the palace, all the gates of which had been carefully closed. Within the courts were ranked the National Guards. The Swiss were at their posts, and the palace itself was crowded with Royalists in black clothes, who had come to support their King. Every man of this sort had a 'ticket of entry,' which he showed to the sentinel at the gate.

The Lombardy poplar was planted, not where they wished, for the place was closed, but in a garden not far off; and now, as the King would not come out to them, they resolved to force their way in to him. In this they were helped by the National Guards inside. Those men, never very loyal, yielded to the speech of the mob leaders, and opened the gate. The multitude poured through, and were soon surging up the grand stairs into the interior of the Tuileries. It was a repetition of the Insurrection of Women at Versailles. Loud were the knockings on the door, behind which the poor distracted Monarch stood; knockings that could not be overlooked, for soon the panels were smashed in. Louis opened the door, and asked them hastily, 'What do you want here?' Loud shouts of 'Veto!' 'Remove Veto!' answered his question. Others shouted 'Bring back the patriot ministers!' Louis answered with much dignity, 'This is not the time to do it in, nor is this the proper way to ask me.'

A few soldiers managed to get the King into the bow of a window, and there he stood for some time. One man thrust a red cap into his hand, and he set it upon his head. Another offered him a bottle, and he put it to his lips. The Queen sat in an inner room with her children and sister-in-law, behind a barricade of tables, in tears and terror of heart. And this went on for fully three hours. The gentlemen had all disappeared, fearful of doing more harm to the King's cause than good. After a time the Mayor of Paris (Pétion was his name), a very advanced patriot, who had just now much influence with the mob, persuaded the people to retire. They obeyed his voice; and as they passed through the room where the Queen sat behind her tables, a woman presented her with a red cap, which she put on her little son's head. It was not until eight o'clock that the palace was clear of the people; and the King and Queen, much agitated, were able to embrace each other with many tears, after enduring such terrors.

BENEATH ST. PAUL'S.

ALTHOUGH it is only a tradition that the Romans had a temple to Diana in London, where St. Paul's Cathedral now stands, yet it seems clear that they used it as a burial-place, or for some sacred purpose. When the present cathedral was in building, many Roman funeral vases and similar articles were found under the surface. Above these lay many skeletons of ancient Britons; above these again were the coffins and graves of the Saxons. Here was a brief summary of our island's history.

The Queen putting the Red Cap on her little Son's Head.

Gustavus before the Council in the old Town-hall.

GUSTAVUS VASA.

(*Continued from page* 204.)

CHAPTER III.

'The morning hour has gold in month.'
GUSTAVUS VASA.

EVER since the thirteenth century the good town of Lübeck had held high its head in the commercial world, for it was first in importance amongst the cities of the famous Hanseatic League. Its walls were strong and its wealth was great, and its rich merchants feared neither king nor haughty noble. In the very beginning, more than 200 years before our hero entered its gates, its opulent citizens who lived by trade saw that if they would be secure in the pursuit of their calling they must unite with other powerful towns; so they made what is known as the Hanseatic League, which for several centuries ruled the world of commerce. They grew so rich and so strong that they could afford to deal with kings as with equals—nay, more, they could equip armies, and they held within their hands the power to make war or peace.

But now to the anxious mind of Gustavus arose the question, Would the Lübeckers protect him, or would they deliver him up to the King? Doubtless, he would employ bribes or threats, or both; but it would quickly be settled, for no sooner had Gustavus entered the city gates than a troop of horsemen, with Eric Bauer at their head, thundered after him; but once inside even King Christian would not dare to touch him without leave.

Eric Bauer quickly laid his claim to Gustavus before the city authorities, and he would have at once seized his prisoner; but the men of Lübeck were not men to be hurried. The jailer of Gustavus must wait until the question was duly settled in council, so he must rein in his impatience until these merchants made up their minds. They did not believe in doing things in a hurry, and perhaps repenting it afterwards.

However, the knight had not long to wait. Early the next morning the unwonted bustle in the streets denoted that something unusual had occurred. It was known that a young Swedish noble had escaped from the territory of the Danish King and had claimed their protection, and the citizens collected in groups and discussed the situation. Soon the Council was assembled in the fine old town-hall, and the angry Eric Bauer entered and claimed the fugitive in rather haughty language. He complained that Gustavus had escaped against his own pledged word.

In silence the shrewd councillors heard the demand, and then they turned to Gustavus for his defence, and they had not long to wait.

Said the young noble: 'I was captured contrary to all justice and plighted faith. It is notorious that I went to the King's fleet as a hostage. Let any one who can point out the place where I was made prisoner, or declare the crime for which I deserved chains. Call me not then a prisoner, but a man seized upon unjustly, over-reached, betrayed. I am now in a free city, and before a Government renowned for justice, and for befriending the persecuted. Shall I then be altogether deceived in the confidence I have reposed in them? or can breach of faith be reasonably objected to me by one who never himself kept oath or promise? or can it be wondered that I should free myself from a prison which I deserved by no fault except that of trusting the assurances of a king? The sum of money which the King demands shall, when I reach Sweden, be immediately sent over, for I must not be a loss to Bauer, who took me into his house away from the King's severity, and showed me kindness.'

The spirit of the handsome young hero, as well as the courage which he displayed, wrought powerfully upon the Council; they pitied the youth who had been duped by a faithless tyrant, and they did not feel inclined to hand him over a second time to the tender mercies of such a monster as King Christian: besides, if this high-born young noble could influence his countrymen to fight successfully for freedom, he would not forget their kindness. He might, in fact, prove a worthy successor of the Engelbrects and the Stures. So, after solemnly discussing the question, they decided to protect him, and Bauer had to go home without his prisoner. 'For who knows,' said the Council, 'what he' (Gustavus) 'may do when he gets home?'

But the young hero did not immediately go home; he stayed in Lübeck for eight months, sharing the kindly hospitality of a rich merchant there. But as the hart panteth after the waterbrook, so Gustavus longed to be at home. Tidings reached him that the Danish King had defeated and slain the noble Sten Sture, and that his country was in sore plight, so that he desired to return to his native land. But Providence guides without explaining, and the future liberator was compelled to stay at Lübeck.

About this time the light of the Reformation had shone forth and reached Lübeck, and everybody was talking about it. Men hailed it as fresh tidings from Heaven, and Gustavus, though his eager spirit yearned for home, could not help hearing all about it, and the truth he then heard lay in his mind and prepared him for his future career.

After many weary months he led the men of Lübeck to listen to him, and they agreed not only to send him home, but promised to supply him with troops and money if in the coming struggle he should need them.

It was in the month of May, 1520, that in a merchant-vessel bound to Stockholm Gustavus took his passage. Although terrible news had reached him of his own beloved land, his heart was once more light. He knew how the widow of Sten Sture was bravely defending the fortress of Stockholm, though left almost alone, having only a few hundred mercenary troops at her command, and he desired to be with her. His heart bounded with delight as the vessel was made ready to sail, and at last he bade farewell to Lübeck, the sails filled before the wind, and soon he was out on the rolling Baltic bound for home, for his loved land, there to free her from the rapacious invader or lay his bones in her bosom.

CHAPTER IV.

'Make war only upon compulsion: peace without compulsion.'
GUSTAVUS VASA.

THE tyrant Christian, who was Christian in nothing but name, had landed with his great army of hired soldiers in January, 1520, nearly five months before Gustavus left Lübeck, and a great battle had been fought on the ice-covered lake Asmund, where Sten Sture had been fatally wounded, and the Swedish peasant army had been routed and destroyed.

Then the Danes had overrun the land, and had boasted that 'if the skies rained peasants they would fight them all.' Yet those peasants, rough and ignorant though they were, were brave men, and when properly led were formidable, as those vaunting Danes found at a second battle, fought on Good Friday near Upsala. During this battle a snow-storm fiercely lashed the faces of the Danes, damped their powder so that they could not fire their guns, and filled the feet of their horses so that they could not charge, and so they were defeated.

But now, Sten Sture being dead, they had no proper chief, and the poor peasants, brave though they were, yet had not the foresight to take advantage of the victory, and instead of pursuing the discomfited Danish host, thought more of plundering their enemy's camp, so the good effect was lost, though it taught the boasting Danes a sharp lesson, and they confessed that 'when God withdraws His hand from the warrior a poor peasant is as good as he.'

After this the Danes succeeded in filling the land with fire and sword. Death went before them and destruction followed after them, and the Swedes lost heart, and their chiefs who ought to have led them deserted them and counselled submission, so no wonder that men's hearts failed them, and they could see nothing but ruin and desolation.

Yet even in this dark and troublous time there were gleams of sunshine, for the noble widow of the slain Regent, Christina Gyllenstzerna, had shut herself up in the castle of Stockholm, and though the Swedish nobles and prelates advised submission, and though her heart was bleeding for the loss of her brave husband and her infant son, yet, surrounded by a few stalwart citizens and hired soldiers, she resolved to keep out the Danes.

At Calmar also, though that town was closely blockaded by a Danish force, another noble woman, Lady Anna Bzelke, with a hireling German garrison, held out bravely against the Danes, so that when the men, the rightful defenders of their country, deserted its cause, the women placed themselves at the head of the soldiery and did their work.

When Gustavus, after a stormy passage across the Baltic, landed on his native soil he intended to go and offer his services to the late Regent's brave widow at Stockholm, content like all true men to fight in any sphere; but as he found the capital closely besieged he went to Calmar, to offer help to the other noble woman. Here, too, he had great difficulty, for the Danes were everywhere; but at last he succeeded in gaining access to the fortress, and received a cordial welcome from the gallant lady-defender, who, too, was a widow: her husband had been commandant of the place.

When safely inside Gustavus tried to rouse up the garrison to more heroic efforts, but the Germans answered his exhortations so roughly that his life was in peril and Lady Anna had to interfere to save him. Finding that little could be done here he went on foot through Smäland to stir up his father's tenants. But even here he was not safe, for the whole land was filled with Danes, and it was only by continually changing his quarters and disguising himself that he escaped detection; and sometimes in answer to his passionate pleading even his own countrymen used him roughly and answered, 'Salt and herrings will not fail us so long as we obey the King, but if we rise we are sure of ruin.'

This was enough to quench the ardour of a less brave heart, but when they seemed to reject him most savagely his trust and courage rose higher, and he did not despair. During all that fearful summer he went about travelling over vast plains, sometimes sleeping in the woods and at others in the open fields, pursued by his terrible enemies, who strove might and main to catch him either dead or alive, for there was a great price set on his head.

(*Continued at page* 218.)

OUR BIOGRAPHY.—No. VI.

GEORGE STEPHENSON.

ON the 9th of June, in the year 1781, was born George Stephenson. Of school education he had none. His ninth year found him herding cows, and so earning twopence a-day. Then he led the horses at the plough, and did other farm work, for which the wages were double as much. After a while he bade good-bye to the farm, and is found driving a gin-horse at a colliery. In this employment he stayed, and rose from step to step, until his work was to attend upon the steam-engine which pumped water from a mine. This was a responsible post, and Stephenson was only eighteen. He was, however, bent on doing everything that could fit him for still higher positions. He must learn many things. But even when grown to be a man he found himself still at the foot of learning's ladder. He began with the alphabet, and paid threepence a-week to a neighbouring teacher. Even whilst attending to his engine he found means to work at arithmetic. He was of a saving disposition, too, and now began to earn a little money by mending shoes when his proper day's work was over. Then he married, and the mending of clocks was soon added to his list of employments. A son was born to him, Robert Stephenson, who proved a worthy son of a worthy sire. His savings mounted up, but in 1807 they were all swept away, for he was drawn for the Militia, and preferred paying for a substitute to serving in person.

The year 1810 saw Stephenson's success in doctoring a steam-engine at Killingworth High Pit. Soon afterwards he became a colliery engineer, and his advice was very generally sought by those around.

In 1814 he saw a locomotive, made under his direction, running on the local railway. Compared with the modern locomotive it was a poor affair, but it was then a most important step.

When the Stockton and Darlington Railway was projected, Stephenson was appointed its engineer. A company, in which he was a partner, supplied three locomotives for this railway, and their appearance at the opening created great excitement. It was recorded with great amazement that 600 people were actually conveyed in the train from Darlington to Stockton, a distance of twelve miles, in a little over three hours.

The Manchester and Liverpool Railway was the next great work upon which Stephenson was engaged. The difficulties in the way of this undertaking were immense. But it was carried out, and some four miles of bog, called Chat Moss, were in time crossed by a solid road. Then came the day when Stephenson's engine, the *Rocket*, carried off the prize of 500*l.* offered for the best locomotive, and finally triumphed over the old system of tramway-cars drawn by horses.

Honour and wealth flowed in upon the man who had been a cow-herd. But he still kept the simplicity of earlier days, and, when visiting the old scenes, he was never too proud to acknowledge old acquaintances. Many sought his advice, and many more his aid. To these his advice was always straightforward and candid. Nor was he found wanting in active sympathy where it seemed merited. His death took place in August, 1848, eleven years before that of his equally famous son. A. R. B.

CONTENTMENT.

HOW fair and peaceful is the scene!
How bright all things around!
Why then in my distressèd heart
Is nought but trouble found?

That rustic fellow hard at work,
His bronzed face wears a smile,
Ah! would I could exchange with him,
And calm my heart awhile!

And yet my lot is fairer far
Than ever his can be:
I've health, and wealth, and home, and friends,
And leisure time,—while he

Spends every passing year in work
More toilsome than the last;
Yet see how cheerfully he smiles
As I creep slowly past!

Then what can cause the difference
Between that man and me?
What makes him glad, while I am sad
And weary as can be?

'Good Sir,' the rustic might exclaim,
'If happiness you'd find,
Fear God and do the right, then pray
For a contented mind.'

M.

AT A LOOSE END.

JEM PHILIPS is at what he calls 'a loose end' this morning, which means, I suppose, that he has nothing to do; and from his appearance one would imagine that his want of occupation is not troubling him very much. Just now he is watching a troop of Irish harvest-men on their way to Farmer Gray's, and presently he will stroll down the village to see if any other idle person is lounging about there who can join him in planning a 'lark' for the afternoon or evening. So the day will pass, and it will be strange if Jem gets to the end of it without doing something wrong.

We hear the expression, 'At a loose end,' from the lips of both young and old far too often. If our web of life is being woven carefully and neatly after God's pattern, there should be no such thing as a loose end about it. Each shred of time and energy has its place, and if it is wasted it will be missed by-and-by when there is no chance of recovering it. The loose end, once dropped, can never be woven in again. Remember, then, that the odd minutes, the leisure hours, the days set apart for rest or recreation, have their value, and must be accounted for as exactly as the periods of time which are devoted to regular work. The weaving of our life-web is continuous; its growth keeps pace with our own, and though we may spoil it, we can never for a moment cease from working at it. The threads are countless, the pattern constantly changing, but we have not a single thread placed in our hands which is not needed. If you have an odd minute, depend upon it there is an odd duty to be done in it; and if you waste the minute, the duty will perhaps be left undone altogether, or, at any rate, it will be done at the wrong time or by the wrong person, and so the pattern of your own life or of somebody else's life will not be just what God intended it to be. We make a sad mess of our weaving, even when we are doing our very best; but we may always be sure that we are spoiling it if we come to 'a loose end.'

SNEEZING.

SOME unimportant customs can be traced back to a very ancient origin, or at all events can be shown to have existed long ago. 'Bless you!' some one says, on hearing a companion sneeze. 'Bless you!' was just the exclamation made for the same reason in other tongues by several nations hundreds of years ago. More than one ancient Greek writer speaks of this custom, but cannot say certainly whence it came.

The man who sneezed when offering sacrifice was thought fortunate, and sure to obtain his object. We all know how sneezing may be caused. But it is curious to notice that some people sneeze on coming into the sunshine. It is well to remember that repeated or violent sneezing has its dangers. So the unseasoned must beware of snuff!

ADVENTURE WITH BANDITTI.

ABOUT fifty years ago a comely young German maiden was living as only servant in a village inn, near the Hartz Mountains. Gretchen was a good girl, and held in much estimation by her master and mistress, to whom she in her turn was much attached, serving them almost with the loving obedience of a daughter, and feeling perfectly happy in her lowly condition.

Now it so happened that about that time a troop of banditti had taken up their quarters in the gloomy recesses of the neighbouring forest, and by their ruthless deeds had caused quite a scare in the villages round. Many shocking events were reported to have taken place, more than one murder had been committed, so that in every homestead there was much agitation, each one wondering who was to be the next victim of cruelty and outrage.

The inn-keeper and his wife shared in the general uneasiness, and looked well to their bolts and bars after the last customer had departed for the night; they remained very much at home, too, and kept careful watch. One day, however, having urgent business to attend to some miles away, they both left home on horseback, leaving Gretchen sole guardian of the house, advising her at the same time not to admit any one upon any pretext whatever till their return.

Many young girls would have been afraid to be left in such a situation, but Gretchen had a brave and cheerful spirit; therefore, after watching the departure of her master and mistress, she fearlessly returned to her household duties, singing at the same time with a light heart some simple hymns which her kind mistress had taught her. But Gretchen had a terrible experience to pass through. An hour had scarcely passed away, when there came a knock to the outer door; it was a traveller on horseback, who requested leave to rest awhile and have breakfast. At first the girl refused, but as the man persevered in his request, and she saw that he was well-dressed and respectable looking, she at length admitted him, and while he took his horse to the stable she began to cook some food. While breakfasting, the stranger asked poor simple Gretchen many questions, which she in her simplicity frankly replied to, though, after admitting that her master had left home for the whole day, she felt a vague sense of having committed some imprudence, and began to long for the visitor to depart, which he seemed in no hurry to do. At last, breakfast being over, he desired Gretchen to bring him a bottle of wine. The girl rose to obey, and taking in her hand a lighted torch, she proceeded to the cellar, which was reached by descending a flight of stone steps. Here she found to her terror that the stranger was following her, and turning sharply round, she became aware that he carried a pistol in his hand.

Though terribly alarmed, the quick-witted girl did not lose her presence of mind. Suddenly extinguishing the lamp, she drew herself close up to the wall, listening all the time with a shudder to the imprecations of the wretch who had entered the cellar, and was groping his way in the darkness, still advancing towards her. Having eluded his grasp, Gretchen swiftly darted back, ascended the steps, closed, and firmly bolted the door upon the pretended traveller. and then barricaded herself securely in an upper chamber, there to await her master's return. She had not been there many minutes however, when a fresh knocking at the door alarmed her, and looking out, she saw two evil-looking men, who asked her what had become of a traveller whom they had expected to meet there. From the description given of his appearance, Gretchen immediately discovered that the person sought for was the very man whom she had locked in the cellar. She made no admission on the subject however, but briefly said, that by her master's orders she could not open the door. The men then threatened to scale the walls, which greatly terrified the poor girl, as she knew that they could easily accomplish their project by means of the iron bars fixed to the windows of the lower story. In this perplexity, Gretchen suddenly spied an old musket which hung on the wall, a relic of her master's younger days. She seized it, and pointing the muzzle out of the window, cried out that she would fire on the first man who attempted to ascend. The two villains, struck dumb at the sight of firearms where they had expected no resistance at all, took themselves off, uttering fearful threats, and vowing to return again in greater force.

In spite of her terror, Gretchen remained at her post as hour after hour passed away, till at last she saw her master and mistress along with some friends quite close to the house. Then the girl's courage seemed to give way, she fell into a deep faint, from which she was at length aroused, only to tell of her fearful adventure and to deliver up the key of the cellar. After a sharp scuffle, Gretchen's prisoner was dragged out to the light of day, when he was at once recognised as the chief of the banditti, who had for long spread terror over the country. He was speedily executed, while his men, wandering about without a captain, were either taken or dispersed. And thus to the bravery of a young serving-maid the whole country was indebted for their freedom from a terrible scourge.

D. B. McKean.

THE BELFRY.

SINCE bells have been used to call congregations to worship, a tower or bell-gable has formed an important part in most churches. Sometimes this tower is quite separate from the rest of the church. This is often so in Italy, and also in the case of some English churches: those at Evesham and Berkeley, for example. In hilly countries, the church was often placed in a sheltered valley, and the belfry perched on the top of some height near at hand. This was the case at St. Feve, in Cornwall, and at some places in Scotland. Instead of building a belfry, it was not unusual in Scotland to hang the bell upon some convenient tree. Two hundred years ago this rude contrivance might often have been seen there.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES NOS. 38 TO 42.

38. (1.) Boyle. (2.) Bute. (3.) Stafford. (4.) Fox. (5.) Grattan. (6.) Peel. (7.) Leicester. (8.) North. (9.) Madison. (10.) Richelieu. (11.) Staunton. (12.) Temple. (13.) Ripon. (14.) Pitt. (15.) Stanhope. (16.) Somers.

39. Rhinoceros.—Sonnetteer.

(1.) Riches. (2.) Halo. (3.) Inn. (4.) Nun. (5.) Ounce. (6.) Cricket. (7.) Exact. (8.) Racehorse. (9.) Ogre. (10.) Soldier.

40. Pea.—Peace. Pear. Peach. Peak. Peal. Peat. Pearl.

41. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.

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A H S U B E H T
B E N I G N
I           I
R O T U N D O
D     E     W
I N S U F F I C I E N T
N   O   R   T   H
T H U N D E R B O L T
H O U S E B R E A K E R
E H A N D I S W O
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42.

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A   C
L   R
L   O
I   C
G   O
A   D
T   I
O   L
R   E
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BALLADS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

THE BATTLE OF LEWES.

MAY 14, 1264.

SON of an unrelenting sire,
Who smote the stubborn Albigenses,
If haply he, by sword or fire,
Might bring the madmen to their senses;

Son of this bigot, sternly pure,
Was Simon, as De Montfort known;
A man whose credit will endure
Long as Old England and her throne.

A man of mark—deemed not unmeet
To court the sister of the King,
To lay his fortunes at her feet,
And wed her with the marriage ring.

And Henry prized De Montfort much,
And mated him to Eleanor,
That he might have a helper, such
As rulers need in peace or war.

But Simon would not stoop to please
Each fancy of his pliant lord;

So he was sent beyond the seas
To rule the Gascons with his sword.

They loathed his ways austere, and laid
All sorts of evil at his door.
How the King hoped some Gascon blade
Might lay him low to rise no more!

But no! what mean these ringing cheers
Around the Earl's returning car?
The hateful sound King Henry hears—
Sure signal of 'the Barons' War!'

The Earl returns, ordained of fate
To be the English people's friend;
To bind the King—reform the state—
And make all evil customs end.

'O King,' said he, 'be true and just,
Keep Magna Charta as it stands;
Oust aliens from each post of trust,
Put English forts in English hands.

Relieve the friendless poor, opprest
By sheriffs' fines and judges' dues.
Choose by these means to give us rest,
Or else the shock of battle choose!'

Such were the terms, full easy they,
The Barons tendered to the King;
And now it is the month of May,
And all with life is blossoming.

Death yet is plaiting many a wreath
For squires and burghers from the towns,
And hinds, and scholars, met beneath
'Mount Harry,' on the Sussex Downs.

Host measures host in grim suspense
The while two bishops bear the King
Offers of peace. He bellows, 'Hence!
Our arrows are upon the string!

Sharpened anew is sword and spear,
And you will know to-morrow night
(Unless you lie on bloody bier)
The worth of those with whom ye fight!'

Brave words, and backed by deeds as great
As ever shone in Roman story;
But who can stem the tide of fate?
Or wear at will a victor's glory?

Right well the King of England fought,
And showed each baron whom he met
He did not wield his sword for nought—
He was a true Plantagenet.

He would not dim the crown he wore,
But strove for it new palms to gain;
And he was bruised and bleeding sore,
And twice his gallant steed was slain.

Yet all was lost! Oh, let him creep,
Sorry and fainting, where he may,
And, in his anguish, long to sleep
By those who fell that dreadful day!

G. S. O.

The Battle of Lewes.

The Villagers Stoning Gustavus.

GUSTAVUS VASA.

(*Continued from page* 211.)

SOMETIMES when Gustavus was speaking to his countrymen assembled in the villages they assailed him with stones and arrows. At length, without clothes or money, the young brave-hearted noble reached the Manor of Arnö, where his sister Margaret and her husband, Sir Joachim Brahé, were just preparing to set out to Stockholm, to be present at the Danish king's coronation. They both appeared delighted to see him, but his sister beseeched him with tears not to stir up rebellion, for it would end in ruin to himself and to his family. But nothing could shake the heart of the young patriot, and when he saw that they were afraid to give him refuge he bade them farewell and went to his father's place at Räfsnöis, there to brood over the distracted state of his country and wait for the opportunity to go forth and drive out the invader.

But if the country had been sorely tried, even greater horrors were in store for it. When at last the brave Christina Gyllenstzerna was compelled to surrender the castle of Stockholm, King Christian entered at the head of his troops and received the keys from the Burgomaster, and he promised that no one should be injured for resisting him; but in spite of his oaths and promises immediately after his coronation, and when nearly all the Swedish nobles were in his power, he opened a council to try them. He told them that they had rebelled not only against him but against the Church, and though he would keep his word and pardon them for offences against himself yet he could not pardon them for their offences against the Church. They had deposed bishops and banished them, and for that he would put them to trial. He thus showed that a bad man is never at a loss to find a reason for breaking his oath. After a mock trial the doomed Swedes were told by the executioner that they must prepare for death, and on the morning of the 8th of November, 1520, was done a deed that thrilled all Christendom with horror.

In the morning a proclamation was issued in Stockholm that no one was to leave his house on pain of death without a signal. The cannon on the castle were loaded, and others were so placed as to command the principal streets. Gloomy forebodings and fears oppressed the minds of all people.

CHAPTER V.

'Away with the idler, but honour and reward well the faithful labourer in the vineyard.'—GUSTAVUS VASA.

BRIGHTLY gleamed the cold sunbeams over Stockholm on that morning of November 8th, 1520. The inhabitants peered with dire forebodings through their lattices, and caught glimpses of preparation for a fearful festival. A long line of Danish soldiery stretched from the castle to the grand square of the market-place, where, in front of the town-hall, stood gibbets and a huge scaffold, while ever and anon the clatter of hoofs or the tread of armed men broke the ominous stillness. Sometimes the silence was broken by the blare of a trumpet, which was followed by a proclamation.

At last the citizens were bidden to assemble in the market-place. All hurried there with blanched faces and fearful misgivings, for it was felt that a terrible tragedy was about to be enacted. Now the castle gates were opened and the drawbridge lowered, and a melancholy procession of doomed prisoners, the nobles and prelates of Sweden, issued forth, surrounded by soldiers with their gleaming weapons of war. Slowly, like as at a funeral, the gloomy train advanced until it reached the great square in the market-place, where in hushed silence crowded the inhabitants.

The King posted himself at a window in the town-hall from which he could see the sight, and at a signal a Danish knight, one Nicholas Sycké, stepped forth and told the people not to be terrified at what they were about to witness, for it was a just judgment, and that the Archbishop, Gustavus Trolli, had on bended knees implored the King to execute the rebellious and sacrilegious criminals who stood there. Yet they did not look like criminals, and Bishop Vincentius, in answer to the Danish knight, called out, 'It is false!' and that the King could do nothing without lies and deceit; and then he prayed God for vengeance on his tyranny.

To all this King Christian listened from his window, but it did not cause him to change his purpose. He gave a signal for the butchery to begin, and Bishop Mathias was the first victim. He had taken with him his chancellor and his brother, and as the bishop stood waiting the blow of the executioner the two rushed forward to embrace him, but before they could reach the spot the terrible sword was lifted and his head rolled on the ground. They were horrified at the sight, and they boldly denounced the inhuman deed, for which they too would have been executed had not a German who had studied with them at Wittemberg declared that they were not Swedes. Yet the fate which overtook Bishop Mathias was not altogether undeserved, for he had been amongst the most energetic in trying to make the Swedes submit to Christian: this was a reward for deserting his country's cause.

Next fell the head of Bishop Vincentius. After him fell one who richly deserved his fate. This was Abrahamsson Seyonhuved (Lionhead), the man who once assisted the Danes to defeat his own countrymen. Then came Eric Johansson Vasa, the father of our hero, to whom the King had sent a message offering him pardon; but the noble parent of Gustavus indignantly spurned the offer and said, 'No, let me die with these honest men.' He was followed by his son-in-law, Sir Joachim Brahé, after which fell Eric Ericsson Gyllenstzerna. So the butchery continued as each noble was brought within the fatal enclosure, until there fell on that terrible day two bishops, twelve noble councillors of state, the three mayors of the city, fourteen senators, and fifteen burghers. Some of the citizens, who lamented the tragic end of the noble victims, were seized by the

soldiers and slain. Many of the servants of the nobles, who had gone there to inquire after their masters, were dragged from their horses and hanged on the gibbets. Some say that one Johannes Magnus was crucified with the most revolting cruelty. On that day were heaped up or stuck on poles the heads of ninety-six Swedes, while the bodies were left where they fell. In the evening there came a heavy downpour of rain, and the market-place being on a hill, the blood ran in all directions, became mixed with mud, and so dyed the whole city with a crimson horror which struck all with dismay.

The slaughter continued through the second and third days, because the crafty Danish king, knowing that many lay hid, enticed them out by proclaiming peace and pardon to all, and so in one horrible carnage fell noble and bishop, and knight and soldier, and servant and citizen. The gutters ran with blood. All this time the bodies remained unburied, and the dogs began to gnaw them. But nothing seemed able to quench Christian's thirst for blood; he even caused the remains of the noble Sten Sture to be taken up, as well as his infant son, and with the decaying bodies of nearly six hundred victims burnt in one great funeral pyre. He then ordered the widow of Sten Sture to be brought before him, and he gave her the fearful choice of being burned, buried alive, or drowned; but even his helpers in the massacre faltered at this, and they pleaded for her, and he sent her a prisoner to Denmark.

Nor was Stockholm the only place which suffered; for during the murders the King sent out a proclamation to the provinces offering pardon and promising to rule mercifully after the ancient laws of St. Eric. Yet he sent his myrmidons to Abo in Finland, where another series of wholesale murders took place, and where the white head of the aged Bishop Hemming Gadd fell with about eighty others. Some of the stories told seem too horrible to believe. It is said that when Christian heard that the murdered Sir Lindorm Ribbing had two little sons aged eight and six respectively, he immediately ordered their execution, so that they might never grow up and avenge their father's death. But when the head of the elder fell under the ruthless axe, the younger, who was but an infant, said to the executioner, 'Please, my good man, do not stain my shirt like my brother's, or my mother will whip me when I reach home.' The grim headsman, melted to tears, answered, 'Oh, child, I would rather stain my own!' and he flung down his axe. But the King's heart was not so soft, and in anger he called for another executioner with a harder heart, who first cut off the head of the compassionate headsman and then the child's.

In many other places Christian wrought his fearful work; everywhere he went marking his course with blood. At Nydala he caused the Abbot and his servants to be sewn up in sacks and drowned; and the nobles found when too late that they had better have fought for their country, and better have died fighting like heroes, than to turn traitors and be butchered in cold blood. Even the peasants heard that King Christian meant to cut a hand and foot off each to prevent them fighting against him. Verily the country was in a sore plight, given over to cruelty, to blood and rapine, but not forsaken of Heaven, for its mysterious Hand was already fashioning a weapon to punish the murderers. Such was the awful blood-bath of Stockholm. Now learn we what has become of Gustavus Vasa.

CHAPTER VI.

'Let no one do what he pleases, but what he ought.'—GUSTAVUS VASA.

HEAVY was the gloom that hung over the land when the fearful news of the blood-bath went round. There were then no telegraphs or postal services, yet in all ages ill-news has had a habit of flying fast. And so at that time messengers on swift feet soon carried the tidings about, and then in the lowly hamlet as well as the castle men's hearts stood still with a great fear. The humble peasant whispered in dread the news to his wife and spoke with his fellowmen of the bloody doings. In the castle the ladies silently looked at each other with blanched faces; they knew too well that their fathers, husbands, and brothers had fallen in that awful carnage; they were told that while the blood was running down the gutters of Stockholm, and while the dogs were gnawing the unburied corpses, that the King's wife had given birth to an heir, and that while the groans of his victims were ascending he was the centre of a gay throng of revellers celebrating the birth with song and dance. Then the Swedes turned their eyes heavenwards, as their only refuge, to ask the great Father to deliver them from this fiend. But it seemed as if the heavens were brass. No response seemed to come to cheer them up. Yet there was a response, the vengeance of Heaven was already on the track of the murderer, and the very means taken by the King to strengthen the foundations of his throne were the occasion of its overthrow. He doubtless thought and hoped that by the slaughter of all the Swedish nobles of any note there would then be no one to lead the people to overthrow him.

But there was one, and one too whom he had tried to capture. Far away in the country at Räfsnäs went the news of the blood-bath and reached the ears of Gustavus Vasa. He was told, also, how that the King had proclaimed him an outlaw, and put a heavy price on his capture dead or alive.

Then Gustavus knew that his father's ancestral hall was no place for him, and he knew that he must fly. His heart was heavy for his land and for his noble father, and for many more of his kin who had fallen at Stockholm. He knew, too, that the Danish soldiers were everywhere in pursuit of him, and for his country's sake he determined to go and hide, and at the proper time appear and avenge his father's blood.

But where was he to go? His enemies were everywhere, and even his own countrymen might be tempted by the price of his capture, and so betray him. His mind, however, was made up. It had been made up ever since, when a boy he had threatened his Danish schoolmaster at Upsala, that one day he would go and rouse up the Dalecarlians. Now the time had come, and he would do as he then promised. Yes, to Dalecarlia or Dalarna. There he knew that he should meet with truth,

The melancholy Procession of doomed Prisoners.

loyalty, and courage. He would go to those brave peasants and tell them the story. So, collecting his jewels, he, attended by a single servant, mounted his horse and started. When they arrived at the ferry of Kolsund he went over first, leaving his servant to follow with his horse; but Gustavus was no sooner over than his cowardly thief of a servant mounted the horse and with all the jewels he galloped away. But Gustavus was not the man to be trifled with. He quickly recrossed the ferry, and pursued his servant with such speed that he at length got up to him. Then the servant, seeing that he could not escape, threw himself off the horse and ran into the forest and so escaped, leaving his master's goods.

(*Continued at page* 226.)

MONEY GONE THE WRONG WAY.

'WHY, Jack, what is the matter now?
You really seem perplexed.
How are the little ones at home?
All well? Then why so vexed?'

'My brother Sam is very ill,
Last night he sent for me;
But, Tom, I've not a copper coin—
I cannot go, you see.'

'But, Jack, where does your money go?
You earn as much as I;
Each week I save some two and six.
Come now, Jack, won't you try

'To save? On beer you spend too much.
Now don't be angry, friend,
And if you want to go to Sam
Why then the cash I'll lend.

'You'll pay me back sometime, I know,
If drinking you will shun;
Why, man, 'tis grand to carry home
The cash when day is done!'

'Well, Tom, you're really very kind,
I'll pay you back—don't fear;
This very night I'll take the pledge,
And drop the ale and beer.' B. M.

APPLES.

THE United States and Canada now send us (says the *Daily News*) about one hundred and forty million pounds of apples a-year, and the supply from these sources is increasing at the rate of about one tenth of that quantity annually. The chief supply comes from the United States, in value about 500,000*l.*; from Canada come apples to the value of nearly 100,000*l.* annually. In addition, we get from Continental countries, through Belgium, annually, apples to the value of over 100,000*l.* In London alone fifty thousand barrels of American apples are often disposed of in one week. The Newton Pippin, which seems to be the best variety, fetches from 18*s.* to 50*s.* a-barrel, averaging three bushels. The quality of the Canadian apples is very fine, though it is considered doubtful if they exceed that of finely grown English samples of Ribston Pippin, Blenheim Orange, and Cox's Orange Pippin. It is said that the secret of the quality of Canadian apples is the atmosphere being dry and there being an abundance of sunlight, and quality follows.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

43. Four brokers, of a speculative mind,
Laid their long heads together, as men say,
To purchase shares, with ready cash combin'd,
Such as seemed likely, as they thought, to pay.
Bertram was richer than Alonzo, yet
Poorer than Carlo, while old Ducie soar'd
Higher than any of that broking set,
And was, perchance, as wealthy as a lord.
Each share was suited to what each possest:
Bertram's was *thrice* Alonzo's; Carlo laid
As much as both those comrades in the chest;
While Ducie's quota *equalled*, when he paid,
Carlo's and Bertram's, he being richer than the rest.
The sum subscribed was not *five thousand* quite,
It lacked *five fifties, save a five-pound note;*
And now you'll surely find, if you go right,
What sum each to that venture then did vote.

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44. There was a busy draper
Who dealt, as drapers do,
In velvets, silks, and satins,
Of every sort and hue.

Before his plate-glass windows
The ladies stood in shoals,
Eyeing his 'ducks of bonnets,'
His 'loves of parasols!'

This dapper little draper,
Bowing and smirking, sold
Things for the sultry dog-days,
Things for the rasping cold.

And, as he sold so freely,
He had sometimes to buy,
For shopkeepers must purchase
As well as you or I.

One day he bought three pieces
Of cloth, both new and fine;
Their length, in yards together,
One hundred, fifty-nine.

I know not what they cost him,
Nor do I care a rap
How lovely was their texture,
How velvet-like their nap.

But there's another question
About those pieces three,
To which I'd like an answer,
If you would give it me.

By *fifteen yards* the *second*
In length the *first* exceeds,
The *third* one still more amply
Supplies the tailor's needs.

For it by *yards two dozen*
The *second* piece surpasses;
So with their true dimensions
Oblige me, lads and lasses.

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45. My first it drops and rises, while
My second's sung or said;
Around my whole the sunbeams smile
When we are snug abed.

[*Answers at page* 255.]

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

XIII.

THE MARSEILLESE.

After the King had attempted to escape on the longest day in the year 1791, many were the stormy debates in the French Parliament on the subject. The question uppermost for a time was, What are we to do with the Monarchy? Some answered briefly and bluntly, 'Do with it? Why, do away with it.' 'Do with it?' asked the Royalists. 'Preserve it at any cost;' and, for the present, the advice of the Royalists was followed, and the 'Men of the Mountain' were silenced. But yet, from all parts of France there came petitions that the monarch should be deposed; and one very urgent body of patriots came all the way from Marseilles to beg that the King, who ran away like a naughty boy from school, should no longer sit on the throne. One of these fiery speakers said these remarkable words: 'When our ancestors landed on the coast of France, and founded our city long ago, they flung a bar of iron into the bay. Now, this bar shall float again on the waves of the Mediterranean Sea before we, the people of Marseilles, will consent to be slaves.'

The National Assembly, however, having decided on the 15th of July, *i.e.*, about three weeks after the King's return, that the Monarchy should not be abolished, the hot-tempered men of Marseilles went back about their business. But it became clear from that time what side they would take, when the great question of King or No King came to be decided.

And, as we have seen, when the King in the next June refused to allow two decrees of Parliament, one about the banishment of priests and the other about the levying of 20,000 patriots for the defence of Paris, a certain member, named Barbaroux, remembering the fiery temper of the deputation from Marseilles, wrote to the mayor of that city, and begged him to send to Paris 'six hundred men who knew how to die'—'*qui savent mourir.*'

The letter was carried in the leather post-bag by the slow-going diligence, and in due time reached Marseilles. The six hundred men who knew how to die came forth, and were duly enrolled and armed, and on the 5th of July they began their long march. The authorities of the town said to them, 'March, and strike down the tyrant,' and with these orders they went their way, musket on shoulder and sword on thigh. They also dragged after them two pieces of cannon, not knowing what might happen. Many other men, bound on the same errand, were wending their ways to Paris about this time, being invited by the National Assembly, who contemplated the holding of another such gathering as we saw before in the Champ de Mars, when there were such preparations and such rejoicing. But while those went by twos

and threes, or twenties or thirties, it was Marseilles alone which sent forth a little army of 'six hundred men who knew how to die.'

And on this mass of Southern fire and valour the eyes of all men were soon fastened. It was for them that the wonderful tune called 'the Marseillaise' was composed and set to suitable words. The happy composer of this most noble tune was a certain colonel, named Rouget de Lille, who long survived the stormy period of the Revolution, and who was alive as late as 1836. Those of our readers who have never heard this tune, or have heard it without knowing the story of its composition, should get some good pianoforte player to play it, and then let them say whether it is not a tune to 'make the blood tingle in their veins,' as Carlyle says.

The six hundred men who knew how to die left Marseilles, as we have said, on the 5th of July. On the 14th was the feast on the Champ de Mars, but the Marseillese were not in time for that. It was a sad feast, unworthy of the name. The place was bright with sunshine, and the people were there in abundance, and the King went, and there were trees of liberty and bands of music; but as for Louis, no man said 'God bless him!' The popular man of the hour was Pétion, the Mayor of Paris, who had been dismissed by the King's friends and restored again. Chalked on men's hats were the words 'Vive Pétion!' 'Pétion or Death!' Some were afraid the King would be murdered, and he himself was not without his fears of it, for he went to the Champ de Mars with bullet-proof armour under his waistcoat.

On the 22nd of July, being Sunday, the Assembly proclaimed the country to be in danger. The same sad story, '*La patrie est en danger!*' was emblazoned on a large banner, and it was cried aloud by heralds with sound of trumpet. And, now, spite of royal 'veto' upon enlistment of volunteers, and in answer to the mournful tidings 'Our country is in danger!' hundreds of young men might be seen that Sunday afternoon enrolling their names in a book in every section of Paris. As each volunteer signed his name there was a shout of 'Vive la patrie!' and sounds of weeping from some who were rejected because they were too small. In a day or two ten thousand were on their way to Soissons, where a camp was formed.

On July 25 the Duke of Brunswick, with 30,000 foot and 10,000 horse, struck his tents, and marched on Paris. He had many emigrants in his ranks. He said in his proclamation what he meant to do for France. He meant to restore the King, and to hang everybody who resisted him, and to reduce Paris, if she would not submit, to a heap of rubbish.

This proclamation inflamed the minds of the French people yet more, and made them resolve to do what they had to do with all their might.

It was now felt by all patriots that the time had come to pluck the King from his place, and put him under lock and key, or in the silent tomb. He was, as they thought, the cause of this invasion of their country. And there is no doubt that an insurrection on a large scale was now being organized in Paris with as much secrecy as possible. It was, however, not to take place until after the arrival of the six hundred who knew how to die. These men had been marching day by day upon the dusty roads of France ever since the 5th of July, and they were now drawing nigh the 'Tyrant' whom they had been sent to 'strike down.' As the crow flies, Paris may be distant from Marseilles about 480 miles, by road it is more. On the 29th of July the six hundred were at Charenton, where several leading patriots met them, and where they were entertained with a dinner at the 'Blue Dial.' On the 30th the six hundred made a grand public entry into Paris, and were met by the Jacobin Club in a body on the site of the fallen Bastille. Having with some difficulty forced their way through the crowded streets, they reached the Hôtel de Ville, where Mayor Pétion welcomed them, and received their muskets. They then marched on to a tavern, where a plain repast was prepared for them. This dinner was not fated to be eaten in peace, for the arrival of the six hundred was noised abroad, and, of course, much detested by the Royalists. A certain loyal body of National Guards, formed of rich and respectable men from a wealthy quarter of Paris, happened to be on guard at the Tuileries the same day; and these men, or part of them who were off duty for a while, chanced to be dining not far from the tavern where the six hundred were about to dine. These Nationals had dined, and were strolling about, when they were hooted by some of the mob who had followed the Marseillese. Words begat blows, and as some of the Nationals drew their swords the mob cried out, 'Help, men of Marseilles!' The six hundred had not yet sat down to their meal, and, hearing the cries, they opened the tavern windows and leaped out, drawing their swords at the same time. The Nationals, not liking the looks of such fierce fellows, retired, at first face to face with the foe, but, finding this would not do, they wheeled round and fled. Quick over the Tuileries drawbridge, or into the muddy ditch they sprang. One man, too stout to fly, got a blow from the flat of a sword, others were cut or pricked in the back, and another, who had twice fired a pistol at his pursuers and missed them all, was run through, and died on the spot. Such sad events happened on the first day spent by the six hundred in Paris. They evidently knew how to kill as well as how to die.

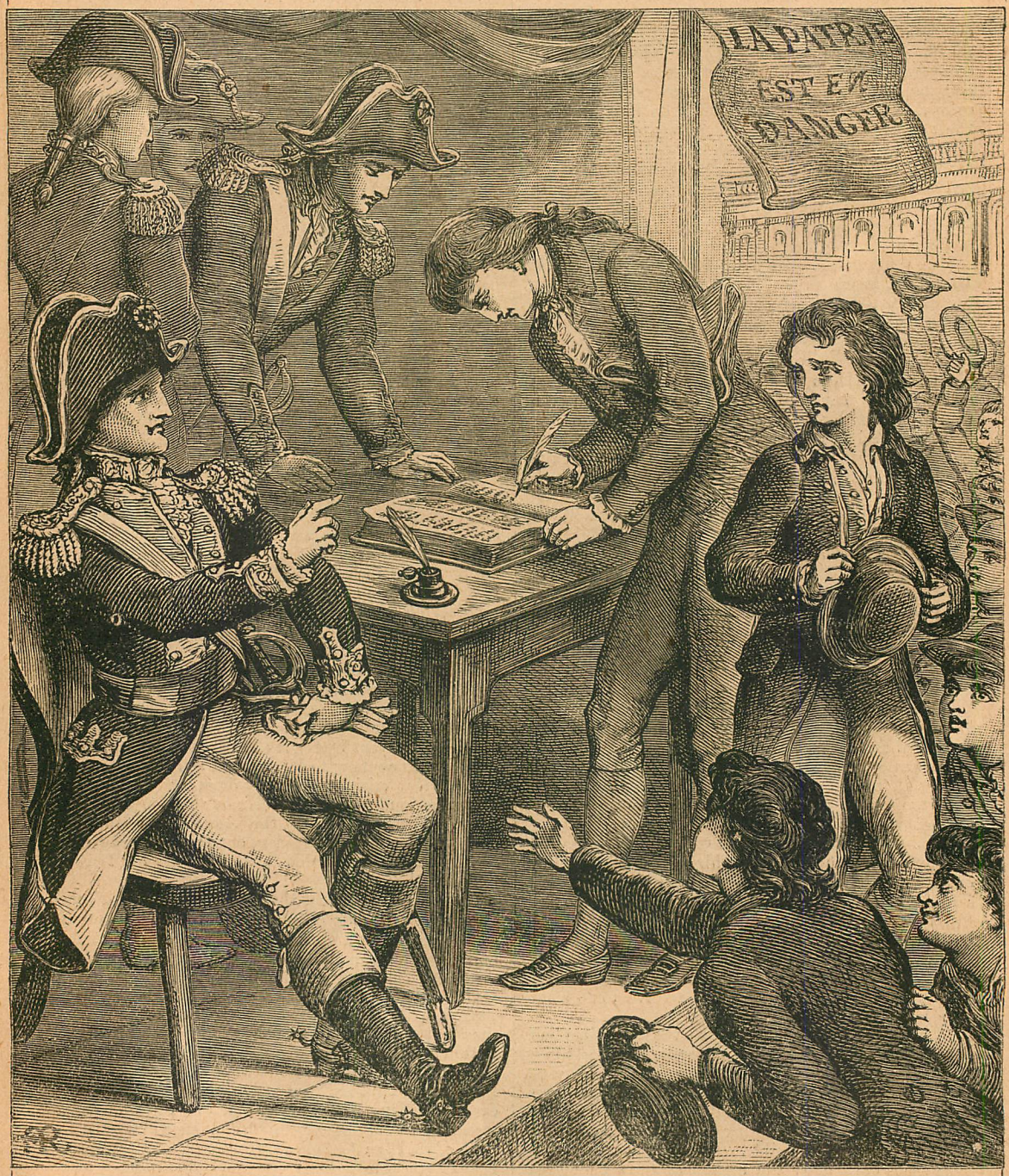
The great crisis was clearly drawing nigh. More and more loudly came the clamour for deposing the King. The galleries of the Assembly were now crammed with excited women, or men waving swords, and interrupting the debate with shouts of 'Depose the King!'

On the 3rd of August the Mayor Pétion and all the Council came and openly petitioned for it, every patriot wished it, and the Assembly could do nothing until they had promised to consider the question on the 9th of the same month.

On Sunday, the 5th, the King held a levée at the Tuileries. It was his last! And never for a long time had one been so crowded. Outside the palace, within a few steps, the restless city was all astir, demanding in every street the deposition of the King. Inside, a last, but fruitless attempt, was being made to carry the King away to Rouen, but the undecided monarch would not seize his last chance of escape.

'No,' said he; 'I believe the insurrection is not so near as you think.'

But he was fatally mistaken, as we shall see in our next.



Young Men enrolling their Names.

Liss Lars dealing the Bear a terrific blow.

GUSTAVUS VASA.

(*Continued from p. 220.*)

OUR hero was now quite alone in the world, abandoned by everybody. But he did not despair, though so far he had met with nothing but cowardice and treachery. Alone he would go forth, and he trusted that the great Father of all would assist him.

It was at the end of November, 1520, that he reached the land of the brave Dalecarlians. But he did not go there as a young noble; that would be dangerous, for he might possibly meet with some of the Danes who were on his track and thirsting for his blood.

He disguised himself as a peasant. He had his hair cut short all round, and then he put on a low-crowned hat and a short baize jacket, and with an axe over his shoulder he went about like a labouring man seeking work.

It was now right in the winter. The dazzling snow glittered on the ground and on the feathery branches of the sombre pine and fir-trees. Through forest and over moorland our hero made his way; his heart, though heavy with grief, yet was upborne by his mission, which he felt to be good and righteous. Yet he must be cautious, for the tyrant's minions were after him. Suddenly at a turning in the road he found himself face to face with a young giant, a true Dalecarlian.

'The blessings of the day upon thee,' said the peasant, proffering his hand.

'The same to thee, friend,' answered Gustavus, looking into the blue fearless eyes of the Dalesman.

'I suppose,' said the giant, 'thou art from Mora parish, and maybe hast been at work there, and art now going home to keep Christmas?'

'Right thou art,' said Gustavus, adopting the tone and manner of a Dalesman.

'Well, I give thee joy then, and a pleasant journey home;' and the peasant turned to go, but was stopped by Gustavus, who said, 'Don't be in a hurry, friend. Certainly I intend to reach home before yule-tide; but as yet it is some time ere that comes. In the meantime I mean to seek work at the Manor. Dost know if there is any to be had there?'

'Ay, plenty. If thou art a good wood-cutter, and canst thresh as well, I can get thee taken on.'

'I will try my best,' answered the hero; and the arrangement was completed with another grip of the hand.

'Well, then,' said the peasant, 'since we are to be mates we might as well tell each our names, for people who won't give their names are not to be trusted—so my father used to say. My name is Liss Lars Olson. What may thine be?'

'I am called Swen Swede Swenson.'

'That's very Swedish, and no mistake,' said Liss Lars. 'No offence, but I hope thou wilt turn out as truly Swedish in heart and mind as in name; and I shall like thee for it. I am just on my way to the woods to cut down a big timber to make a pump stock, and you may come with me at once. I have already made my choice of one and have blazed the trunk, so we must waste no more time, for a man with a horse will soon be along to take it home.'

And the two friends turned into the forest and soon found their tree. The mighty Lars struck the great fir near its roots such heavy blows that the splinters flew in all directions. Gustavus too made good use of his time. He was not lazy, and considering that he was a nobleman he did wonders. The two hewed away with such goodwill that in a very short time the huge tree trembled, and then with a mighty crash toppled over and fell to the ground, supported by its spreading branches. In falling the giant fir shook the snow from its branches, so that a perfect snowstorm was the result, in the midst of which a fierce and angry roar was heard.

'Look out!' cried Liss Lars. 'It is a bear that we have disturbed. Now is the time to strike a blow, and prove thyself a man.'

And in a moment a great monster of a bear tore through the brushwood and stood before them.

CHAPTER VII.

'No one in office is to be endured who is not useful, frugal, and industrious.'—GUSTAVUS VASA.

GREAT, grim, and fierce, looked the bear as he stood before the two woodcutters. He was the terrible brown bear, who, when angry, was an adversary to be feared. The common people of the North have a belief that he is something magical and superhuman. 'He is God's dog,' fearfully whispers the Lapp; and he sometimes calls him 'The old man in the fur cloak.' He dreads him so much that he fears to mention his right name, 'Nahley,' even inside the tent, lest he might hear it and avenge the insult. The Norseman sings, 'He has twelve men's strength and eleven men's wit.' When he slays him he takes to himself great credit.

And terrible was our brown bear; he was angry that any one should be so bold as to wake him out of his long winter slumber, but, fearful as he was, he had no terror for the two friends. Gustavus had often hunted bears when in the army of Sten Sture, though then he had been fully armed with his warlike weapons. Liss Lars also had killed many a bear. So the two, instead of being frightened, rather enjoyed the sport.

As the bear rolled towards Gustavus, who stood foremost, the hero avoided his onslaught and raised his arm ready to strike at the right moment and place, but for some time he failed. At length the bear seemed to grow even more angry, and he swung vengefully forward, determined to end matters at once; and so they were ended, though not exactly as the bear intended. As he rushed at Gustavus with open mouth, Liss Lars, who had till now quietly stood by an amused spectator of the scene, stepped forth and dealt the bear such a terrific blow that with a fierce roar he sank lifeless to the ground.

'Ah,' said the panting Gustavus, 'that is what I call striking like a man!'

'Well, yes,' smilingly answered Liss Lars; 'it was

a blow worthy of a *Swede*. And now this makes the tenth bear that I have cracked on the skull.'

'Is it possible?' cried Gustavus. 'Why, they are deeds worthy of a hero!'

Then Liss Lars told his companion of many a fierce encounter with the savage brutes when he had been alone in the great silent forest. Gustavus listened to the adventures of the simple peasant, told without boasting, and our hero thought then that he had come among the right people.

At this moment the man with the horse and sleigh came up, and together they put on it the fir-tree, and on the top of that the dead bear, and so took him in state to the Manor-house.

Gustavus now began to question Liss Lars about his future master, Anders Person, the wealthy owner of Rankhyttan, and Liss Lars answered, 'A marvellous fair man is he in all his actions, and a man of his word, I can tell thee. There isn't his equal for many a mile around. Swede he is, heart and soul, and hates the Danish stewards more than the fiends of darkness, though in these dreadful times he cannot do as he would.'

'Yes, the times are hard,' answered Gustavus with a sigh.

'I say, quoth Liss Lars, 'I don't think after all thou art a real Dalecarlian, for such never sigh; and thy speech is not quite like ours. Thy tongue betrays thee, young man. I believe thou art a Danish spy.'

'Thou dost me wrong then,' sadly answered Gustavus; and he looked the honest Dalesman straight in the eyes, and then he said, 'No wonder I sigh, for I have sore troubles on my mind. And as regards the speech, I have been for some time in the capital, so it has got mixed up.'

'I'll believe thy words,' answered Liss Lars, 'for such eyes must needs be true. Is it a long time since thou wert in Stockholm?'

'No, not very,' answered Gustavus; and then he went on and told of the black and fearful crime with which Christian had inaugurated his coronation, to which the honest son of the Dales listened in horror, and then he said, with true Dalecarlian simplicity,—

'What's done can't be undone, but this awful state of the country cannot last long. My master says that there is a young nobleman, Gustavus Ericson Vasa, who is the man to save Sweden. They say he is at present somewhere here in our parts, and a firm and brave man he is said to be; and the Danes must be in great dread of him, since the King has set a price on his head, and scouts are constantly scouring the country for him.'

'Then,' said Gustavus, 'they will be sure to find him, for doubtless he will be betrayed.'

'Not a bit of it!' quoth Liss Lars. 'To be sure there are many mean caitiffs about, but not here in the Dales.' And Liss Lars was right, for the honesty of the Dalesmen is proverbial. 'No,' continued he; 'only let Gustavus come forth and sound the tocsin from Mora Church and we will join him to a man, as in the brave days of Engelbrecht and the Stures.'

This honest outburst cheered the sad heart of our hero, and he more than ever resolved to try and preserve his life, which was so precious. Yet he did not deem it prudent to make himself known to his old schoolfellow, Anders Persson, the owner of the estate. He chose rather to take service under him in his assumed name, for he rightly argued that, though Person might be loyal, yet it was more than could be expected from his courage that he should expose himself to the wrath of the Danes by knowingly giving harbour and succour to their chief foe, so he resolved not to make himself known. He knew that the Danish scouts were running about like bloodhounds seeking him, and they even questioned Gustavus himself sometimes; but he acted his part well, and always managed to maintain his assumed character of the humble serving-man, and so, though his name was on every lip, yet no one, friend or foe, learned that he was so near.

(*Continued at page* 234.)

'NO' WITH A 'YES' IN IT.

MANY a promising youth has been ruined because he did not know how to say 'No.' There are many people who say 'No,' but so faintly that there seems a 'Yes' in it, so that it only invites further persuasion. A boy who was advised to persuade his mother to reconsider some decision to which she had come answered, 'When my mother says "No," there isn't any "Yes" in it.'

Many a man, tempted by appetite within and by companions without, says 'No' feebly and faintly. His 'No' has a 'Yes' in it. A lad was coming along the street one day with a young man who lived near him, who was somewhat excited by strong drink, and after walking along awhile with his companion he drew a bottle from his pocket and said,—

'Have some?'

'Well, hand it over,' replied the lad.

The bottle was passed to him, and raising it aloft he hurled it with a crash against the stone wall, and turning to his astonished companion he said, 'Don't you ever put a bottle to my lips again!'

The young man was inclined to be irritated, but he had sense enough to restrain his anger. The lad's 'No' had not any 'Yes' in it. There are scores of young men who need the decision which this lad had. Thousands of men are to-day drifting down to drunkards' graves, who might have been saved if they had had the courage to smash the bottle when a tempter offered it to them.

TEMPTATION.

OLD John Edgar was a shepherd in charge of a large flock of sheep and lambs, all scattered over a wide moorland district in Scotland. He had, of course, a faithful collie dog to help him, but, even with the assistance of 'Laddie,' the work was hard and often lasted through long weary hours. Now old John, though honest and industrious, had one great weakness of character, he could not resist the temptation to drink spirits whenever he had the chance. Fortu-

"I drink your good health!"

nately for him, however, the chance did not come often, for his cottage home was on the sweet hill-side, far away from the manifold temptations of a town. Still he was obliged to visit the town now and again, and on one of these occasions he fell into much trouble. It happened thus,—He had been training a pet-lamb for a lady, and this pretty little creature he carried in his arms to its new home. The day was sultry, and the lamb heavy to carry, therefore the lady, feeling sorry for the weary old man, with foolish kindness offered him a glass of spirits. 'Thank you kindly, ma'am, and I drink to your good health,' said poor John, as he swallowed down the fiery draught. Alas! having thus taken one glass, he felt that he must have more, and stepping across the street he entered the village tavern, where he soon spent nearly all the money which he had received for his lamb. Then he staggered away towards his home, but to ascend a hill in his present condition was too much for him. Exposed as he was to the burning rays of the sun, he soon felt faint and ill, his head reeled, and, falling to the ground, he became quite insensible. Here he might have lain long enough, had it not been for his faithful dog, who, after pulling at his coat in a vain attempt to rouse the drunken man, ran home to the little cottage, where he soon roused the fears of the shepherd's wife by his incessant whining and barking. When Mrs. Edgar had with much difficulty conveyed her husband home, her feelings were sad indeed. She had hoped that John would never again transgress in this manner, yet here he was as bad as ever. Oh, it was sad—sad and shameful indeed!

Next morning John seemed to think so himself. He sat for a long time silently looking at his faithful dog; then he spoke.

'Wife,' he said, 'I am ashamed to look "Laddie" in the face! He is such an honest, sensible, good dog, and does his duty so nobly, while I . . . . am just a disgrace to ye.'

'No, no, John, my own good man!' said Mrs. Edgar kindly. 'But oh, John, you'll take the pledge? Better late than never; for if you go on this way you really will break my heart.'

John has often gone to town since that day; but he wears a morsel of blue ribbon on his coat, and this morsel of ribbon has worked wonders on old John Edgar, the Scotch shepherd. D. B.

THE SWALLOW.

'HE comes! He comes! Who loves to bear
Soft sunny hours and seasons fair;
The swallow hither comes to rest
His sable wings and snowy breast!'

So sang the Greek in days gone by,
When he exulted May was nigh;
And who will join not in the song,
When chill, dark hours grow sweet and long?

But were he harbinger of days
Less sunny, we should give him praise;
His lively notes and meteor flight,
'Mid snow and ice would cause delight.
But as from Senegal he brings
Bright summer on his glowing wings,
There is no bird in all the throng
Who twitters a more hopeful song.

For, lo! he comes, who loves to bear
Soft sunny hours and seasons fair.
He comes, in English homes to rest
His sable wings and snowy breast.

His 'Tsip, Tsip, Tsee, Tsee,' soft and low,
A meek and quiet spirit show;
No storm-cock he to force a fray,
Or fight a duel with the jay.
Yet should the hawk come hovering by
The chimney where the babies lie,
He'll summon all his kith and kin
To run the rude barbarian in;
Or should puss scamper on the tiles,
He sees through all her smirks and smiles,
Strikes at her with alarming cries,
Till she, too, turns her tail and flies.

Beautiful swallow! widely sung;
Pattern of mothers to her young;
For them thy long, long hours are spent,
In skimming over blade and bent,
'Neath elm-tree shades, o'er meadows mown,
With sudden turnings all thine own.
The Greek and Latin in the past,
Briton and Frank in these our days,
And people yet to be will praise,
Long as the world and thou shalt last,
Beautiful bird, thy gracious ways! G S. O.

THE ADVENTURES OF RICHARD FALCONER.

PART I.

RICHARD FALCONER the elder had been a great wanderer, and he was fond of telling his own adventures to his little motherless boy as they sat by the fire on winter nights. These soul-stirring tales fired the younger Richard, and made him long to see the world as well. This his father opposed, saying, 'One week's voyage, my lad, will make you wish you had never left your comfortable home.'

However, a great misfortune, which ruined the old sailor, caused him to yield to his boy's wishes, so he bade him carve out his fortune as best he could. He gave him a letter of introduction to a Bristol friend, who behaved like another father to him, and placed him on board the *Albion*, bound for Jamaica.

In the Bay of Biscay, where the sea was wondrous rough, they sighted a vessel in distress, and tried, by lowering a boat, to render her some help; but the rope parted, and the men in the boat were carried away and never seen again. The ship also sank about ten minutes after, and only four of her crew were saved. Without much more worthy of detail, except an encounter with a pirate, the *Albion* reached Port Royal harbour on the 7th of September, 1699.

As she was to lie inactive in harbour for six months, the adventurous youth asked leave to make a cruise for logwood—a service at that time of no little danger, owing to the hostility of the Spaniards. The sloop in which Falconer sailed was in due course laden with the wood, and about mid-October was on her way back to Port Royal.

One day during this return voyage he was seated in a boat which trailed after the sloop, reading Ovid, a Latin poet he had learned to understand and love at Bruton Grammar School. It began to blow hard all on a sudden, and he shouted for the rope ladder; but when it was flung over to him it proved treacherous, and he fell into the sea and drifted rapidly away. For four hours he kept his head above the waves, and then, when he had given up all hope, he felt his feet touch the ground, and soon after found himself on a sandbank. He was afraid of lying down lest he should fall asleep and be washed from his foothold, but, do what he would, he could not keep awake.

The morning light showed him four or five low sandy islands, where there was nothing to eat except a few eggs and some of those curious birds called boobies, which allow you to knock them on the head with a stick. Some low bushes afforded him a sort of shelter for the night, and on this land of desolation he lived alone for several weeks. Fresh water was the thing he most wanted, and, by means of a stick, he contrived to scoop out a hole, which he paved as well as he could with stones. Several heavy showers occurring, and pools of rain-water being formed in hollow places, he was able to fill his cistern. His shirt, well soaked, was his only bucket, and in it he could carry two gallons of water at a time.

The perusal of his one precious book, Ovid, made the tedious hours hang somewhat less heavily, and he occupied himself also by pacing up and down and declaiming aloud, for he was afraid if he lived long upon the island he would, by having no one to talk to, lose the faculty of speech.

On or about the 8th of November there was another terrific storm, during which a barque with four men in her was thrown violently upon the island. When Falconer hailed them in English they were surprised indeed.

Now, what was to them a great misfortune was for him a great piece of good luck, for the barque was well found with beef, pork, flour, and biscuit, besides sugar, spirits, and other things. There was a gun also, and plenty of powder and shot.

A tent was soon rigged up on the island, and the four shipwrecked mariners slept therein, but Falconer generally preferred the ship's cabin. When the wind was very rough he shared the bed of an excellent Irishman, one Thomas Randal of Cork.

One day, when Falconer was bemoaning his hard lot, Randal took him to task about it, and told him his own story, bidding him remember there is a virtue in enduring hardships like a man, and pointing out how much worse off he might have been. He might have been drowned, or he might have been all alone on the desolate island, perishing slowly by hunger.

Then Randal told some of his own experiences in the Baltic, where he had been cast upon a rock, and had sustained life by feeding on some puppies, which he had found with their mother in that strange situation, and on some dried fish and biscuits which came to him in a drifting boat. When this story was told the whole party fell asleep, and on the morrow, after prayer to God for help, they all set to work to clear the drifted sand out of the stranded barque. After sixteen days of hard labour the ship was clear and ready to be launched. But, unfortunately, when this was to have been done, Randal began to be seriously ill. He was soon in a high fever, and wished to be bled, as was then the custom in such cases, but his lancet was missing, and, as he supposed it was in the ship, Falconer ran to get it. In climbing up her side, however, the vessel canted over, and he would have been most likely crushed to death had he not happily fallen into a hollow place. He crept out greatly alarmed, and with the aid of his comrades managed to get her upright again. The box of surgical instruments was not to be found, and Randal grew rapidly worse. He was, however, very calm, and seeing Falconer cry he bade him dry his tears. 'I want nothing,' said the dying man, 'but your prayers. I am going to pay a debt which must be paid, and you will then have one fewer to eat the food that remains.'

After making a very devout prayer the good man died, and his sorrowing comrades buried him under a bush, on the bark of which Falconer carved an epitaph.

The vessel was now ready for sea, and they launched her on New-year's Eve and made her fast, as they thought, with two anchors, meaning to set sail the next morning. But to their sorrow, they dined on board, and celebrated this great event with so much punch that all of them were more or less tipsy. The three men insisted on returning to the tent on shore, in spite of their unfit condition, although they had to swim a hundred yards. Falconer slept very soundly in the cabin and much enjoyed his night's rest, but when he arose and looked out he could see nothing but sea around him! Through some neglect or oversight, caused probably by drink, the ship had not been made sufficiently secure, and a wind arising in the night she had drifted away.

Falconer, in his anguish, was well aware that, had Randal been alive, this wretched mischance would not have happened. 'Oh,' thought he, in an agony, 'what will my unhappy companions think of me?' His chief comforter now was the dog which poor Randal had left behind him. Food, indeed, he had in plenty, but he had no compass, and was powerless to guide the vessel, which went just as the winds and waves chose to carry her.

One day he found some money in an old glove, which, as he thought he might want it some time, he stitched in the waistband of his trousers. A sail hove in sight on the 20th, but it vanished again like a gleam of wintry sunlight; and on the day after he saw land, which gave him uneasiness, as he feared the Spaniards.

About ten days afterwards he was boarded by two canoes, with a Spaniard and six Indians on them. They carried him before the Governor, who, hearing his sad story, treated him with kindness, and helped him to refit his ship that he might go and rescue his companions on the sand island. Five English sailors, who were prisoners there on a suspicion of piracy, were granted him as a crew, and on February 15th he steered for the island, leaving his Ovid with the kind-hearted Governor, as the only present he could give. About the beginning of March they sighted the island, and found the three men nearly dead from sheer exhaustion.

When Falconer had taken the three wasted men on board he found himself with a crew of eight hands, all English. It suddenly occurred to him that the five he had shipped on Spanish soil were suspected pirates, and, if they were really so, he reflected they might perhaps murder him and the three others. This suspicion was confirmed by the dubious answers of one fellow, named Warren, who seemed their leader, and by their often whispering and speaking low to each other. So it was agreed between Falconer and his three friends, at supper one night, to seize the five others between one and two o'clock, when they were asleep during the second watch. But the other party, at Warren's instigation, resolved on striking the first blow. This was made known to Falconer and his friends by Frank Hood, one of the five pirates. He said in a deep whisper, 'My four comrades below have a wicked design against you, which is to seize you and put you in a boat and make off with the ship. Now, you were our deliverer, and I think it very ungrateful as well as cruel to treat you so.'

While this secret information was being given, Warren, who for some reason did not trust Hood, crept cat-like to the cabin door, and overheard enough to know his plot was discovered. Creeping back again to his company, he told them all, and they resolved to strike their blow at once. This they did, and so vigorously that the party in the cabin were overpowered, and bound hand and foot, in almost as short a time as it takes to tell the story.

When Falconer asked what they were going to do with them, Warren said, 'We mean to put you in the boat, and turn you adrift; but as for that dog Hood, who has betrayed us, he shall die without mercy.' And so, having victualled the boat with biscuit, beef, a barrel of water, and other necessaries, the pirates prepared to murder Hood. He was tied to the mast, and Warren loaded a pistol to shoot him through the head. Falconer and his mates begged hard for mercy to be shown to Hood, but Warren swore he should die. Levelling his pistol at Hood, he drew the trigger; but it burst into shivers, being loaded by an oversight up to the muzzle, and one portion struck Warren on the head and inflicted a mortal wound. Hood was unhurt, and struggled violently to free himself. In this he succeeded, and, while the pirates were gathered round their dying leader, he unbound Falconer and his friends, knocked down Meadows, one of the pirates, and turned the tables on them completely. Warren died soon after, with a penitent confession on his lips, and an agreement was come to with the others, who laid all the blame on the dead man.

(*Concluded at page* 238.)

"Soon after Falconer found himself on a sandbank."

A Four-footed Clock.

A FOUR-FOOTED CLOCK.

EVERY one knows that cats can see in the dark, and the reason they can do so is because of the peculiar construction of their eyes. You may have noticed that in a moderate light the pupil, or black part of pussy's eye, is small and of an oval shape, whilst in a full glare of light it becomes so narrow as to look like a mere note of admiration. Now in the dark it expands to a circle and nearly fills the surface of the eye-ball; so that it collects and transmits to the retina the faint rays of light that are in what appears to our more limited power of vision to be absolute darkness.

This peculiarity of the cat's eyes is turned to account in a curious manner by the Chinese. The Abbé Huc relates, that when he was travelling in China he asked his attendant what time it was. The man went over to a cat that was quietly basking in the sun, and examining its eyes, told the Abbé that it was about two hours after noon, and on being questioned how he knew that, he explained that the pupils of a cat's eyes were largest in the morning, and that they gradually grew smaller as the light increased till they reached their minimum at noon, that then they began to widen again, till at night they once more became large. The good Abbé was filled with admiration for the ingenuity of a people who could use cats as clocks. But it must be admitted that this way of telling the time of day is rather a loose one, and could only be trusted in very clear and serene weather, for temporary gloom or the darkness of a storm would sadly derange your four-footed clock and put it all wrong.

A. R.

GUSTAVUS VASA.

(*Continued from page* 227.)

HAVING had his rate of wages fixed, Gustavus began the drudgery of farm-work in right good earnest. He cut trees, and during the snowy weather he threshed in the barn with Liss Lars, and often when thus engaged his companion would enliven the tedious hours by telling of his country life, and what he would do if he had the power.

Liss Lars had small respect for the priests; he considered them lazy, good-for-nought, and unscrupulous. He had been once serving in an inn at Stockholm, and had seen much of their ill-manner of living. 'True saints indeed!' quoth he, indignantly; 'why, they are worse scamps than any other sinners I know of—the hypocrites! And as regards the Bible, I don't think it is right that the priests should keep it to themselves. How delightful it must be to converse with God Himself in one's own mother tongue, and I am sure the Swedish ought to be as acceptable as any other language.'

These conversations with the simple Dalesman were ordained by Providence, and in after years they bore good fruit. In the meantime Gustavus did whatsoever his hand came to, and he did it well. It was indeed a beautiful sight to see the high-born young noble, the descendant of kings, earning his bread by the sweat of his brow.

While threshing in the barn, the two were often visited by a pretty Dale lass, a maid-servant of their master's, and to whom Liss Lars was engaged to be married. Now Karit, or Kate, like most pretty girls, liked to be noticed, and she was somewhat of a coquette, though a very harmless one; and so, when she went into the barn to carry them a jug of ale, she admired the handsome young stranger, and thought it no harm to be admired by him in return. But Liss Lars did not view it in that light. He was fond of his lass, and he begrudged every smile that she gave away. He used to tell Gustavus all his courting troubles, and how Karit would promise to marry, and then change her mind. Yet it was finally settled that when the spring-time came round they were to be married. And the poor honest giant then, in his own blundering fashion, told Gustavus that he must be careful, and not make love to Karit, or he would seize him by the collar, and smash his ribs like he had once before done to a student who had been there on a visit, and making love to Karit had, through that harmless pleasantry, lost his life.

Gustavus was greatly shocked when he learned that Liss Lars had actually killed a man for joking with his lass, and he told him so; but Liss Lars excused himself that he had no murderous intention, but that it was as much an accident as anything: he only meant to give a warning. Yet Gustavus gave him a severe lecture, and told him not to be concerned about him, for that he had other things to think about than making love to village lasses. So far this was satisfactory, and Karit came often to the barn, and Gustavus often derived amusement from the pure, artless maiden. But poor Liss Lars could not quite overcome his jealousy; in fact, it grew so fierce that he could barely control himself, especially when the maiden, perhaps with a view to teaze him, paid more attention to Gustavus than to him.

One day, when Karit went as usual with the ale, she thoughtlessly handed the jug first to Gustavus, and he drank heartily, for he was thirsty, and then he returned it to Karit and gently patted her on the cheek.

This acted like fire to gunpowder upon Liss Lars. That worthy, with a fierce growl, sprang upon Gustavus, seized him by the collar, and lifted him up in his gigantic arms, intent upon smashing him against the timber of the barn, but at that moment he caught sight of the gold embroidered collar of a nobleman beneath the vest. And in a moment the glare of his eyes was subdued, and gently putting Gustavus down, he gasped, 'What is this? Why, either thou art a sacrilegious thief or else Gustavus Vasa himself?'

CHAPTER VIII.

'We are like one another: when the tragedy is over we are equal.'—GUSTAVAS VASA.

'YES,' said Gustavus as soon as he had recovered from the rough handling of the giant, 'thou art not far wrong in thy guess. I *am* Gustavus Vasa, and now I deliver myself into thy hands, and thou canst earn a great sum of money by betraying me to the Danes.'

'Oh, shame on thee!' chided the honest Dalesman; and then turning to Karit who had been an astonished witness of the discovery, he said, 'Thou hast witnessed this, and may God punish thee ever after if thou dost breathe one word to the other women-folk, or men either: if thou dost I will lift thee into the air next time.' Karit solemnly pledged her word and then left them; and the words of the Dalecarlians are ever to be relied on. Then the honest Liss Lars gazed at his noble fellow-workman, and at last said, 'I believe thee—thou art Gustavus Vasa and no other. I have almost thought so at times, for thou dost thresh well, though yet not quite up to the mark of a genuine Dalesman. Also from thy manners I have seen that thou wert better than we simple labourers. I see everything clearly now, though I have been a numskull all the time. I am proud to make thine acquaintance, and may it bring thee good fortune, good lord.'

'Then thou wilt not betray me?' asked Gustavus.

'Don't insult an honest man, my lord. Certainly I was a bit mad with thee a short time ago for patting my Karit's sweet face, but now I can understand it was only to keep up thy character. Thou canst henceforth rely upon me as thy trusty friend, or servant I ought to say. By thy leave I will now go and prepare my master for the great guest he must receive, and I have told thee that he loves thee well.'

And Liss Lars hastened to tell his master, leaving Gustavus much rejoiced at having found one true friend. Soon came Sir Anders, and when he went close up and looked hard at Gustavus he recognised his old schoolfellow, and was mightily rejoiced to see him; yet when he learnt all about the terrible doings of the royal butcher at Stockholm and other places, then, even as Gustavus judged, he became sore afraid, and he advised Gustavus to flee away farther up the country and often to change his place of concealment. So there was nothing for it. Gustavus must go away from his timorous friend and find others of stouter courage.

When he parted from Liss Lars, that valiant and upright man who had accompanied him some part of his way towards the Manor of Ornas, said to him, 'Keep a stout heart and thou wilt free Sweden, and when the tocsin calls from Mora Church I will be amongst the first to obey, and then we will meet again. Till then farewell, and God bless thee.' And once more he grasped the hand of Gustavus in his own honest grip. And so the noble and the peasant for a time parted.

Now once more was the hero alone; yet not quite alone, for, noble though he was, yet he felt the bright influence of Liss Lars, and thought that if the chiefs of Sweden had been like him then the invader would never have obtained a footing in Sweden. Liss Lars was a real nobleman while the nobles were false.

Onward he went across the great, wild, bleak country, with enemies, too, searching, ever searching for him: he knew they were relentless, and would never cease till they had found him. At night he came to a river, frozen over but not strong enough to bear him, and the thin ice broke and he fell through into the dark cold waters; but he was active, and soon swung himself up on to the surface, and then returned to the house of the ferryman where he dried his clothes.

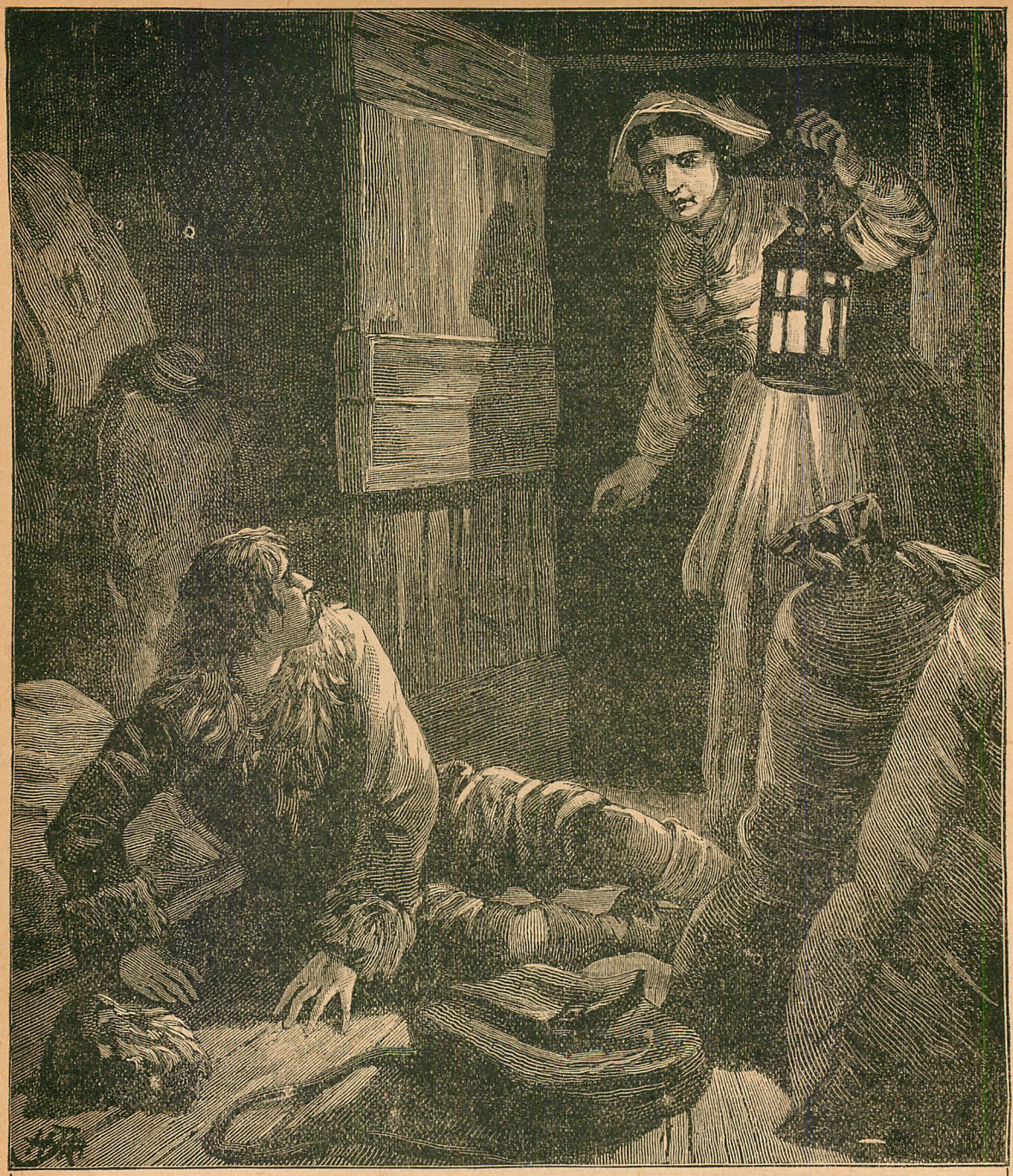
The next day he arrived at the house of a former Upsala schoolmate, Arendt, or Aaron Persson Ornflykt, who, however, though a Swede, had become closely connected by marriage with the Danish stewards and others who favoured the Danish cause. But Gustavus was ignorant of this, and, thinking that he had found another true friend and patriot, told him everything. Sir Aaron welcomed with great heartiness and fell into his views, but there was treachery in his heart. He said that he would help him with all his might, and that he would immediately set out and find out the sentiments of his neighbours.

Then, after his noble guest had refreshed himself, Persson conducted him up to a loft at the top of the house, where he might safely get that sleep which he so much needed; and Gustavus, feeling happy at last and all unsuspicious of the traitorous intentions of his host, lay down in thankfulness, for he was tired after his wandering, and soon he fell into a deep slumber.

Meanwhile the traitor Persson immediately posted off to a neighbour, Sir Mans Nilsson Swinherfred—Swinehead—of Aspeboda, and hastily told him who he had got in his house. He begged his assistance in capturing him, and promised him a share of the rich reward offered by King Christian. But Sir Mans would have none of the treacherous work, and he bluntly told him so. Then went Persson back again to seek other help. How cowardly does treachery make a man! Sir Persson was said to have been a soldierly, courageous man. Certainly he had proved his valour in the well-fought battle of Bränkyrka by the side of Gustavus, and then together they had fought their way to victory. Now against a lonely, weary man, who had no one to help him, he felt afraid, and must needs go and try to get a small army to take him. Yes, he would go to the Danish King's lieutenant, and bring him with all his power against the sleeping man, who lay all confident in his host's honour. For his treachery Sir Persson doubtless thought that he would not only get the rich reward, but also the favour and perhaps high command from the usurper.

Swift and sharp drove Sir Persson along the hard frozen road towards the Danish lieutenant, but his way led past his own house, and there was one, a noble woman, his own wife, who was a niece of Bishop Otto Swinherfred. She more than suspected her husband of traitorous designs, and feeling great sympathy for the weary wanderer she determined to save him.

Gustavus was sharply awakened from his well-



Gustavus awakened from his well-earned sleep.

earned sleep, and ever on the alert for danger he prepared for the worst. He saw his hostess standing by his side, and in quick, eager tones, she bade him rise and flee, for that the enemy were upon him. Then, like Michal the wife of David, she opened the window and told him he must prepare to go that way for fear the servants might see him. It was eighteen feet from the ground, but the noble, good woman, eager for his preservation and anxious to save her husband from such a crime, quickly tied towels together and helped him to descend. She was not only anxious to save him from the present danger but had a conveyance and a trusty servant ready to take him to a place of safety. So out into the cold night wind went the hero, and was driven swiftly away.

(*Continued at page* 242.)

A TALK ABOUT EDUCATION.

I DON'T care what they say—not I !
For times is changed, I know;
Since "eddication" came about
My gals can hardly sew.

They cannot milk a cow—not they!
They cannot bake or brew;
To read a mathematic book
Seems all that they can do.

And then the lads are more book-learned
Than boys were in my day;
But can they plough, or sow, or reap
As we did? Pooh! not they!

Now "eddication," to my mind,
Is meant for gentry folk;
So, parson, 'scuse me, all these words
Are nought but idle talk!'

'Nay, John,' the parson grave replied,
'Believe me, you are wrong;
Without an education now
No man can get along.

A proper education, friend,
Draws forth from heart and mind
The talent God has given, and which
(If we are so inclined)

We all may use for good, while here
On earth we live below;
Because the educated man
Is twice a man, you know!'

D. B. McKean.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

46. A Dying benefactor gave
A certain sum unto his heirs,
That they should tell it o'er his grave
To *five* poor men in *equal* shares.

The village widows numbered *seven*,
And unto each one, well or ill,
An *equal* sum was also given,
For so 'twas ordered in the will.

Now, what the dying man bestow'd
Was *six and forty pounds* in all.
With joy, no doubt, the cottage glowed,
Though there was sorrow in the hall.

Had *one poor man and woman* seen
His and her money *in one lot*,
Eight pounds in gold it would have been;
So tell me now what each had got.

G. S. O.

47. Two London clerks, we call them Thrift and Spend,
In the same office laboured day by day;
One was a prodigal, and as he penn'd
His business letters only dreamed of play:
The other clerk was of a saving sort,
And saw no fun in wasting cash on sport.

They had *the self-same salary*, those two,
And Thrift *one fifth* of his put careful by,
As every youngster ought to try and do,
So long as he avoids being miserly;
While Spend spent *yearly more by eighty pounds*
Than prudent Thrift, who kept within his bounds.

Four years have come and gone, round after round,
Since those two first in that dull office met,
And foolish Spend to his dismay has found
He's *twice ten times eleven pounds* in debt!
I do not ask you how the money went,
But *how much each* received, and *what he* spent!

G. S. O.

[*Answers at page* 255.]

OUR BIOGRAPHY.—No. VII.

DR. HUNTER.

AMONGST the successful in every walk of life you will find many whose natural powers, assisted by industry, have been the means of raising them to fame. John Hunter rose from the workshop of a Glasgow cabinet-maker to a position as one of the foremost investigators of nature's laws. He was born on July 14th, 1728, at Kilbride, in the county of Lanark. His father died when the lad was about ten years old, and his school education then came to an end. For some time he did very much as he pleased, until at last a brother-in-law, in business as a cabinet-maker at Glasgow, took him for his apprentice.

But the death of the master set the lad free to seek another opening in life. His brother William had studied medicine at Edinburgh, and was then delivering a course of lectures on anatomy in London. To him John Hunter wrote, begging that he might be employed as his assistant. The brother's answer was an invitation to come, and Hunter was soon engaged in this new sphere of labour.

His progress was remarkable. His first efforts at dissection gave evidence of his natural powers. His perseverance readily overcame the difficulties likely to be met by one whose early years had been passed in other pursuits. Step by step he rose in the profession, gaining much wealth and honours. His habit was, as it were, to personally question nature. He was not content to accept the theories or reports of others; he must examine into the matter himself. In following out his investigations he brought together a large and very varied collection of natural objects. This, after his death, fell into the care of the Royal College of Surgeons.

It was in anatomy that his chief triumphs were gained. To assist in his study of this subject he gathered together at his house many different animals. By one of these, a small bull presented to him by the Queen, he was nearly killed. The animal brought him to the ground, and, but for the arrival of a servant, would probably have ended his master's life then and there. At another time, hearing a great hubbub outside, he ran to the courtyard, and found that two leopards had escaped from their cage. One was mounting the wall, the other defending himself against a crowd of dogs. Hunter at once rushed at the leopards, seized them and dragged them to the cage without receiving any wound.

Whilst in the midst of professional duties, Dr. Hunter died suddenly on October 16, 1793, aged sixty-five; and thus passed away, full of honours, the lad who began life in a cabinet-maker's workshop.

A. R. B.

THE ADVENTURES OF RICHARD FALCONER.

(*Concluded from page* 231.)

PART II.

THE next day they fell in with the pirate ship, and when all that had happened was made known to the captain, Hood was lashed with a cat-o'-nine-tails most savagely, and dismissed the company, which latter punishment was lucky for himself. The pirates, being encumbered with a sick man, had him placed on Falconer's ship, and then they took their own three men off with them and departed, to the no small relief of the others. The sick man, whose name was John Rouse, mended rapidly, owing to the care and attention he received, and all went on favourably until a fearful storm drove the little barque on a sandy coast, which they supposed was part of Cuba. When they were safe aground a new terror beset them, for the Indians of Cuba were then very savage, being made so, it is feared, by the cruelties practised on them. As the ship was hopelessly fixed in the sand, there was nothing for it but to arm themselves well, make the best of their way to a white man's settlement, and, if necessary, sell their lives as dearly as they could. The sick man, John Rouse, was feeble, but his courage rose as high as any one's in the company.

They had not gone far before Randal's dog began to bark, and very soon a black man appeared on the scene. Falconer's first impulse was to fire at him, but the black man said, 'Do me no harm, for I am a friend.' Falconer lowered his piece and let him approach, when Rouse cried out, 'Oh, I know him well; he was the black trumpeter in our ship, and we called him William Plymouth.' The black trumpeter had a sad tale to tell. The pirate ship had perished in a storm with all its crew except the captain and eighteen men. But though they escaped a death by drowning, they died even more miserably, for they were surrounded by about 200 Indians and all slain except the trumpeter. He was wounded by an arrow in the foot early in the skirmish, and could not keep up with the others but crept into the bushes and so saved his life. He peeped out of his hiding-place when the battle was over, and found the wicked pirate captain dead and stripped naked, with

a wooden stake thrust through his throat. Catching up a good musket and a sword, he retired again far into the wood, but only in the nick of time, for the Indians returned to the scene of bloodshed, and would certainly have killed him also had they caught sight of him.

The arrival of the black trumpeter was a boon, for he was well acquainted with the country. So the party set off under his guidance, and soon came to a good road. As they were tramping along they heard the report of guns and loud shouts, and soon a Mulatto came riding by as fast as his mule could carry him. 'Make haste! Run!' he shouted, 'for the Indians are after us!' Away he rode, and Falconer and his party hid themselves in the trees without the loss of a moment, throwing themselves flat on their faces. Very soon a party of twenty Spaniards thundered by on horseback, pursued by about a hundred Indians. Just as the white men passed one of them dropped wounded from his horse, and crawled painfully into the bushes, where, meeting with Falconer, he told him there was a fort about nine miles off, into which his people hoped to get. Falconer now considered whether he and his party could not assist the white men. So, keeping inside the wood, they hurried forward, and soon found the Spaniards in a narrow pass holding the Indians at bay. Falconer's men had seven guns, and by good luck there was a dense hedge at the place, from behind which they fired on the Indians in their rear. Four men were killed and several wounded by the first, and many more by other volleys. This sudden blow, coming on them so unexpectedly, caused them to wheel round and retire with haste. They soon came up to the poor wounded Spaniard, who had rashly come out of his hiding-place, and fell on him and tore him to pieces. The other Spaniards, who had now lost nine men killed and two desperately wounded, thanked Falconer and his party warmly for their seasonable help, without which all would have undoubtedly perished.

As the English sailors and Spaniards were journeying on towards the fort they heard fearful cries behind, and looking round saw many dark figures approaching in a cloud of dust. The two wounded men were hurriedly laid on one side, and the whole party (being now nineteen in all and well horsed) drew up in five ranks, resolved to win or die. The Spaniards insisted on making up the three first ranks, and the English were placed in the rear. The Indians came up, shouting and firing guns (for they had several), but some of their pieces were choked with dust and would not go off. Before they could charge their guns again the white men delivered their volleys once or twice, and then drew their swords and fell on the dismayed natives, who retired, leaving four prisoners and many dead in the road. The battle was hardly over before twenty horsemen, each with a foot soldier behind, rode up, and the first thing they did, after thanking Falconer and his men, was to whip the wretched Indian prisoners until they were covered with blood.

When they reached Havannah, Falconer and his friends were kindly received, especially by a priest, named Father Antonio, who preached a sermon on their behalf, and collected 50*l.* for them at the church doors. A small vessel was bought and provisioned for a six months' cruise. Before they could sail the four unhappy Indians were done to death in a very inhuman manner. They were dragged, naked, by horses along the stony street to the Parade, and there chained to a stake and burned to death. When they arrived at the place of execution all the skin was found to have been stripped off their backs and thighs. But they bore all heroically and died without a groan.

Just before the party of Englishmen left Cuba the Governor took a great fancy to the black trumpeter, and offered him a pension if he would stay with him. Plymouth was sorry to bid his friends farewell, but thought he ought not to refuse so good an offer, and as they consented, the Governor sent them a handsome present of wine and gold pieces. The trumpeter, having said good-bye, sounded his bugle all the way back in the boat which carried him to the shore.

When Falconer reached Jamaica he saw his old ship riding at anchor, and when he climbed up her side they were busy selling his wardrobe. The auctioneer had just put up the last article, a pair of black worsted stockings, which fetched 12*s.* 6*d.*, though very much worn. When the lost man's face appeared some one cried out, 'A ghost! a ghost!' and they who had bought his clothes hurried off with them, fearing he would want them back. What had cost him 20*l.* in England had sold for 80*l.*, on credit, and he repurchased the whole for 10*l.* in hard cash, to the great satisfaction of all concerned.

The captain, who was lying sick on shore, was glad to see Falconer again. He said, 'I am dying, and pleased to know you are alive, for you shall now take charge of the ship, and when you reach Bristol you must visit my widow and act as my executor.' When the captain was buried and the ship ready to start, the master would not acknowledge Falconer's authority; and when he went with Rouse and Hood to the Governor to ask him to interfere, the master set sail without them and on his own responsibility. Falconer had therefore to embark again in his own small vessel, which he did on the 1st of June, 1700. Two more serious dangers awaited him. One was from a Spanish man-of-war, whose captain vowed he was a pirate, and insisted on taking him back to Havannah. Here the Governor, to say nothing of Father Antonio and the honest trumpeter, soon set things straight again, and off the wanderers set once more for England.

The other peril arose from a flotilla of Indian canoes full of armed men, which followed their ship a long way. These savages, though not provided with firearms, made sure of capturing the little barque, but Falconer and his men were full of resolution, and succeeded, by means of their patteraroes and muskets, in killing a great number and sinking two of the canoes.

This rough handling gave the savages a lesson, and they returned with dreadful imprecations to the shore. About the 15th of July the little ship sighted land, which turned out to be near St. John's harbour in Newfoundland, and in two days after they set sail, and reached the white cliffs of England in about five weeks, as Falconer says, 'transported with joy.

G. S. O.

"Do me no harm, for I am a friend!"

Danish soldiers "thrust their long lances through the hay."

GUSTAVUS VASA.

(*Continued from page* 236.)

CHAPTER IX.

'Be stedfast in your faith, united among yourselves. If you fail in the first you grieve your Creator. If you neglect the second you will fall a prey to man.'—GUSTAVUS VASA.

SWIFTLY flew the sledge over the frozen road, onward faster and faster, no rest, for the traitor and the fierce men of King Christian were behind, and every spot of country would be haunted by terrible enemies. Sad were the thoughts of Gustavus as he brooded on the treachery of his old schoolfellow and comrade, and probably he thought that his task was well-nigh impossible when his own countrymen could not be trusted. Yet he felt his heart grow warm when he thought of the sympathy and courage of Sir Aaron's brave wife. He knew that what she had done would perhaps imperil herself and certainly her domestic happiness, and he was right as regards the latter, for Sir Aaron never forgave his noble wife for her brave conduct.

Onward went Gustavus through the cold night wind, over the frozen lake and through the stifling smoke from the copper-mines of Fahlun. As the day broke they reached a village situate on the north-east end of the lake, and further than this Jacob the driver did not know his way.

Gustavus then went up to a house to inquire his way to Svärdsjö, where lived a good priest with whom he intended to stay; but just as he was about to enter he perceived the miner, Nils Hanssen, whom he knew to belong to the Danish party. He therefore hastily withdrew, just in time, and crossed to the Sandwik ironworks, where he met with a smelter who guided him on the way to Swärdsjö, and at parting Gustavus gave him a silver dagger, and said, 'If God help me, seek me and I will richly repay thee.' He then went on his way alone, and at night he obtained a night's lodging in a hut with some honest people, who, however, were not acquainted with his name. Before retiring for the night he was sitting quietly thinking, and no doubt very sad thoughts filled his brave mind. But from his reverie he was suddenly aroused by the good housewife who said, 'I say, young man, as thou hast nothing else to do thou mightst make me some skewers.'

But the young noble was ignorant of the mystery of this manufactory, and he told her so, and probably the good dame thought that he was a very useless youth. She did not know, good soul! that he was contemplating the overthrow of a throne.

The following day he reached the parsonage of Swärdsjö, but before he presented himself to the priest he wished to find out whether or no he was likely to be well received. So he went into the barn among the labourers and they quickly set his mind at rest. They were a free-speaking people and did not hesitate to discuss the situation of affairs. He then went into the house and made himself known, and was well received and hospitably entertained.

One day, when Gustavus was at his toilet, the good priest stood by holding a towel for him, but the housekeeper, who was ignorant of her master's guest's rank, suddenly entered the room, and was highly astonished that her master should be holding a towel like a servant to a common labourer, and she bluntly asked, 'Why are you standing there, holding the towel for him?'

But the priest sharply answered, 'That is no business of yours;' yet after this he thought it safer to secure a new retreat for Gustavus, and he sent him on to Swen Ulfson, a royal forester of great courage and presence of mind. Gustavus had scarcely reached the place before some of the scouts of the Danish steward, who had tracked him there, entered the cottage. The good housewife was busy putting her bread in the oven, and Gustavus stood by the fire warming himself and the soldiers began questioning and prying about. They did not as yet suspect Gustavus who was in a peasant's costume; still, an accident might reveal him, and in order to avert this the good woman hit upon a notable device. Suddenly she raised her broad flat bread-shovel and began to belabour Gustavus in right hearty fashion, at the same time screaming, as only a woman can scream, at the top of her voice, 'Get out, thou lazy oaf! what art thou standing and staring there for? Hast never seen soldiers before? Be off at once and thresh in the barn with the others.'

This rough treatment recalled Gustavus to himself, and he quickly took the hint and was saved. The Danish soldiers never dreamt that it could be the proud, haughty young noble, who was thus unceremoniously used. The husband did not, however, think him quite safe even at Isala. He was a stranger in those parts and any moment might witness a fatal discovery, and then it would go hard with Gustavus; at the same time his honest preservers would be severely punished for giving him refuge and succour. So one day, when the neighbourhood was swarming with Danes eager to capture Gustavus, he hid him under some hay in his light waggon and drove out towards the desolate forests.

On the way they were met by some Danish soldiers, who roughly ordered the driver to stop, and when they could learn no tidings of the fugitive, they, in mere wantonness apparently, thrust their long lances through the hay, and one of the sharp points wounded Gustavus in the leg, but he lay quiet and the scouts were riding off when they saw the blood trickling on the snow; but the driver also saw it, and guessing what had happened, he quickly and without being seen pulled out his knife and gave his horse a sharp gash in the leg and so diverted their attention, and once again Gustavus was saved.

At length he succeeded in placing Gustavus in safety under the care of two brave brothers, Pehr and Matts Olofsson, who were gamekeepers at Marnäs, a village in the forest. But even here he was not safe, and they took him still further into Leksand Forest, in which he lay concealed for three days under a large uprooted tree, and the faithful foresters supplied him with food and blankets.

But soon he was again compelled to change his

quarters, for the Danish scouts were in active search for him. So he hid himself under a lofty fir-tree, which stood on a small hill and was surrounded by a bog. Here he remained some little time, and even to this day the hardy peasants remember Gustavus when they speak lovingly of the 'King's Hill.'

At last the Danish scouts disappeared, and the faithful Marnäs peasants conducted their charge through the great forests to Rättvik Church, which lies at the eastern shore of the great lake Silzan.

And forth went the word to the brave men of Dalecarlia that the young and noble Gustavus Vasa was in their midst, and that he would address them in the churchyard on the state of the land. And eagerly they gathered together. The little old church, in its beautiful and serene simplicity, stood there overlooking, as if guarding, the dead who slumbered there. And soon the people (the men in their white wadmal coats and breeches, with huge buttons and knee-buckles, gartered below the knee, and the wives in their red stockings, high-heeled shoes, bright shawls, and yellow caps, exactly as they appear to-day) assembled in God's acre, and then the fearless hero mounted a tombstone and began.

CHAPTER X.

'Pay due reverence to old age; he who does not may be expelled as a slanderer.'—GUSTAVUS VASA.

IT was a picture worthy of the greatest artist; there, in the cold winter of the frozen north, in the old churchyard, stood an eager throng of men, women, and children. They had gathered there, not this time, to worship God, but to hear things that would curdle their very blood.

Silently the rustic assembly gathered around the sacred spot where slept their forefathers, those who had risen up in times gone by, in all the grandeur of an united people, to hurl down the tyrant. And now their sons, just as stalwart and open-minded, were about to be asked to follow their footsteps. Would they prove as brave and loyal? They were the same race and religion, the same in dress and in every particular; they looked exactly as did their fathers in the time of Engelbrekt. The young hero has mounted a little eminence and stands before them. And as they looked up they could not help but admire the noble, fearless youth, with whose strange adventures and narrow escapes they were so familiar. They were prepared to hear strange things, but the truth was even more startling than they had imagined.

In burning, passionate words, that thrilled through the soul, he told the people how King Christian had overthrown the mild rule of Sten Sture, and in its place had set up a cruel despotism. How he had broken his pledged words and trampled under foot the most sacred treaties. How he had craftily induced the flower of the Swedish nobility to trust his royal promises, and then how he had shed their blood, wiping out whole families and filling the land with mourning and lamentation. He told how 600 men, nobles, priests, and common people, had been slain like beasts, and their bodies left to poison the atmosphere; and then, in broken tones, he told them how his own brave, upright father, had fallen beneath the axe, as well as his brother-in-law, while his mother and sisters were held in unjust bondage by the fearful King Christian, and expected also to lose their lives; also how their estates had been confiscated and themselves outlawed, obliged to live in caves and forests lest they too should lose their lives.

This was a terrible recital, and affected the rugged homely peasants exceedingly. Yet they were cautious men; they knew that the King had a great army at Stockholm, all armed and equipped for immediate war, while they were without the necessary armaments which would enable them to successfully fight the invader. They did not deem it prudent for a few unarmed peasants to confront the veteran hosts of Christian, so they told Gustavus to try and gain the adherence of neighbouring parishes.

(*Continued at page* 250.)

AN UNPLEASANT ADVENTURE.

MANY years ago, a young officer serving in Canada was enjoying some of the wild sports of the Far West. He had two Indians with him, and they were highly successful: but on their way back to city life the young officer met with a very disagreeable adventure. Winter was setting in, and the weather was wild and inclement, but the three men had got on board a fur-trader's boat bound for the lower end of Lake Superior, and in this manner made good progress. At the close of each day's voyage the boat was brought to land and tied to a tree, then a fire was lit, and the coffee-pot and fryingpan were well used, after which all hands retired to the boat to sleep, except the young officer, who preferred to lie by the fire wrapped in his blanket.

On the fourth night, however, a sudden storm arose, which swept the boat from her moorings, and when morning dawned he found himself enveloped in snow, and alone in the mighty wilderness. It was a terrible position for one ignorant of forest lore, but with the pluck of an Englishman he resolved to make the best of his position. Fortunately, he had his rifle, also a stout knife belonging to one of the Indians, and with these and his blanket he travelled on, following the path which he believed would lead him to safety, if he could only hold out long enough. But, alas! before the third day was over his feet were miserably frost-bitten, and except one hare which he had shot he was destitute of food. In these circumstances he rejoiced one day to find a cave, which a mass of brushwood at the entrance had kept free from snow. Here he resolved to rest awhile in order to recruit his fast-failing strength; therefore, kindling a fire, he skinned his hare and laid it among the hot embers. Scarcely had he done so when something between a grunt and a groan caused him to look behind him, and then to leap in horror to his feet. He was closely confronted by a grizzly bear, one of the most dangerous animals of the American wilds. Ere he had time to snatch his rifle the monster was upon him, and together they rolled over upon the ground. Weak and exhausted as he was, the unfortunate man felt himself quite unequal to cope with such an adversary; but the instinct of self-preservation was strong within him, and he contrived to stab it in the

shoulder with his knife. This, of course, only infuriated the animal, which would have quickly destroyed him had it not entangled itself with his blanket, which it got into its mouth and began to worry. But it was only a question of time; the strength of excitement was quickly passing, a strange, murmuring sound was in his ears, as consciousness and life were being pressed out of him, when suddenly a sound echoed through the cave, and the next instant the bear relaxed its hold and sank helpless to the ground.

The first sensations of the young officer as he returned to life were of burning pains all over his body, and opening his eyes he found a young Indian bending over him and rubbing him with snow. Passing near the cave, the Indian had seen the fire and heard the struggle, and hastening on to see what was the matter he arrived just in time to save the stranger's life. All night long this good Samaritan sat beside the pale-face, tending him with skill and care, and when morning dawned he went to his village for help.

In one of the lodges of that Indian encampment the Englishman spent the rest of the winter, cared for as tenderly as though he had been one of themselves, and when Spring had unfettered the lakes and rivers he was sufficiently recovered to embark in his preserver's little canoe and return to civilised life. The dead bear had been thankfully appropriated by his Indian friends, who fed upon its flesh for many a day.

D. B. M.

FAREWELL.

READY to start? Well, Jack, good-bye!
Success attend you, lad,
And let us have a letter soon.
'Twill make us really glad

To hear that all goes well with you
In the wild far-off West,
And that you don't forget your home,
And those who love you best.

Yes, Jack, I'll tell her what you say,
I know she'll wait for you,
For Mary is a real good girl,
I'm sure she'll never rue!

When once her promise has been given,
'Tis given, Jack, for life!
Heaven bless you, lad, and may you come
Some day to claim your wife!

B. M.

A RAVEN OUTWITTED.

A GENTLEMAN while travelling in Iceland paid a visit to a celebrated eider-duck island off the western part of the country. This island, only three-quarters of a mile in width, was almost entirely surrounded by a stone wall three feet high. Every alternate stone at the bottom of the wall had been taken out, leaving a hole for the ducks to build their

nests in. Every compartment was tenanted, the ducks being well cared for and almost quite tame. The island belonged to a widow who devoted all her time to the eider-ducks, and doubtless the down procured from the birds was of great value.

The eider-duck is a very close sitter, and her mate is ever on the watch to protect her from all intruders, foxes and ravens being among their most persistent enemies, frequently pulling the duck off her nest to rob her of her eggs or her callow brood. One true story of this kind is interesting.

The duck was sitting closely, for hatching time was near, but a crafty raven had resolved to enjoy a treat at her expense. He attacked her in the rear, and with his powerful beak laid hold of her tail to pull her backwards. The duck, from sitting so long, was scarcely a match for the robber, and would have been forced to give way had not her mate, a very powerful bird, immediately come to the rescue. With feathers all ruffled he darted at the raven and took a firm grip of his neck. The raven, half-choked, gave up his hold on the duck's tail and tried to fly, but this was impossible. In vain did he beat with his powerful wings, and utter the hoarsest of cries; the drake dragged him along the shelving rock towards the sea, which having reached, both birds rolled into the water. A splash, a ripple, and, locked together, they disappeared below the surface. The drake presently came up again, all jubilant, but the black assailant of the poor eider-duck remained below. M.

REVENGE.

JUST wait a bit—I'll have him soon,
And, oh, revenge is sweet!
I'll follow him from morn to night
On never-wearying feet,

Until I have him in my grip;
And won't I make him see
That he who stirs my wrath must take
A dire revenge from me?

What right had he to chaff me so,
Before the other men?
The sneaking cur!—but wait a bit,
He'll never chaff again!

A ducking in the river now
Will cool his haughty pride,
And spoil his pretty face, and all
His brand-new clothes beside!

Ah! how I hate the man, I do!
I really hate him more
Than any man I ever knew,
Or ever saw before!

Ah, James, how hard must be the heart
Which harbours hate like this!
Be warned and put it far away,
Or Heaven you're sure to miss. M. K.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

HISTORICAL.

48. CHILD of a king, who looked but on her face,
Then died of sorrow at an early age.
The little girl was moved from place to place,
And in her fifth year felt old ocean's rage;
But, wreck escaping, in a foreign land
Grew up to womanhood; and as she grew
Surpassed in every charm the courtly band—
A blossom fed with more than common dew.
The church roof rang with shouts one April day,
When on her finger gleamed a wedding ring,
The prince's gift. Ere summer passed away
She was a queen, and he she loved a king.
But oh, how quickly this world's splendours fade!
Within a year her mother and her lord
In the cold vault for evermore were laid.
Now, as she felt the piercings of the sword,
Unto her native land she turned her eyes,
And bade farewell, a weeping, sad adieu,
To that dear country with its softer skies
And pleasant friendships. Swift the good ship flew,
And she has landed; but it is to tread
A path of thorns, almost without a friend.
A widow, lovely still, she might have wed
Some great and happy prince; but Love can bend
Us where he will, and to a kinsman she
Plighted her troth, and thus a second time
Became a wife. But savage jealousy
Moved him, her husband, to commit a crime
Still talked of for its horrors. In a while
Her husband, who had killed a rival, fell
Dead by a rival's hand, a monster vile
As any servant of the fiend of hell.
And oh, what next? The doubly-widowed queen,
Placing her hand within that bloody hand
Vowed him affection. Then were tumults seen;
Then fled the guilty pair, for all the land
Abhorr'd their wickedness. In great alarm
She left her mate, and of her subjects prayed
Mercy and pity. Now the law's strong arm
Was cast around the queen, and she was made
In a lone isle to know a captive's fate;
Where, as her people's will she would not do,
They made her take the pen and abdicate.
Name now that queen who these strange fortunes knew.

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49. THE May thorn long has faded,
The cuckoo's voice is still'd,
The fields of happy England
With yellow crops are fill'd;
The Dog-day heats are temper'd,
The early frosts begin,
The reapers now bare arms and brow,
And put their sickles in.

I've bargained with the landlord
This field of his to clear,
'Tis wheat here where we're standing,
And rye beside the mere.
The whole contains of *acres*
Just *thirty-five*, they say;
And I am paid—so runs our trade—
By piece, and not by day.

For every rye-clad acre
I earn *six shillings* good;
For wheat, if *you add sixpence*
(I hope I'm understood),
Add sixpence to my earnings,
Then, as I calculate,
My gains, when cutting *wheat, to rye*,
Will be as *ten to eight*.

Now for *the whole field's* cutting
Eleven pound ten I make;
Bob did the sum this morning
As we sat by the lake.
So while I ply this harvest,
My sickle for the Squire.
Of wheat and rye how much reap I?
An answer I require. G. S. O.

[*Answers at page* 255.]

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

XIV.—THE SWISS GUARD.

IT will be remembered that the palace of the King of France was guarded by a thousand Swiss soldiers. These men were well drilled, brave, and faithful, and, even in the raging sea of disloyal Paris, the Monarch felt secure—too secure, as it proved. The Swiss do not seem to have meddled with the politics of the day, but to have done their duty, earned their paltry pay, and kept to themselves.

We have already noticed the King's Sunday levée, and the futile efforts which his friends made to get him removed to Rouen. These he would not second, 'for,' said he, 'the Insurrection is not so near as you suppose.' But it was near, very near, now. In fact, the leaders of the Revolution had already determined that if the Assembly would not pronounce the dethronement of Louis on the next Thursday, they would rise and do it by force of arms.

But the Assembly were busied about Lafayette, who had denounced the Jacobins, by a letter, as dangerous people; his conduct was therefore discussed for several days, and on the Wednesday he was acquitted of blame by a majority of two to one.

Thursday evening arrived, and no sentence of deposition had been pronounced. All that night men were arming and drilling, and making ready for an attack on the Tuileries early the next morning. The loyal gentlemen of France were aware something serious was about to happen, and they gathered round their King, each man with his weapon of war. It was a very close night, and the palace windows were thrown open, for every room was densely crowded. About midnight those in the palace could plainly hear the 'storm-bells' calling the people together in various parts of the city. One bell was the same which was rung by a King's order on St. Bartholomew's Eve, 1572, as a signal for the massacre of the Huguenots. Another bell which sounded in the night air was that of the Town-hall; this was pulled by Marat, the editor of the *People's Friend*, who had been imprisoned for what he had written.

It must have been an awful night; and yet as its hours stole on, and no armed mobs appeared, a joke was bandied from one to the other, 'The tocsin is like a dry cow, it does not yield any milk.'

During the night the King had a short nap, and about five o'clock he went out into the garden to review his troops, in company with old Marshal Maillé, who was nearly eighty years of age. The soldiers did not seem very loyal, and their shouts of 'Vive le Roi' ended in 'Vive la Nation,' as if the King and Nation were not one and the same as they ought to be.

When the sun began to shine, a countless army of men, who had been gathering, each in his proper quarter during the night, united, and moved in the direction of the Tuileries. At the head of all, in the place of honour, marched the 'six hundred who knew how to die.' There were squadrons drawn up to resist this army of the people, but none of them did anything except get quietly out of the road; so that the six hundred and the host which followed in their rear found no resistance until they arrived at the outer gate of the great courtyard of the palace, called the Place du Carrousel.

If Louis had been a General, like Napoleon, or if even he had been a resolute Prince, like our first Charles, he might have made a good fight of it, and even carried the day. It is said the Queen offered him a pistol and said, 'Now, if ever, it is the time for you to show yourself a hero.' But Louis was not a fighting man. He did not lack courage, but he lacked the resolution to strike one great blow for his ancient crown. There he sat, in this awful hour, doing nothing; his hands were on his knees, and his head bent low. The troops in the court sent in for orders. 'Are we to fire the cannon on the people, or not?' No orders were sent out to them, so they threw down their lighted matches. There was no head; no quick, sharp word of command; no orders promptly given and as promptly obeyed. A few minutes after eight o'clock the King decided on leaving the palace, and taking refuge in the Assembly. He left his gallant gentlemen and his red-coated Switzers to fight or yield, to fly or die, as they liked or could. There they were left; and they turned their reproachful looks on the Monarch who had abandoned them, until he and his Queen and children were lost to sight in the crowd. The gentlemen slipped away as well as they were able by one door or another, and the unfortunate Swiss Guards stood to their arms and waited what might happen like brave men. They were soon face to face with the six hundred, and then there was a short parley.

'Where is the King?'

'He is gone over to the Assembly.'

'We are come here to take possession of his house, until the Assembly pronounces him deposed.'

And then what were the Swiss Guards to do or say, the King having gone? Were they to defend the empty palace or not? While pausing undecided, there was a discharge of cannon, and the balls struck the roof of the Tuileries. This seems to have decided the Swiss captain. 'Fire!' said he.

His men did so, and not a few Marseillese lay stretched on the earth, dead or dying, the next moment. The volley was so sudden and well-directed, and the appearance of the serried ranks of the Swiss so terrible, that the huge mob recoiled, and backed out of the great court, and the Swiss advancing, seized the cannon, and prepared to use them in their own defence.

The 'six hundred who knew how to die' soon rallied, however, and returned to the charge, and the National Guards in the garden also fired on the Swiss as foreigners, while they were attempting, though without success, to discharge the cannon. Had they succeeded in firing off those great guns, the cause of the King might not have been lost. But, even though they could not manage the cannon, they fired their muskets with deadly precision, and killed very many people. Bonaparte himself was a witness of this battle, and he believed that the Swiss would have won the day if they had had a capable general.

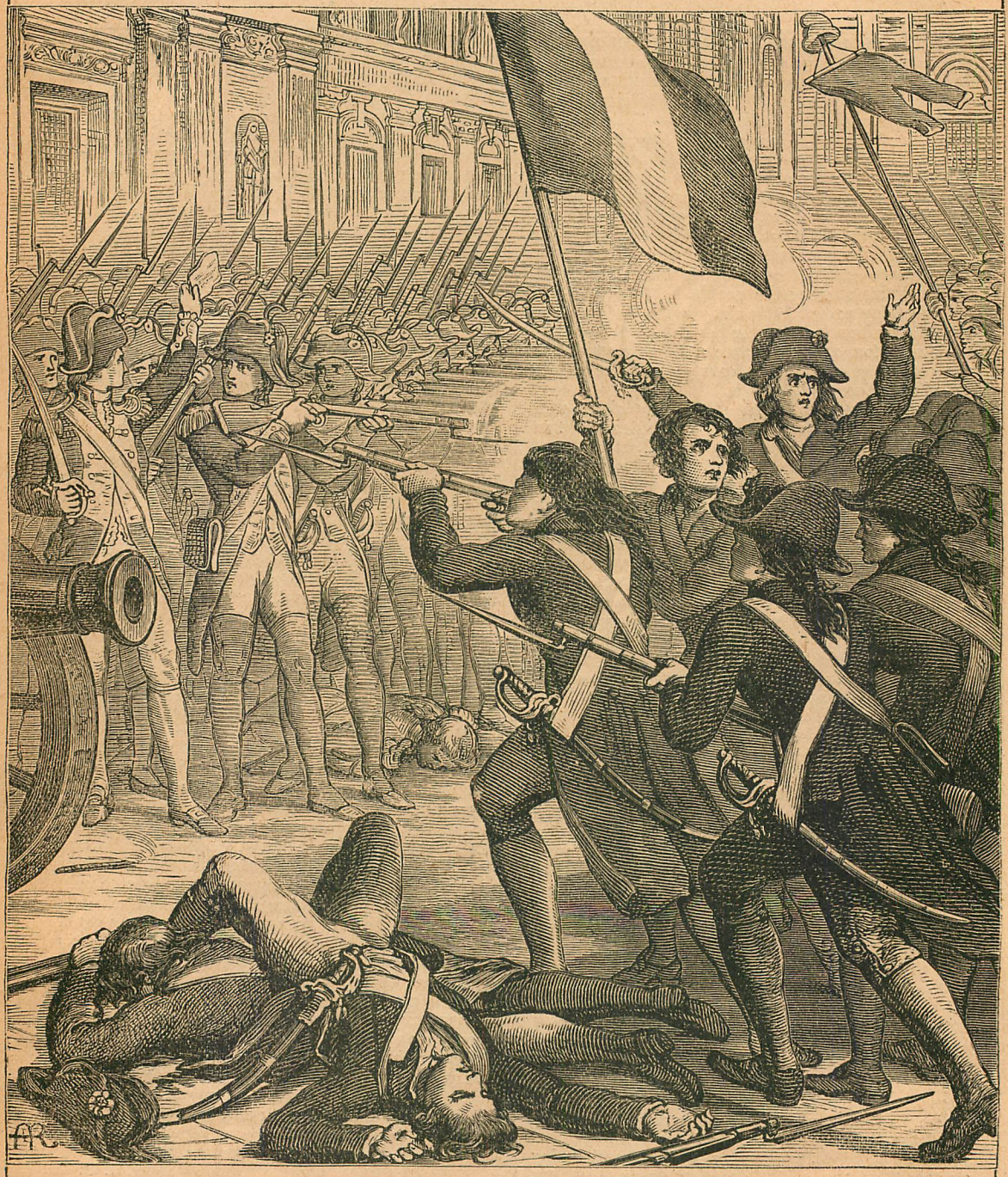
When this bloody struggle was at its height, a written King's order was carried by some daring messenger to the Swiss, to cease firing. But why did he not also order the mob to cease firing? The poor Swiss obeyed the order, and fired no more, but were fired at as hotly as ever. What now were they to do? The people had become maddened like bears bereft of their whelps, for they saw bleeding and dying patriots carried along the streets; and the Swiss felt sure if they laid down their arms and ventured into the crowd they would be torn to pieces in a moment. Yet something must be done, and at once; so they broke up into detachments, and tried to make their way to places of safety.

One party was utterly destroyed; another rushed into the National Assembly, and found a refuge there; a third, 300 strong, made for the Champs Elysées, and Courbevoye, where there were other soldiers of their nation. But very few of them escaped; they died fighting here and there. Fifty were marched to the Hôtel de Ville, but they were massacred on the way, every one. The Marseillese, like brave men, tried to save after the victory was won; but the Paris mob were cruel, and thirsted for the last drop of the Swiss soldiers' blood.

This murder of unresisting men, who had simply done the duty they were paid to do, is a very dark blot on the character of the people of Paris. It shows them in a very unfavourable light. But to our minds it is also a great blot on the King's character, for he forsook his brave defenders, and then, by sending an order to cease firing, he became, though without meaning it, their destroyer. They were paid sixpence a-day for defending his house, and when it was attacked they acted as true soldiers only could and would have acted; and in obeying the King's orders to cease firing, they became martyrs to the high cause of soldierly discipline. Near Lucerne there is a monumental lion, the work of a very first-rate sculptor, which has been erected in memory of these brave men.

The scenes inside the Tuileries were shocking and hardly to be described. Outside, 180 bodies of dead Swiss guardsmen were piled in one ghastly heap; while more than a hundred carts, piled up with dead patriots, went sorrowfully away from the scene of bloodshed to the cemetery of Sainte Madeleine.

G. S. O.



The Swiss Guards firing on the Marseillese.

Gustavus escaping through the Trap-door.

GUSTAVUS VASA.

(*Continued from page* 243.)

GUSTAVUS had not apparently gained much here, yet he had set the stone rolling and soon it would fill the country. He did not now sit down in despair, nor elate himself with false hopes. Though he saw great darkness around, yet amidst it all he saw light, and so with undying hope and courage he was ever up and working. He went on to Mora, the largest village in the Dales, there to repeat his great work. The priest, Jacob Persson, received him with friendliness, though for fear of the strict search of the Danes, who of course knew what he was doing, he did not dare to keep him in his own house, but consigned him to the care of a trusty peasant, who concealed him in a vaulted cellar entered only from a trap down in the kitchen. And when the Danish soldiers entered, the peasant's wife, who was in the Yule-ale brewing, turned a great tub over the trap-door so that they did not see the entrance, and Gustavus was again saved.

Soon after, at Christmas-time, as the people were coming out of church, Gustavus ascended a small mound in the churchyard to speak to them. Here, again, he told them of the tyranny of the King, and asked them if they would longer submit to this awful tyranny. As he finished his speech he said, 'I will willingly go with you and spare neither my blood nor my sword, which are all that the tyrant has left me, and he shall then learn that the Swedes are both faithful and valiant, and that they will be governed by their own just laws and not by a foreign oppressor's yoke.'

Loud shouts of approval greeted this speech; rumour had made the hardy Dalesmen well acquainted with the persecutions and hardships endured by the young hero. Yet here as at Rättvik the peasants were cautious. The more enthusiastic of them would have gone to war at once, but there were others who were both cautious and timid; besides, they were weary of so many wars. So they were unable to come to any decision, but they agreed to consult their neighbours; and then they advised Gustavus to seek a safe retreat for himself, for with the great price set on his head and the energy of the scouts his danger was imminent.

After this Gustavus endured many severe privations: he was compelled to hide under a bridge near Mora Church, which in the depth of a Swedish winter was terrible. Afterwards he went about hiding in holes and corners, and it seemed at last as if this fearful life caused him to begin to despair. There seemed to be no hope of assistance from anywhere. Northwards then he bent his weary steps, across rough rugged mountains and desolate forests. He passed the nights in the lone sheds built for the convenience of travellers, and at length he descended the mountainous land into a more inhabited district in the parish of Lima, in West Dalarna. He made no more attempts to rouse the people, but silently and almost heart-broken he brooded over his country's condition. He thought that he must go away, far away, and trust that even yet brighter times would come. In the forests through which he passed the cold wind howled and the pines shook their feathered heads and roared defiance to the storm, and the fierce rapids of the river hoarsely howled as they rushed on their way. It was a desolate though a grand scene, and the heart of the hero sank within him. At last he stood at the foot of the mountains which divide Norway from Sweden; and as he made up his mind to cross them he gave one long lingering look—the look of the heart-broken; and as he gave his farewell to go forth an exile, at the last moment he heard his name echoing in the wild wastes.

CHAPTER XI.

'Surround yourselves with commendable men of a pure life, for it will be believed of you as it is known of your associates.'—GUSTAVUS VASA.

SURPRISE at first filled the mind of Gustavus; he might well imagine that his senses were playing him false; but soon all doubt was set at rest, for in a few moments two messengers, named Engelbrekt and Lars, two renowned skaters, came up to Gustavus and speedily gave him such news that his heart was filled with joy. It was a strange meeting; there, in the midst of the desolate wastes, the young hero and the two hardy Dalesmen standing on their skidor or light wooden laths, with which they had flown like swallows over the snow. But the cause of their presence was soon explained.

After Gustavus had addressed the Dalesmen in the different parishes, and had left them almost broken-hearted, they had soon evidence given to them which caused them great sorrow that they had allowed Gustavus to depart.

It seems that the young noble had made a great impression upon a Dane named Rasmus Jute, who, although a Dane, had served under the Stures and had a great feeling of sympathy for the Swedes. And he showed how much he favoured Gustavus, for one day, hearing that one of the Danish stewards had come to capture Gustavus, he armed himself and some of his friends, and suddenly fell upon the Danes, and after capturing them, released them only upon their solemn promise to offer no injury to Gustavus.

Then Lars Olson Bzornram, with some other Swedish nobles, took refuge in Dalarna, and Lars Olson told the Dalesmen how that King Christian in his 'Eric's Gata,' an ancient custom of every new king to receive the homage of the people while travelling through the country, had said, that he would cause gibbets to be raised at every place where he stopped, and that he would lay a new and heavy tax upon the peasants, and have a hand and foot cut off each man to render them incapable of fighting. All these things told Lars Olson to the Dalesmen to their great horror and indignation, and then he reproached them for their folly in allowing Gustavus to go away unheeded.

'Good people,' he said, 'that man is indispensable to the whole country: we are held in bondage and destroyed and all able-bodied men will soon be destroyed. Gustavus Vasa is the only man who has sense and

valour enough to lead us, and take in hand the great work of liberating the country.'

And as his words fell upon the alarmed and now thoroughly aroused people, a fugitive emerged from the forest, who confirmed his words and gave a detailed account of the Blood-bath, and how the corpse of their beloved Sten Sture had been torn from the grave and dishonoured. Now did those sturdy sons of toil grow furious. War and vengeance were on their lips, and remorse in their hearts for having permitted Gustavus to go away. They now knew that he was their only hope; and so, when the two fleet skaters volunteered to go after him and bring him back, their proposal was received with joy, and as they swiftly sped off on their errand, they took with them many a hearty God speed.

They overtook him as we have just stated, as he was standing at the foot of the grim Norwegian mountains, and it was their eager cry that smote on his ears as he was bidding farewell to his beloved land. And when he heard their story he gladly went back with them to Dalarna. Then from the Church of Mora pealed the tocsin, the signal of danger to the country. Solemnly and sternly its iron voice rang out over the snow-covered wastes and high over the pine tops, and its echoes sprang from hill to hill, and waked up the slumbering patriotism of the Dalesmen. It was as in the old Saxon days of England, when the broad arrow was sent out, or in Scotland, when the fiery cross flashed over hill and glen, calling the brave to the battle-ground. 'To arms! to arms! your country is in danger!' pealed forth the dread signal; and from every path and wood, from upland and lowland, from every village and glen, came pouring bands of men armed with their traditional crossbows and arrows and swords. And amongst the assembled multitudes as they gathered on the shore near Mora towered our giant, taller by far than the tallest of them all. Everybody gazed with admiration at this stalwart man, not only for his gigantic size, but in astonishment that he was there quite unarmed. No weapon of any sort carried he; but there was something about him which told that he meant to do great deeds.

As the throngs swarmed about the place, Gustavus suddenly appeared, and then the very sky rang again, as from thousands of voices pealed forth loud and joyous hurrahs. Slowly he made his way through the dense crowds until he stood before the gigantic recruit. And well he knew that towering form. It was his old threshing companion Liss Lars, and with a smile Gustavus said, 'Right welcome art thou, friend. I see thou dost not carry any of the murderous weapons deemed necessary in warfare, but I am pretty sure that thy fists alone will do us as good service as a dozen swords. This man, my trusty Dalesmen, is one of the most willing among you.'

And then great cheers again rent the sky, after which Liss Lars stood forward and said, 'And this man, Gustavus Vasa, is a man and no mistake, and one on whom we can rely. He has threshed together with me for some days, so I know full well of what stuff he is made. His heart is in the right place, and sense has he more than the lot of us put together. Who then so able as he to lead us in our great task of saving this our country? It is our intention to choose him for our chief, and now let us do so, and may the foul fiend fly away with him who betrays him by word, deed, or thought.'

As this characteristic speech fell from the lips of the hardy giant the multitude hailed it with shouts of approval, and in thundering tones saluted Gustavus as their leader. Now our hero had gained one point of his grand object, and his heart leapt with joy as his eyes roamed over his strong warriors, brave as lions, and honest as saints. Now ended were the sad days of disguises, shifts, and humiliations. Yet those days had been a necessary and wholesome discipline for him. Still he knew that the work was not yet done, nor was there as yet a single battle won.

Now he had the material, and it was necessary to be up and doing. And then, as hearty and loving glances rested upon him from those who now felt all the hardships that he had endured, he answered their greetings and said,—

'With God's help and the freemen of Sweden I shall conquer the enemy:' words afterwards that became his motto.

Then again spake Liss Lars, and the assembly listened to him with respect and wonder. They were perhaps astonished at his ready wit and robust common sense. He stood forward and said, addressing himself principally to Gustavus, 'It is all very well that thou hast got us Dalecarlians on thy side. But many more wilt thou need. Our Sweden is a vast land, and if thou meanest to go in for a big row thou wilt need some thousands more of willing men. I would therefore counsel thee to journey northwards and speak to the men of Helsingland, and get them to give their assistance. One against ten is very brave to be sure, but ten against one is safe in warfare.'

Then up spoke another sturdy man, one Peter Swenson of Wibberboda. 'Thou dost counsel well,' said he; 'and thou, Gustavus Vasa, canst now firmly rely upon us Dalesmen. So thou hadst better go to other parts and rouse the peoples there.'

'That is my intention, friends,' answered Gustavus; 'and I shall go at once to exhort the people to join our sacred cause. In the meantime I nominate Liss Lars and Peter Swenson to be your captains in my absence. Obey them and I will answer for a safe issue.'

(*Continued at page* 258.)

POST-OFFICE MATTERS.

SOME curious items of information have lately been published by the Post Office of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. It seems, with a population of 35,000,000 of souls, that we write more letters than the 60,000,000 people who live in the United States of America. As regards letters and post-cards, England sends more about than any other nation. Counting every one in the United Kingdom, though, of course, there are some who cannot write, such as babies and those who never knew how, each person sends thirty-eight letters. Then comes the United States with twenty-seven to each inhabitant; next Switzerland with nineteen, fifteen each in Germany and France, fourteen in Belgium, twelve in Denmark, nine in Austria, six in Italy and

Good news brought to Gustavus.

Sweden, five in Norway, four each in Spain and Hungary, three in Portugal, one each in Russia and Japan, and one to every two persons in British India. Amongst the nations which make up what we call the people of Hindustan, amounting to 125,000,000, most of the correspondence is done by professional letter-writers, who sit in queer little open offices and write letters for other people, for which they charge, usually about a farthing, but they will accept almost anything for payment.

The quantity of paper thus used that goes through the British Post Office alone may roughly be measured in the following way. Supposing each letter contains a single sheet of ordinary note-paper, that the post-cards are taken at the usual size, that each book contains fifty leaves of novel paper, and that each

newspaper has three sheets, two feet by one and a half broad, there would, when joined together, be sufficient to stretch from the earth to the moon, in a paper ribbon a yard and a half in breadth, or to put a band round the world fourteen yards wide. Again the total weight of letters, cards, books, and newspapers sent through our Post Office in 1883 amounted to more than 42,000 tons, which would fill twenty-one ships of 2000 tons each. Out of the tremendous pile, no less than 6,000,000 letters, 600,000 post-cards, 5,000,000 book-packets, and 500,000 newspapers are collected at the head office and have ultimately to be destroyed owing to carelessness in addressing them. The weight of the stamps used in the year above mentioned was 115 tons. Since then the parcels post most likely has doubled this enormous quantity.

O. W.

A LONG-LIVED FAMILY.

A WRITER, who has investigated the duration of life amongst ministers of the Church of Scotland, mentions a remarkable case, in which the pastorate of a parish was held by one family for one hundred and fifty-nine years. The father died aged seventy-nine, and was succeeded by his son. This son lived until sixty-three, and was then succeeded by his son. He again, dying at the age of seventy-four, was succeeded by a son; and this last, after filling the post for thirty-six years, died aged sixty-two.

THE FORGER'S ARREST.

THE hearts of some men seem to be particularly open to the charms of gambling in all its forms. We say the charms, for to some minds the risk, the terrible uncertainty of gambling, is more captivating than any other kind of pursuit. How many men have lost every penny at the gaming-table on one miserable evening? how many in despair have died by their own hands, even in the presence of their evil companions?

William Drew was not so bad as these, but he had unfortunately become a member of a gambling club. He was young and handsome, admired by silly women, and envied by sillier men. How he maintained himself was a wonder to many, for it was well known how idly he squandered his time. Alas! he had become a forger, and his first offence not having been detected, he had become more careless of consequences, until at last his evil doings were brought to the light; he was arrested, and thrown into prison, where he spent many miserable months in lamenting the folly of the past and promising himself amendment for the future. But there was to be no amendment for William Drew; he died in prison after a very short illness, and was buried without one friend to follow his coffin to the grave, or show any concern for his untimely fate. Yet how different might have been his life had he walked in the paths of rectitude, as he had been early taught to do!

Boys, drinking and gambling are easily learned, and when once learned, not easily given up again. Shun, then, the company of those who would tempt you to such amusements, lest, like William Drew, you be led deeper still into shame and crime. M. K.

SOME OF OUR PETS.

MY sister and I are very fond of keeping pets of all kinds, and we have had pets that other girls would never dream of keeping, namely, rats and frogs. Our rats—we have four—are Japanese, a pale cream colour, with pink eyes. We got them when quite young, and we have found them most delightful pets. They are easily taught tricks: with a little patience we have taught them to climb up a straight stick, and to beg at the top for a piece of bread. They also jump through a hoop, but that trick was troublesome to teach them, as they seem to find it difficult to leap up and through the hoop.

The frogs, of which we had fourteen last summer, were not such a success, for though we took great care of them, giving them a damp corner in the garden for their exclusive use, they ungratefully hopped away—all but one, a splendid speckled toad, which we named 'Toddlekins.' He was my sister's especial pet, and he really seemed to know her from others; for when she went into the garden and called him, he would crawl out of his burrow and would sit on her hand, allowing her to pet and tickle him with a blade of grass as much as she liked. But I must confess I did not care for him much, he was so very cold and clammy.

My chief favourite is my dog, a little fox-terrier. I became possessed of him in rather a curious way. I was going up a country lane near our house, when I noticed a miserable-looking little fox-terrier who was following at my heels. He was such a thin, ill-cared-for dog, and looked so hungry, that I promptly turned back home, coaxed him inside our gate, and gave him some odds and ends of meat. Such a cowed, frightened dog I never had seen before. He had evidently been very ill-used.

From that day he appeared regularly every morning for food, going away afterwards; but always, if he saw me in the town, he would follow me back. I scarcely liked to take him into the house at night, as I did not know to whom he might belong.

One morning he had followed me through the streets as usual. I was going through a railway arch near our house, when a cart came rattling along, and somehow or other the poor little doggie got into the way and was run over.

When the cart passed, and I saw him lying in the road, I thought he was certainly killed; but he got up and limped towards me, holding up one paw and whining piteously. His head had been cut and his paw hurt. I could not leave him in the street in that state, so I picked him up, and, surrounded by a crowd of boys, I made my way home. Their remarks were not comforting.

'Oh, I say, look at his heye!' said one; 'it's all running out.'

'He'll have to be killed,' remarked another. While a third suggested that his back was 'likely broken.'

Escorted by this admiring throng I swept up to our house, greatly to my mother's surprise, who saw me from the window.

I made my dog, as I now called him, comfortable in a barrel filled with hay. I gave him some water and a little food, and left him to himself, and in a few days he was quite well. Then I made inquiries of all the tradespeople round about, but they knew nothing about the dog, so I kept him myself, and now, by kind treatment and care, there is not a better-looking dog about the place. He is a good-tempered little fellow, and devoted to us all.

Amongst our pets we have had a hedgehog, four dormice, two white mice, two canaries, a cat, and a kitten.

Of these the hedgehog and dormice were rather unsatisfactory. The hedgehog disappeared one day down a large rat-hole in our kitchen, and never came up again. The dormice went to sleep at the proper time, but forgot to waken again, and we had to bury them at the top of the garden. The white mice we were obliged to get rid of; but the rest of our pets are alive and in flourishing condition.

EDITH M. A. BOGLE.

RECIPES FOR FITS.

THOUGH no doctor, I have by me some excellent prescriptions, and as I charge you nothing for them, you cannot grumble at the price. We are most of us subject to fits, and I am visited with them myself, and I dare say that you are also. Now, then, for my prescriptions.

For a fit of passion, walk out in the open air. You may speak your mind to the wind without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

For a fit of idleness, count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next, and work like a negro.

For a fit of extravagance and folly, go to the workhouse, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of a gaol, and you will be convinced—

> 'Who maketh his bed of brier and thorn,
> Must be content to lie forlorn.'

For a fit of ambition, go into the churchyard, and read the gravestones. They will tell you the end of ambition.

For a fit of repining, look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden and afflicted and deranged, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

For a fit of despondency, look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and at those He has promised to His followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders will find them, while he who looks for a flower may return into his house with one blooming in his button-hole.

For all fits of doubt, perplexity, and fear, whether they respect the body or the mind, whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head, or the heart, the following is a cure which may be always and altogether relied on, for I had it from the Great Physician: 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee.'

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES NOS. 43 TO 49.

43. Alonzo, 317*l.*; Bertram, 951*l.*; Carlo, 1268*l.*; Ducie, 2219*l.*

44. 35, 50, and 74 yards, respectively.

45. Chin-amen: or Chinamen.

46. Each clerk had 125*l.* annually. Thrift spent 100*l.* annually; Spend spent 180*l.* annually.

47. Each man had 5*l.*, each woman 3*l.*

48. Mary Queen of Scots, in Lochleven Castle.

49. He reaped of rye 15 acres; of wheat 20 acres.

HISTORICAL.

50. A HERO now I sing, a mailèd knight,
Of lofty lineage and unspotted fame,
Who in a dark age kept his garments white,
His shield untarnished by the breath of shame;
Yet he was conscious he had gone astray,
Not at his own, but at his lord's desire.
One evil deed upon his conscience lay,
And scathed his memory like a coal of fire;
For he had climbed the walls of holy Rome,
First, as he ever was 'mid battle's din;
For penance now he'll quit his pleasant home,
And do a work which shall wipe out his sin.
The Infidels are in the sacred place
Where Jesus wept, and where His cross He bare;
And oft the Church exclaims, 'O God of grace,
How long shall they pollute a spot so fair?'
Now he, of whom we tell you, vowed a vow,
And fixed a red cross on his manly breast;
Then turned his back on sweet Ardennes, to plough
His way through all opposers, and to rest
Only when he should see the sacred sign
Triumphant rise once more in Palestine.
So from the Meuse his journey he began,
And, as a leader, showed himself discreet;
He soothed the jealousy of Carloman,
King of the savage Huns, who made a street
For him and his, and helped him on his way
With the wild horsemen; so he passed along
In safety and in comfort, day by day,
Not doing and not suffering loss or wrong.
Yet, as he neared the goal and crossed the bar
Which parts two continents, the host he led
Melted like wax from daily heats, of war,
Fever, or weariness, or dearth of bread.
And when from Antioch they took their way
To Zion in the blessed time of May,
How thinn'd was that magnificent array!
Upon the famous mount of Calvary
He pitched his red cross pennon, and around
His faithful remnant stood, prepared to die
Where our Redeemer's blood had stained the ground.
Then, on a happy morn in mid-July,
After five dreadful weeks, the deed was done—
Jerusalem, the joy of earth, was won!
Now while the Christian warriors did rejoice
With one accord, and not one jarring voice,
They dubb'd our hero, King; but he would not
Have such a title in so great a spot.
Thus in his lowly meekness reasoned he:
'Defender of the Sepulchre I'll be.
How shall a crown my worthless brows adorn
Where Jesus wore a diadem of thorn?'

51. SOMEWHERE in Belvoir's grassy vale
I spend the winter season,
Each hunting day I never fail
To follow hounds—in reason;
I funk wide ditches full of wet,
And never pounded Gillard yet!

But that's not all I've got to say:
To-day the hounds we'll muzzle,
And I will ride no horse to-day
Till I have made a puzzle:
Horses I have, no more nor less
Than—that's just what you have to guess.

Some of my horses are at grass,
Now Summer's at its middle,
And some their time in stables pass;
So, if you read the riddle,
The steeds at grass *cost shillings three*,
The others ten each week to me.

Yet, so it happens, *those inside*
Cost me *just twice the money*
As *those who roam the meadows wide*,
And watch the bees make honey,
For *more* (I wish to tell you all)
Are *in the field than in the stall*.

Now, *three more nags* I mean to send
Out of the livery-stable,
That I my pocket may befriend
A little while I'm able:
It is, I think, a sign of sense,
While squand'ring pounds, to care for pence.

Those three outside the stable-door,
My *livery costs* will be, Sirs,
Not twice, but *just six shillings more*
Than grazing costs to me, Sirs.
So tell me now—deny me not—
How many horses I have got? G. S. O.

[*Answers at page* 287.]

A STRANGE NESTLING.

KING ALFRED went out to hunt one day with his horses and hounds, and as he and his huntsmen were riding through a wood they heard a cry that seemed to come from a tree that grew over a rock near at hand. So the King sent one of his men to the tree to see what made the cry. The man went to the tree, and climbing up it, found a great eagle's nest of sticks in a fork of the branches; but much to his astonishment he saw a little child lying at the bottom of the nest; it was warmly wrapped up in a purple cloth, and had golden bracelets on its little arms. So he took it up gently, and, descending the tree, carried the child carefully to the King. Alfred was as much surprised as his man was, but he sent it home to his palace, giving orders for it to be well taken care of by the women. As the child had been found in a nest it was called Nestling, and was known by that name after he grew up to be a strong man and distinguished himself, for no one ever found out whose child he was, or who had put him in the eagle's nest when he was a baby. A. R.

A Strange Nestling.

A Bad Investment.

A BAD INVESTMENT.

SAM was a little black boy of an inquiring mind, but whose education had been neglected, and as he waited at his master's table, he listened to the conversation going on amongst the guests. Now his master's friends were men of business, and their talk was of money. Sam could not be in the room all the time, so he only heard fragments of their discourse, such as, 'Tomkyns is making money!' 'Ah,' said another, 'he has put five thousand dollars in his ground.' 'It will soon grow,' said a third guest. 'He will turn it all over. It will double itself in a year.'

Sam listened intently; he thought he had found out why 'de bosses' had so much money—they put it in the ground and it grew; so as soon as he got possession of a dollar he determined to put his newly-acquired knowledge into practice. Slipping into the garden, when he thought he was unobserved, he dug a hole under some magnolias; and after patting his dollar affectionately and telling it to 'be a good boy and grow quick,' he placed it in the hole and carefully covered it up. After waiting for a few weeks he went again, and digging up the ground he turned the dollar over, and, covering it up, left it untouched for several months. Thinking he had waited long enough, he went once more to the spot where his treasure was buried, fully expecting to find at least a dollar and a half; but on digging it up, what was his disappointment to find it was only one dollar still! Perhaps he had not given it enough time, so he left it alone for a longer period: but when he again paid it a visit and found it without a single cent of increase, he gazed at it ruefully, and exclaiming 'Him not grow a bit!' he put it in his pocket and went sadly away.

Sam's faith in 'de bosses' was gone; and when he next heard one of his master's friends talk about 'turning over his money' and 'doubling his pile,' he could contain himself no longer, but cried out, 'Stop, sah! dat not for true. I put dollar in de ground, and turn him ober, and lef him six munts—eight munts—and he nebber grow a single cent!'

A. R.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

52. AT A GRAVE.

My *first* those days were when asleep he fell.
My *next* death ever is to fools and wise.
My *third* his dart is powerless to repel.
My *fourth* is she who, first, with sad surprise,
Beheld his work. My *fifth* 'tis well to say
In the hush'd chamber, by Death's wing o'ercast.
My *sixth* life is. My *seventh* the place to-day
Of spirits hence departed. And my *last*
What Death has done to soul and shrining clay.

Range these eight words in sequence due,
Then, if the riddle you have rightly guessed,
Their letters first, and letters last, to you
Will show two sayings, oh, how oft expressed,
Over some dear one's place of rest.

53. THE night was pitchy dark, the wild wind roared,
I heard the thunder of the breaking sea;
Down on my roof the clouds their anger pour'd,
When two grim robbers stole to prey on me.

The villains chose an hour that suited best
Their evil purpose and the ends they had;
They stole some precious guineas from my chest,
As I found out next morning, scared and sad.

I told my loss, not once, but twice or thrice,
And found full *thirty five bright guineas* fled;
And when I cursed their thievish avarice,
'That will not bring them back,' my daughter said.

Place, an old hut,—Time, three o'clock, a.m.
Two storm-drenched ruffians lying on the hay;
A muttered whisper comes from one of them—
'Now, share and share alike, that's what I say.'

'Alike, indeed! you, Bill, come out of that—
If you arn't pleased, I'll take the whole, I vow;
I've done too much like this to be a flat—
A better man than you are, any how.'

'Well, if I must, I must,' the other said;
'But if you had *four shiners more*, you see,
You'd have just *twice* (I've worked it in my head),
Just *twice as many* as you've given to me.'

[*Answers at page* 287.]

GUSTAVUS VASA.

(*Continued from page* 251.)

CHAPTER XII.

'Virtue, manliness, and sense constitute true nobility.'—GUSTAVUS VASA.

GREAT was the rejoicing in the peasant army, for high were the hopes of victory and freedom. Proudly strode the stalwart sons of toil along as they thought of their noble mission, and their confidence in their noble young leader was such as to make them confident of victory. Yes, they would be truer to their country than the nobles who for the most part had truckled to the Dane, and as a reward had been basely slaughtered. And then as they thought of that awful butchery they were filled with righteous fury, and they vowed that they would never rest until they had punished the murderer.

Gustavus now could hold his head erect, he need not now be afraid of Danish scouts, for around him were great strong men who would protect him at the peril of their own lives, and woe be to any Dane who would be imprudent enough to touch their beloved leader!

After he had nominated the two sturdy Dalesmen to act in his absence, he himself was elected by the chief peasants of the eastern and western Dales Captain-General of the kingdom, and sixteen strong, active young men, were appointed to be his life-guard, and two hundred men to be attached to his personal service. And very proud those men were to be placed in such a responsible position, even though they knew it was at great peril. They knew that they were not going on any holiday expedition; they were going to fight against a powerful king who had a great army

of soldiers, and before they returned to the peaceful seclusion of their beloved Dales many fierce battles must be fought and great numbers of them would never return. All this they knew, but it only gave them greater zeal and added zest to their enterprise.

As soon as Gustavus had given full instructions he went off, leaving them to fashion swords and spears and arrows in their own forges. He took with him 1500 men, and marched in February, 1521, to the great copper-mine of Fahlun, where he seized the Danish steward and his followers, with the treasures and the stores of the foreign dealers; which latter he distributed as pay among his followers, and with the silks taken from the shops he made banners for his army; then he imposed upon the inhabitants a yearly tribute and tithe of corn. After this he was joined by the Bergsmen; then he went up amongst the friendly Helsinglanders and Gestricklanders, the former of whom, however, were rather cautious about joining him until a great event happened with the small army which he had left behind under the command of Liss Lars and Peter Swenson.

When King Christian had, as he thought, finally subjugated Sweden, he appointed a regency over the kingdom, consisting of Jens Beldenack and Didrik Slagheck, with the imperious Archbishop Gustavus Trolle. On hearing of the rising under Gustavus Vasa, those self-sufficient men considered that they would soon be able to crush it; and they sent Bishop Beldenack with a force of 6000 men to quell the peasant rising. The warlike and cruel bishop advanced to the Dale river, on the opposite banks of which lay the newly formed army of Dalecarlians under Liss Lars and Peter Swenson.

The river at this point was not very wide, and so, when Beldenack, who anticipated an easy victory with great glory and reward to himself, saw a furious and incessant shower of arrows pouring across the river, causing great havoc amongst his men, he turned to a Swede near him and asked how large he thought the peasant army might be. And the Swede answered, 'Twenty thousand, I know for certain.' And then the Bishop, who had thought that they ought to have run away at his approach, grew alarmed, for they did not look at all as if they meant to run away; instead, the arrows came thicker and faster, and the Bishop ejaculated, 'How is that possible? What are such vast numbers to live upon in these sterile regions?' 'They are a hardy people,' rejoined the Swede; 'they seldom drink anything but pure water, and for their bread they are accustomed at times, when put to a shift, to mix their meal with the ground bark of trees.'

Then the Bishop grew very much afraid, and he hastily said, 'Let us depart while there is yet time, for the Evil One himself, let alone common mortals, could never fight against beings who eat wood and drink only water.'

But it was too late, for now the great strong Dalesmen began to follow their arrows. They crossed the ford at Brunbeck ferry, and with overwhelming power and terrible ferocity the heavy masses poured down upon the foe. Then the hireling force of the Bishop gave way and turned about, and the fierce Dalesmen swept upon them like lightning. High overhead waved the great weapons that had been forged in the rough Dale smithies, and they flashed in the sunlight, and then the snow was stained crimson, and lifeless bodies lay everywhere. Nothing could withstand the terrible impetuosity of that onslaught. Led by the gigantic Liss Lars, who mowed down the foe like as in a field of barley, the Dalesmen swept away all opposition. It seemed useless to fight against that fierce giant, and the enemy, headed by their leader, the Bishop, fled in all directions; nor did they stay their flight until they were safely within the castle of Westerås.

Meanwhile Gustavus was away trying to form another army; but in the midst of his work many rumours reached him of a great battle having been fought, and that his own army had been defeated. He then hastened quickly as horses could bear him to retrieve the disaster. Fast flew the strong steeds, but much too slow for his impatience. The grim pine tops waved him adieus as they seemed to fly past him. The snow crunched and the ice crashed, but on, on, faster. How the horses panted and foamed! but at last their journey was over and Gustavus was again amongst his trusty men of Dalarna. Now he learnt the truth, and his full heart gave thanks to God. He then inquired for his brave captains, and was told that Peter Swenson was safe; but his honest Liss Lars, where was he? No one knew anything of him.

CHAPTER XIII.

'Your servants must be kept in all discipline and in the fear of the Lord.'—GUSTAVUS VASA.

WHERE could the Dale giant be? was he killed or taken prisoner? The latter he could scarcely be, for the priestly warrior and his hireling troops ran off so swiftly that they had no time to attend to prisoners. The question however was soon set at rest, for a young Dalesman now came forward and said,—

'I can't tell for certain where he is; but all during the fight I kept near him, and since he was both tall and stout and broadshouldered he proved a good target for the Danish arrows. Thou wilt understand then that when only three arrows, or thereabouts, had hit each of us others, a score had struck his brave breast, and thus exposed, and all bloody, he continued all day mowing down the Danes right and left; but when an arrow came whizzing and added one wound more he had enough, and slowly sank to the ground.'

'Is he fallen, then?' Gustavus asked quickly.

'Well, yes; he fell, and there he remained.'

'But where was it?' impatiently demanded Gustavus.

'Thou art then much concerned about him?' drawled out the Dalesman, rather astonished to see a high young noble display such solicitude for a common labourer.

'I knew him well and respected him much,' Gustavus answered, 'and I must find him, dead or alive.' And then he promptly gave orders for twenty young men to accompany him with torches and horn-lanterns to search for Liss Lars among the dead on the battle-field. Long and eagerly they sought on the corpse-strewn bank of the river, where the blood of friend and foe had mingled and frozen together into little sheets of ice, crimson stained. At last

Finding Lis Lars on the Battle-field.

their search was rewarded with success: they found him reclining against a pile of dead, with life fast ebbing through his numerous trickling wounds, and the light of his eyes fast fading into a dull settled glaze. 'Heaven be thanked!' exclaimed Gustavus; 'he lives!'

And then with water and stimulants they revived him; and at last he opened his eyes and spoke to them in his old hearty fashion. But he said that he was weak and hungry and needed his pretty Karit to tend him.

Then they tenderly bore him away, and soon Karit, having been sent for with all speed by Gustavus, arrived, and under her gentle care the huge man soon regained his wonted vigour and strength.

(*Continued at page* 269.)

THE SKYLARK.

IN the cornfield, in the meadow,
Who this little nest has made,
Rude, and loose, and barely sheltered?
'Tis the skylark, not afraid.

Twice a-year a brood she raises,
One in June, in August one;
Fledged are all her bonny children,
Ere the reaper has begun.

From the cornfield, or the meadow,
Who is this in spiral flight,
Ever wide and wider growing,
Till he's lost to mortal sight?

'Tis the skylark, thus saluting,
In a fashion all his own,
Happy wife, and home, and youngsters,
Dearer to him than a throne.

Listen to his joyous carol—
One may almost understand
What means his delightful soaring,
At the gate of Heaven so grand.

Morning, on the budding landscape,
Sheds a million golden beams,
Happy bird, amid such glories,
Sunlit meadows, hills, and streams.

All is music, all is gladness,
In the meadow, copse, and park,
But, of all God's blithesome creatures,
Who so happy as the lark? G. S. O.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

54. A BOATMAN plied
On Thames's tide
His skiff from shore to shore;
He did his best,
His trade progrest,
And steam usurped his oar;
Till, I've heard say,
He went each day
From London to the Nore.

With him we'll wend
To old Gravesend,
Upon a pleasure mission;
Sixpence the fare
From here to there,
With just this one condition:
Each one beside
Who shares our ride
Bates threepence from our fare's addition.

He took from shore
Three people more
Than of our total's quarter;
Some fore, some aft,
We watched the craft
Go up and down the water;
And when we paid
Our fare he said,
'*Each fivepence* to my daughter.'

The paddle turns,
The furnace burns,
The engine chimney pothers;
And now, please, come,
Compute this sum,
And say *what number*, brothers,
Of us he stored
At first on board
Ere he took up the others? G. S. O.

[*Answer at page* 287.]

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

XV.—THE SEPTEMBER MASSACRES.

AFTER the sack of the Tuileries and the destruction of the Swiss Guard, the King and his family were sent in Mayor Petion's carriage, not to the Palace of the Luxembourg, but to the tower of the Temple, a very gloomy-looking place indeed. Here he was kept under very close observation, and was subjected to many indignities which he must have felt very keenly. How often now he must have wished that he had got away from Paris when such a thing was possible! But he may yet have cherished a hope of being rescued by the Duke of Brunswick and the Austrians. The Kings of the countries round about France were highly incensed at the treatment of their brother Louis, and he of Prussia drew his sword to rescue him from the clutches of the fierce patriots of Paris.

The month of September, 1792, was a very remarkable one. Two things are especially to be noticed in it. One is the very gallant manner in which the French people formed themselves into armies, and marched, full of cheerful courage, against the invaders of their country; the other is the murderous hate shown by those in the cities, especially Paris, against the upper classes, whom they regarded as the causes of all their troubles. Let us recall what was done in Paris in this month of September, 1792. On the motion of the President the Assembly was dissolved, and a new National Convention ordered to assemble, and on Sunday the 2nd of September the electors began to choose their deputies, to the number of 744, who were to meet at the Tuileries.

Until they could get together, the country, now left without a government, was guided by the Paris municipals, or Commune, all men of very revolutionary minds; dressed in tricolor sashes; passing a hundred decrees daily; sitting ever with food in their pockets and loaded pistols always at hand. There were Robespierre, Marat, and others, raging and foaming against the thirty thousand aristocrats of Paris. A new high court of justice was also organized by Danton, with four fiery men from each section. Four days after this Court was set up, Dr. Guillotin's new instrument of death began its work. The first victim condemned by the new Court and executed by the Guillotine was the royalist Collenot d'Angremont. Others followed, and the appetite of Paris for horrors grew daily stronger. On the 28th of August, Danton came to the Commune, and asked for a decree to search every house in Paris for arms. He got his decree granted, and two thousand muskets were soon ferreted out, and, more than that, four hundred suspected persons were hurried off to one of the prisons. Guards were stationed at the end of every street, and the door of each house was broken open, if not opened willingly at the dread knock of Danton's officials. A great terror now fell on all the re-

spectable classes of Paris, and every day saw the prisons getting fuller of Royalists.

Dumouriez was now the General of the Army—and such an army! mere raw recruits, almost beggars! On Sunday, September 2nd, the news came of the arrival of the Duke of Brunswick at Verdun, with 60,000 men. General Beaurepaire, who held Verdun, blew his brains out with a pistol, because the municipals bade him surrender the place.

The Duke of Brunswick had engaged to dine in Paris on a certain day, and the other kings and powers were advancing, and France was in a state of terror, almost of despair. We must remember all this when we read of the September massacres. No one can find an excuse for murder; but France, and especially Paris, was then as nearly mad as a country can be, with great armies girding her round, and breathing out threats of what they meant to do when they came. What a Sunday that was! Huge posters on the walls; storm-bells sounding; men and women offering to shoulder musket and mount guard! Then it was that Danton made one of his mighty speeches, which set every heart on fire.

So far, so good. But what was Marat doing that Sunday, and cruel Billaud, and others like-minded? No man knows exactly; but it is supposed they had much to do with the fearful scenes which soon afterwards steeped this Sunday and the next few days in innocent blood. The infamous massacres of helpless victims began about three o'clock, and in this manner. A number of priests, who would not take the oath, were being carried in six coaches along the streets to the Abbaye Prison. Many people were standing about, cursing the priests to their hearts' content, scowling and shaking their fists at them. Some of the more violent got on the carriage steps and pulled down the window-blinds, which the priests had drawn up. One of the priests, a man of a quick temper, struck one of the mob with a cane. This was a fatal act, for as soon as it was done the carriages were arrested, and the priests dragged out into the street and brutally murdered, close to the prison gate.

This was the beginning of the September massacres, which lasted from that Sunday afternoon until Thursday evening. The dreadful tragedy was enacted in this manner:—A rude court of justice was formed in every prison. Before this the prisoners were tried one after another. If they were declared innocent they were set free with loud cries of 'Vive la Nation!' But if, as more frequently was the case, they were doomed by the court they were liberated at the outer gate, but without the words 'Vive la Nation!' They were liberated, indeed, but to what? 'The condemned man was conducted,' says the historian, 'into a howling sea, under an arch of wild sabres, axes, and pikes. He sank, hewn asunder. And then another sank, and another; and there was formed a piled heap of corpses.

Among those who were thus murdered let us single out one noted for her beauty and virtues, the Princess Lamballe. She had escaped to England at the time when the King made his attempt to get away in the summer of 1791; but she returned to die miserably just outside the Abbaye Prison. The Princess had thrown herself upon a bed to rest, when one of the prison turnkeys came in and told her that she was to be removed to another place.

'I am well enough here,' said she; 'I do not wish to remove.'

'But you must.'

'Then,' said she, 'I will arrange my dress a little.'

'You will not have far to go,' the jailor replied.

The Princess was led to the gate. She was not even tried, being so well-known a friend of the Queen. She was led to the awful gate and pushed forcibly into the street, for, at the sight of what was awaiting her, she shrank back with horror. But there was no help for her, she must go forward into the 'howling sea, under the arch of wild sabres, axes, and pikes.' And her head was cleft with the cruel axe, and her body was cut in pieces. Her head was then fixed on a pike and carried before the windows of the Temple, that the Queen might see it and be agonized at the sight.

Old M. de Sombreuil had a daughter. She pleaded for him in so touching a manner that he was spared; but one horrible condition was made—she had to drink aristocrats' blood, to show that she and her father hated aristocrats.

Several very thrilling accounts were written by men who were then in one of the prisons, and who were among the saved ones. Carlyle has given us some account of three of these men, namely, the Abbé Sicard, Advocate Maton, and Jourgniac. Jourgniac's little book is called *The Agony of Thirty-eight Hours.* He speaks of Sunday night in the Abbaye, and how they waited for death hour by hour, 'gazing on the pavement of their prison, on which lay the moonlight chequered with the triple stanchions of the windows.' At two o'clock, he says, 'The Abbé Lenfant and the Abbé de Chapt Rastignac appeared in the pulpit of the chapel, which was our prison. They said to us that our end was at hand; that we must compose ourselves, and receive their last blessing. We threw ourselves on our knees and received it. Half-an-hour afterwards they were both massacred, and we heard their cries.'

Maton says, among other things, 'Baudin de la Chenaye was called. Sixty years of virtues could not save him. He passed the fatal outer gate, gave a cry of terror at the heaped corpses, covered his eyes with his hands, and died of innumerable wounds. About seven o'clock in the morning four men entered with bludgeons and sabres. Four sabres were crossed over my breast, and I was brought to their bar. The judge was a lame man, of tall, lank stature.'

Jourgniac gives us an account of the tribunal. The President, in a grey coat, with a sabre at his side, stood leaning with his hands on a table. Some ten persons were around, seated or standing; and two men in bloody shirts guarded the door of the place. While I was being tried a prisoner was brought in. It was one priest more whom they had ferreted out of the chapel. After a very few questions they said 'A la Force.' The priest flung his breviary on the table, and was driven out and massacred. Jourgniac got off, and so did Maton and Sicard; but one thousand and eighty-nine were murdered, and carts filled with human corpses went along the streets, and were buried in the cemeteries. Of these victims two hundred and two were priests. When Danton was taken to task about these and other horrors under his authority as Minister of Justice, he said, 'Are they not guilty?' and turned his back on the speaker.

M. De Sombreuil's Daughter pleading for her Father's Life.

Robert Clive on the Steeple of Market Drayton Church.

BALLADS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

ROBERT CLIVE.

Born September 29, 1725.

PART I.

'OF all the tiresome urchins
With whom I've had to strive,
I never met the equal
Of little Bobby Clive!'

So moaned and groaned his father,
So stormed the pedagogue,
So whimpered every schoolmate,
So whined each cat and dog.

To all the town a nuisance,
In every side a thorn;
Plague of the prim old spinsters,
Who wished the boy unborn;

Plague of the apple-woman,
Who sat beside the gate;
Plague of each wheezy watchman;
Plague of the housemaid Kate;

Plague of the pursy Beadle,
And the laced hat he wore;
Pest of the mild young usher,
Screwed up behind his door.

No doubt there's one chief scapegrace
In every schoolboy hive,
But the prince of mischief-mongers
Was surely Robert Clive.*

Most prophesied the gallows
Would some day be his fate;
One man alone thought Bobby
Had in him something great.

Where others saw but evil
Below that graceless rind,
The gimlet-eyed observer
Discerned a master-mind.

One day our Mister Robert
Was shipped off to Madras,
And then home's troubled ocean
Became as smooth as glass.

He went to be a 'writer,'
With a pen behind his ear,
To cast up lines of figures
All through the circling year.

Oh, how he longed for action
Outside that stifling room!
To him stool, desk, and ledger,
Made it a living tomb.

Manful to plant his footsteps
Where others did not dare;
To track the royal tiger,
And beard him in his lair;

Into the sea's dim caldron
For pearls of price to dive;—
Such were the dreams and longings
Of writer Robert Clive.

Heart-sick with hopes unfruitful,
His brain became distraught,
And, twice, by loaded pistol,
His life he madly sought.

Then cried he, as, half angered,
He threw the weapon by,
'I'm meant for something better
Than fool-like thus to die!'

PART II.

The days were dark for England
When Clive toiled at his post,
Terror had seized her traders,
The French did loudly boast;

The natives scorned the English
As cowards, good for nought,
They saw the Frenchman's colours
Float on St. George's fort;

They saw the English magnates
Led captive through the street;
'What, then, are these mean fellows
But dust beneath our feet?'

The brilliant Frenchman, Dupleix,
Each day more daring soared;
'This land's,' said he, 'my empire,
And I'll be India's lord!'

So spake the vaunting Dupleix,
As Clive sat at his post;
But the Frenchman (as will happen)
'Reckoned without his host.'

Clive often wondered whether
A man might turn the tide;
Thought he, 'I'd die with pleasure,
To lower that Frenchman's pride!'

'Give me a few stout soldiers,'
Cried he, 'and let me go;
The time is come, my masters,
To strike a daring blow.

Behind these dull old ramparts
Let us no longer stand,
But boldly sound an onset
Into the foeman's land.

There is the fort of Arcot,
We'll storm, and take it, too;
And show these scornful natives
What Englishmen can do!'

* * * * *

The heavens were dark and lowering,
The rain in sheets did drive,
Yet on through flash and thunder
Pushed the good Captain Clive.

* On one occasion he climbed the lofty steeple of the church at Market Drayton, and sat astride of a projecting stone spout, to the terror of the crowd that watched him from below.

Up to one gate of Arcot
His little band he led,
Out, pell-mell, by another,
The scared defenders fled.

He entered it in triumph—
Yet triumph was not all;
'My men,' said he, 'be stirring,
Let some repair the wall;

Let others scour the country,
And fill our barns with grain;
No doubt the Rajah Sahib
Will shortly come again.'

He came, and thousands with him,
Who swarmed, like bees, about
Dry ditch and ruined rampart
With wild tumultuous shout.

And death each day kept thinning
The little band of ours,
And day by day the breaches
Grew wider in the towers.

But day by day those breaches
By hero breasts were manned,
And Englishman and Sepoy
Strove who should firmest stand.

And there the fame of England
Rose like a rising star,
And the brave deeds at Arcot
Were noised in each bazaar.

The wild Mahratta chieftain
Heard with astonished ears,
And swore he'd help such valour
With his six thousand spears.

When Rajah Sahib knew it,
He, too, swore fierce and short,
'It must be now or never
To take this cursèd fort.'

The Rajah's men were drunken
With bigotry and bhang,
And, like a roaring lion,
On to the fort they sprang.

But vain their faith and courage,
Which in their hearts did glow;
Before our guns they withered
Like grass when scythe-men mow.

One hour the struggle lasted,
It was an awful space,
And heaps of dead and dying
Lay round about the place.

That night no eye knew slumber,
No sword slept in its sheath,
No piece but what was pointed
Toward the dark plain beneath.

But the bright sun, upspringing,
Brought gladness back again;
For, when his earliest sunbeams
Were flung upon that plain,

The mighty host had vanished—
Broke was the Rajah's power—
And the majesty of England
Arose that selfsame hour.

Her hopes, of late so drooping,
Did from that day revive,
And long will she remember
The deeds of Robert Clive! G. S. O.

OUR BIOGRAPHY.—No. VIII.

ADMIRAL BLAKE.

DURING the troublous times of the great rebellion many men came to the front and won fame for themselves, who in quiet days would have escaped public notice. Prominent amongst these is Admiral Blake, whose name is likely to live in our minds as long as Great Britain owns a navy.

Robert Blake was born on August 15th, 1599, at Bridgewater, in Somersetshire. So far from having been bred to the sea, he was sent as a young man to Wadham College, Oxford. Thence he went back to Bridgewater, and lived on his own estate.

When war broke out between King and Parliament Blake attached himself to the latter, and gained some credit in a military command. His first command at sea did not come to him until he was fifty years of age. Three years afterwards war broke out against Holland. The navy of that country was then the admiration of the world. Its chief commander, Van Tromp, was a man well qualified to lead it.

In May, 1652, Van Tromp's fleet of forty sail appeared before Dover. Blake was not far off, but he could only muster twenty-six vessels. Nevertheless he attacked the enemy, and a battle of giants ensued. They fought till night came on, and then the Dutch drew off with the loss of two ships.

In November of that year the rivals met again. This time Van Tromp had seventy men-of-war and half-a-dozen fire-ships. Blake had just over half as many sail. But, nothing daunted, he accepted battle, and for a long time the issue was doubtful. But Blake himself having been wounded, the English, after keeping up the fight until night, were obliged to retreat. Van Tromp now sailed up and down the Channel with a broom at his masthead, signifying his intention of sweeping our ships from the sea.

But his triumph was shortlived. In the February following, Blake met him again. He was now at the head of sixty sail. Van Tromp had seventy, and a huge convoy of merchantmen under his care. For three long days the battle lasted. Then the Dutch, having lost eleven ships of war and thirty merchantmen, steered for their native shores, and Blake remained the victor. Other engagements followed, in which the superiority of the English was established.

Whilst cruising in the Mediterranean some time afterwards, whither he had been sent to make reprisals for some insults offered to our flag by Spain, Blake was attacked by serious illness. His hope and wish was that he might live to see his native land again. This wish was just realised, for he died as

the fleet sailed into Plymouth Sound, on August 17th, 1657.

Although he became a sailor after living the life of a country gentleman, Blake had many of the ways of seamen. In money matters he was prodigal, spending freely, but although there were ample opportunities of enriching himself at the public expense, he died no richer than when he entered public life.

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, but after the Restoration his body was removed to St. Margaret's churchyard. Whatever had befallen his body, Englishmen could not forget his name. A. R. B.

THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

IT would be well if youngsters in crowded streets would remember the old-fashioned rule of the road —that the walker should keep to the right. Here are some lines about it.

'In riding or driving the highway along,
If left you go right, if right you go wrong;
But in walking still follow the opposite plan—
Leave the left quite untrod, go as right as you can.'

Another form of the rule is this:—

'Pass right to right the walking throng,
For left to left is doubly wrong.'

SORROWFUL TIDINGS.

OH, Sir! and can it really be
That my poor boy is dead?
I think 'twill break my heart, for, oh,
How often has he said,
'Dear mother, when I grow a man
I'll work and help you all I can!'

And now to think that he is gone,
My bonny, bright-faced boy!
How glad I was when first he got
Some honest, good employ!
And, oh, how bright his face that day,
When with a smile he went away!

Oh, Sir, but life is very drear!
Sometimes I feel afraid
That God don't care for us poor folk,
So hard our life is made.
What say you, Sir,—that God does care
For every one, and hears our prayer?

Then, oh, Sir, pray for me and mine!
Our need is very sore;
Ask Him our poor hearts to incline
To trust Him evermore,
Through good and ill, till up above
We taste the fulness of His love. D. B.

Danish Soldiers charged by the Peasants.

GUSTAVUS VASA.

(*Continued from page* 260.)

THIS victory on the banks of the Dale had given a great impetus to the national cause, and soon innumerable bands of peasants hastened to join the victorious army and swore fealty to Gustavus. And it must also be borne in mind, that though that victory exerted a great influence upon the people, yet, in the meantime, while that fight was raging, Gustavus himself had wrought a great work. His mission to the other provinces had paved the way for those places to declare for the nation. Therefore from many parts now came great numbers of recruits, whom he caused to be drilled and equipped for fresh battles and sieges. Those who had no firearms he

taught to make better arrows, and to lengthen their spears, in order that they might the more effectually cope with cavalry. Then he established a mint, and issued a mixed silver and copper coinage; the device on one side was an armed man, and on the other two Dale arrows. Nothing that his far-reaching mind could see was neglected. He knew his countrymen, their faults and their good parts, and he sought and so far succeeded in welding them together that on St. George's Day, the 23rd of April, 1521, he had a strong compact army of 15,000 men, able and anxious to fight against all foes of the kingdom. Then he published his declaration of war against King Christian, which set forth these points:—

1. That Christian was not lawfully king—his election and coronation having been accomplished by underhand practices, and the presence of a Danish army. 2. That even if he had been lawfully elected, not having himself kept his coronation oaths, his subjects were absolved from their oaths of allegiance. 3. Much more was he, Gustavus Erickson, who had never sworn him allegiance, free to disobey him, and combine with all good Swedes in avenging the blood which he had spilt, and which still cried out for vengeance.

This was conduct which was bold and uncompromising, and it was approved by all his friends. Yet, strong as he was, and upheld by virtue and patriotism, he had powerful and crafty enemies to fight against, not least among whom were great numbers of his own countrymen; and as if to teach him a severe lesson not to be too self-confident, he had the mortification to hear, very soon, that a party of Bergsmen, whom he expected as a reinforcement, had been cut to pieces, and that too under such circumstances as made it peculiarly distressing.

Peter Ugla, the leader of the party, having discovered that Anders Persson, the commandant at Orebro, the same man on whose estate Gustavus once worked as a labourer, had been tampering with his troops, went in pursuit of him as far as Köping. But here the thoughtless Peter, fancying himself quite secure, drank till he became quite intoxicated—a foolish and wicked example, which was followed by his men. Persson found out the state of his pursuers, proceeded to Westerås, and in the dead of night, with 3000 men, he fell upon the slumbering Peter and his troops, and destroyed them all.

This was a fearful lesson, not only because countrymen murdered countrymen, but also because of the awful condition of the victims. If Gustavus had been there it would not have happened, for, in the first place, he himself would have been vigilantly sober, and, secondly, he would have taken great care that his men were so too. He knew, though his simple peasant army did not, that the enemy were ever watchful and ready to take advantage of every favourable circumstance. They imagined that a defeat or two would settle the matter, but Gustavus knew that many fierce fights must be fought before they would be able to drive out the Danes. And strange, too, the lesson did not have any particularly good effect on the peasants. Instead of resolving not to err so in the future, to be more guarded, they practically forgot its teachings, and, instead, nursed a deadly vengeance against Anders Persson; and six years after, when a fit opportunity came, they seized the commandant and put him to death. They should have seen that their folly was the cause of the slaughter.

So it will be seen that Gustavus had no easy task to do. Yet he did not falter; he took such lessons to heart and profited thereby.

On the 29th of April Gustavus arrived before Westerås to capture that place. Didrik Slagheck, a cruel and haughty man, was in command, and he had well prepared for the defence of the place. He levelled all the enclosures around so that his cavalry could act with vigour against the peasant army, who for the most part were on foot.

But he had a formidable opponent in Gustavus—strong, acute, and vigilant. As the peasant host came up they seemed innumerable, and the sentinels on the castle walls looked out and saw them all peacefully encamping as if they were on a holiday excursion instead of the bloody business of war. But if the soldiers of Slagheck thought they were all going to sleep or get intoxicated they were grievously mistaken. Gustavus himself was there, and he would see that proper care at all points should be observed. And the apparent listlessness arose from the fact that Gustavus had issued strict orders not to advance against the enemy that day. But the Danish chief ordered otherwise. The trumpets suddenly sounded, the gates opened, and forth issued a glittering body of armed horsemen, with pennons waving and swords flashing.

CHAPTER XIV.

'The Swedes require a merry king, but a stern and just one, and not one who looks through his fingers.'—GUSTAVAS VASA.

GALLANTLY thundered the mailed warriors of Westerås over the space lying between them and the peasants: there was no doubt about their intentions, probably they imagined that the sight of so much valour and readiness to fight would scare the raw, untrained levies of Gustavus, young men who but a few days before had been peacefully attending to their agricultural duties, and for the first time in their lives were brought face to face with the horrors of war. But they reckoned without knowledge. The historian Tegel says that the Danish soldiers came on 'like hungry wolves,' which thing was too much for the forbearance of the peasants, and they eagerly rushed forward to meet them. Serious was the fierce shock of battle. The horsemen instead of being able to ride without opposition, as they had hoped, found themselves confronted by a bright forest of long spears which the brave peasants wielded. It was a long array through which there was no opening. Yet they must have thought that the peasants would run away if they charged right up to them. But they did not; silent and compact they stood, and the foolhardy horsemen found their horses impaled on the glittering points and themselves thrown into dire confusion. No thought now but to get back again; but they could not, and soon 400 men *and horses* were stretched on the ground. When Gustavus saw his front engaged, he pressed into the midst of the danger, and several of his officers were killed by his side. In the meantime, one of his generals, Lars Erickson, had reached the town by a sideway, and made straight

for the market-place, when he captured the field-artillery posted there with a quantity of ammunition.

The garrison of the citadel now fired upon the houses, which, with the roof and tower of the Cathedral, were for the most part ruined, though the patriots tried to extinguish the flames. The defenders were in complete dismay and bewilderment. Some rode into the water up to their necks, some plunged in headlong, while others, throwing away their weapons, burst into the monastery and prayed the monks to give them absolution and comfort for their souls.

On the other hand, a good many of the victors gave themselves up to pillage and riot. They spoiled the shops of their merchandise, and, having seized a quantity of wine, took it to the council-house, where they began their old trick of drinking and singing. The Danish party, who knew their failing, were not slow to observe and profit by this, and the fortune of the day would probably have been reversed had not Gustavus been there in person. He promptly sent Lars Olofson with the reserve into the town, where, after a fresh conflict, the enemy was completely routed. And then Gustavus hurried into the town himself, and with his own hands struck the hoops from the wine and mead casks saying, 'Better wine flow than my men's blood.'

After this came stirring times; the whole country was aroused, and vast numbers now hastened to join the Liberator, so that he could afford to divide his forces and besiege several places at once. The Westgotland force was sent to besiege Stekeborg and take East Gothland. Linköping Orebro were invested, and Lars Erickson was detached to attack Upsala, the old city where the ancient kings held their court.

Gustavus also entered into communication with the Lübeckers, and they, after driving as hard a bargain as they could, agreed to supply him with ten ships and 900 men. But these men, soldiers by trade as they were, would not swear the oath of fealty to Gustavus until they had seen him, so he was compelled to journey in hot haste to where they were in order to show himself to them; and immediately they saw him they readily enlisted and took the oath of fealty to him.

But it must not be thought that during all this the Danish king was idle. He saw, when too late, that from the very first he had committed a great mistake in his butchery of the Swedes; amongst them were two prelates, and this tended now to hasten his fall, for on the first news of the Blood-bath messengers hastened to Rome and demanded vengeance. The execution of two bishops added so much weight to the crime in the eyes of the Pontiff, that though unwilling to strike the King because of his connexion with the Emperor Charles V., yet he could not refuse an inquiry. The King knew his danger in this direction, and sought to ward it off by laying all the blame on his two minions, Didrik Slagheck and Beldenack; and these two unprincipled men were punished with every mark of ignominy: Slagheck was burnt alive, and Beldenack was imprisoned in the Hammershus at Borringholm. Christian vainly imagined that thus he would avoid punishment; but God is not so deceived.

(*Continued at page* 274.)

ADVENTURE WITH A PYTHON.

MANY years ago an Indian officer, greatly interested in every kind of snake, was stationed in Western India among the Bheels. Here he first fell in with a python, or rock snake, a reptile which often attains a length of from 25 to 30 feet.

He had gone out one day with two native attendants in order to catch butterflies. When luncheon time arrived he sat down with his back to a rock, and began to overhaul his provision-basket, much to the delight of his followers, who were always ready for any kind of eatable. Trees covered with fruit were in their immediate neighbourhood, among which a troop of monkeys were committing tremendous havoc.

Scarcely had the basket been unloaded, when the officer was startled by feeling something rubbing against his back, and on cautiously looking round he beheld to his horror an enormous python gliding along between him and the rock. The natives observing the reptile contrived to convey to him by signs that his only safety lay in remaining perfectly still till the snake had passed on, which it was sure to do if not interfered with. In a few moments it had disappeared among the long grass, the Bheels immediately darting off to a place of safety, followed by the officer, who, however, loaded his gun, resolved if possible to have a shot at the monster before it had quite glided out of reach.

A dreadful screaming now arose among the monkeys, the whole troop seeming to be in frantic motion and agitated by the greatest alarm. As it was evident that the python was among them, the officer cautiously approached, and then beheld a horrible sight, the huge reptile lying at the foot of a large tree, round the lower trunk of which his tail was partially coiled, while the rest of his body was twisted fold upon fold around the convulsively quivering body of a fine old monkey. Immediately the idea occurred to the officer that he might possibly secure the snake alive, therefore calling his followers to bring the horse blanket and halter, the former was speedily spread upon the ground beside the reptile, while the natives with some difficulty removed the coil of the tail from the tree, and then rolled over the snake and his prey together into the blanket, which was speedily folded round them and the corners tied together and secured with the halter. This was not so difficult to do as one might suppose, the python being known to hold on by his victim as long as life remains in it, and during that time, of course, he does not interfere with others.

A large basket was now speedily secured and more rope, and the monster was carried away by the united efforts of five or six men. But alas, for the officer's fond hope of securing a live python! On the way to the camp the snake, having uncoiled himself from his dead prey, contrived to push his head out of the basket and the blanket. The carriers no sooner saw this than they dropped their burden in the utmost terror and ran off at the top of their speed. The disappointed owner, although he offered fifty rupees for the capture of his snake, never saw or heard of his snake any more.

D. B. McKEAN.

The Python coiled round the Monkey.

Dr. Johnson and his Cat.

HODGE.

MANY have a dislike to cats; but when boys say they hate cats, it is to be feared that they mostly do so that they may have an excuse for hunting and ill-treating them. In some cases, however, there is a natural antipathy which those who possess it cannot help, though it seems very foolish and unreasonable.

James Boswell tells us that he was 'unluckily one of those who have an antipathy to a cat,' so that he was uneasy when in a room with one. It certainly was rather unlucky, for he was writing the life of Dr. Johnson, and wishing to be as much in his company as possible was frequently at his house. Now the Doctor had a favourite tom cat whom he called 'Hodge,' and Boswell relates how he 'suffered from the presence of this same Hodge.' He says, 'I recollect him one day scrambling up Dr. Johnson's breast, apparently with much satisfaction, while my friend, smiling and half whistling, rubbed down his back and pulled him by the tail, and when I observed that he was a fine cat, saying, "Why, yes, Sir, but I have had cats whom I liked better than this," and then, as if perceiving Hodge to be out of countenance, he added, "But he is a very fine cat; a very fine cat, indeed!"'

And one time when the Doctor was speaking of the despicable life that a young man of good family, whom he knew, was leading, he said, 'Sir, when I heard of him last he was running about town shooting cats;' and then, in a sort of kindly reverie, he bethought himself of his own favourite cat, and said, 'But Hodge shan't be shot! no, no, Hodge shall not be shot!'

Hodge was well taken care of, for the Doctor was in the habit of treating him to oysters, going out to buy them himself, for he thought that if the servants had to do so they might take a dislike to the poor animal for causing them trouble. It appears extravagant of the Doctor to treat his pet to such dainties, but it must be remembered that at that time, about 1782, fine oysters could be bought for threepence a-dozen.

A. R.

GUSTAVUS VASA.

(*Continued from page* 271.)

EVENTS were swiftly working in favour of Sweden; town after town fell, and province after province proclaimed themselves on the side of the patriots. But though Gustavus was so successful, yet he had many things to contend against. His soldiers were generally successful, and he might well look forward to the happy time when his beloved country would be quite free from the tyranny of the Danish king. It was now to him a time when a full tide of success flowed for him. But in the midst of it all he received news which wrung his heart. King Christian, the crafty and unprincipled king, after having tried every means in his power, now determined to work upon the filial affection of the hero.

It will be remembered that immediately after the Blood-bath he laid hands on several ladies, amongst whom were the grandmother, mother, and sisters of Gustavus, and sent them under the charge of Slagheck to Denmark. Now the time had come when he could, as he thought, make good use of them. To all his threats against Gustavus, that hero had only answered by defeating his soldiers. Now he sent word that if he did not at once lay down his arms and disband his peasant army, he would put to a shameful death his loved ones whom he had in his power, as well as the other Swedish ladies; and Gustavus knew that he was quite capable of keeping his word. And then Christian caused private messengers to visit Gustavus, purporting to come directly from his mother and relatives imploring him to save them. It was a fearful struggle. On the one side were his mother and sisters and venerable grandmother, with the noble Christina Gyllenstzerna, all in the power of a monster who would not scruple one moment to slaughter them to further his own selfish purposes; and on the other was his country all bleeding and storm-tossed, and panting for the peace and security which were so necessary to its life. If he abandoned the patriots, then the tyrant would again fill the land with blood and fire and sorrow. What should he do?

CHAPTER XV.

'The Swedes require a bold king with a manly mind: they cannot brook injustice, slavery, or cowardice.'—GUSTAVUS VASA.

IT does not appear that Gustavus hesitated long about the course which he should pursue. Like the old heroes of antiquity, when it came to a question of country or relations then the country must stand first. Besides which, he knew perfectly well that even if he should throw away his sword and retire from the conquest, that the fierce tyrant would never think of keeping his word, but would still wreak his wrath upon the captives. And yet again, full well he knew that his noble mother would not send any abject appeals to him, but instead would command him to go on and prosper.

So then Gustavus determined to sacrifice all for his country; he stifled the feelings of filial agony that arose, and calling on his troops he bade them prepare for even more energetic action. And in the meantime he learned that King Christian had in reality subjected the poor captives to such harsh treatment that his mother and one sister with a great many more unfortunate Swedish ladies died. Then Gustavus knew the worst was over.

King Christian now determined that wherever his power was acknowledged it should be felt. He sent special commands to his chief captain, Severin Norrby, who was defending Stockholm, to kill all the Swedish nobles he could lay hold of; but this man was a brave man, and he could not find it in his heart to do a deed so dastardly. On the contrary, he allowed no

fewer than forty nobles whom the misfortunes of war had placed at his disposal to escape, saying, 'It is far better to give a man a chance of being killed in open war rather than to wring his neck like a chicken's.'

In spite of Christian's opposition the war of liberation progressed, and soon all the land, with the exception of the capital and a few other places, were in the hands of Gustavus, and in view of such success many nobles and prelates joined the National party. Even Bishop Hans Brask went over to them, so that by this time they were a powerful force, united and formidable.

They were fully determined to wrest their country from the invader, and spared neither themselves nor their fortunes in the accomplishment of that aim. And many and great were the dangers and hardships incurred by the brave Swedes. Gustavus himself went to superintend the taking of Upsala, and while there, at Whitsuntide, he required the Chapter to choose their party, and they asked for time to consult their diocesan. This being granted, one of their number went to Stockholm with a despatch from themselves and one from Gustavus. But when the haughty Archbishop read the letter of Gustavus he jeeringly said to Henry Slagheck, Didrik's brother, that he would himself take an answer, and immediately he ordered 500 cavalry and 3000 infantry to accompany him to Upsala. It was now that the hopeful temper of Gustavus, which had borne him through so many trials, nearly proved his ruin, for he judged that the Archbishop, being a Swede, would surely agree to that which would make his country free. Even when his messenger did not return he had no suspicion: nay, when a deserter from the Archbishop rode forward and warned him that the Archbishop was coming with an army he would not believe, so strong was his faith in the patriotism of the Archbishop. At last he could not help believing, and then he rode to the hill, on which he afterwards built a palace, to ascertain the force of his enemy. Gustavus had with him only 600, some say 200 foot and 100 horsemen, and finding himself so greatly outnumbered he was compelled to fly. At Lädybyford 200 horse sent in pursuit by the Archbishop came up, but the gallant infantry saved their leader. They attacked the enemy so fiercely with their arrows and other missiles that soon seventy of the horsemen were stretched on the ground.

Gustavus then brought all his powers into play to cope with his adversary, and they were needed. He laid an ambush for the Archbishop, but it was eluded by the sagacity of an attendant. Yet the prelate found his way back to the capital through many perils; and when he did reach Stockholm it was with barely a sixth part of his men with which he had set out so confidently. Gustavus followed him right up to the city, and then began a siege of the city, which, however, was a difficult task, because it was protected on one side by water, and Gustavus had no ships.

On one occasion the Danes made a sortie from the fortress, and with 1500 men and forty galleys proceeded up the lake Malar to a Swedish encampment on one of the little islands which stud that lake. They went, as they said, 'to have a taste of their ale.' But Peter Friday, the officer in charge, hit upon a device which completely upset their plans. The Danes probably thought that they would catch the Swedes asleep, but they had learned too many stern lessons to do that. Peter Friday sent out sixteen of his trumpeters to as many different places on the surrounding mountainous islands, and told them, when they heard the signal to repeat it at every point. Meanwhile the Danish galleys slowly and stealthily approached in the darkness, and the men were whispering gleefully to each other how they would enjoy themselves in the Swedish tents. But suddenly their faces assumed a very different look, for now broke out on every side the sharp sound of the trumpets. Hastily the order was given to return, and in great trepidation they prepared to fly; but this was no easy task, for Friday and his men attacked them with a force of only 400 men and completed the confusion; and the frightened Danes thought that from every point whence came those alarming trumpet sounds there must be a body of men eager to attack them. About 200 were slain on the spot and the rest were driven back, where a great many more were killed in the confusion and struggle to escape.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Swedes are generally proud in the wrong season and eager to govern.'—GUSTAVUS VASA.

As time went on Gustavus proceeded in his career of victory; each day saw something done towards the accomplishment of his great purpose. He was zealous in his country's cause, and his men were imbued with a like spirit. It was a time of stirring deeds; of romantic daring and peril. The Danes did not give way easily. Every foot of ground had to be fought for, and fought for it was with a courage and devotion worthy of the great cause of national freedom.

In the month of December, 1521, and the following January the grim fortresses of Stekeborg, Nyköping, and Westerås surrendered to Gustavus, who now was Regent, having been first offered the throne, which he refused; but in the month of August, 1531, he had been elected Regent, and in his new dignity, which everybody felt was fully won and merited, he pressed on his operations, and at the end of the year he had driven the false Archbishop Trolle from the kingdom, and at the surrender of Nyköping his sister Margaret was released from prison.

And now, early in 1522, Stockholm itself was sorely pressed and seemed about to fall into the hands of Gustavus. He was determined to have Stockholm. He blockaded it with three divisions of his army, and kept up his communications throughout the whole circuit by floating bridges, while he protected the harbour by wooden forts and chain cables; yet the besieged held out, hoping that Christian would send them help; but that atrocious monarch found himself not able to hold his own even in his hereditary kingdom. He could not send them help while his own Danish nobles and prelates were on the eve of a revolution. They had gloomy forebodings that he would enact the same frightful tragedy in Denmark which had deluged the cities of Sweden, Norway, and Finland with blood. They had no confidence in the man

The Deserter warning Gustavus of the approach of the Archbishop's Army.

whose word was worth nothing, and they, therefore, held aloof from him, and at last succeeded in depriving him of his crown and kingdom, and made his uncle, Frederick, duke of Holstein, king in his stead; and so Christian found himself driven from all his great possessions and dignities, and even though he tried to regain possession he failed. At his deposition his punishment began. For many years he was kept in a close dungeon; and though after twelve years of such terrible solitude, in which he had no companion but a dwarf and his own fearful conscience, he was allowed some relaxation, yet he ended his miserable days in prison after twenty-eight years of prison-life, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. Such was the punishment and end of the tyrant.

(*Concluded at page* 286.)

A SEVERE LESSON.

WHY, Mike! and is this you? It serves you right.
'Twas you who robbed my poultry-yard last night;
I've half a mind to leave you drowning there,
With eyes all staring in your wild despair.

'Save me! oh, save me!' And so that's what you cry.
Why should I save you? better let you die.
You worthless sot, you broke your poor wife's heart,
Bade your young daughter from her home depart;

And so she went with none to help or guide,
No tender mother by the poor girl's side.
Had not my wife befriended her that day,
She might have been by this time far away.

But, Mike, look here, I cannot let you drown,
I'll pull you out, and march you off to town;
I'll clap you into prison—there you'll lie
Till you explain the wherefore and the why

About last night, when you my poultry stole.
You'd find it better, Mike, upon the whole,
To be a worthy, honest, decent man,
Doing life's work as bravely as you can. B. M.

THE WEDDING RING.

THE use of the ring in the marriage ceremony appears to be of very ancient date, and the following reasons have been given for the fitness of the custom:—1. That as by turning a ring for ever no end can be found, so the love cemented by marriage should be endless and perpetual. 2. That as the ring is made of pure gold, so should it be a sign of the purity of the marriage union. 3. That as gold is esteemed the most valuable of all metals, so wedded love is more valuable than any other earthly affection. 4. That as gold is the most compact of all metals, so should it signify the closeness of married love. 5. That as gold is not impaired in the fiery ordeal of the crucible, and loses nothing of its value, so love hallowed by marriage need fear no trial, however terrible. 6. That as the marriage ring is perfectly plain—that is, no chased, raised, or artificial work appears on its surface—so should it signify that the marriage union was brought about by no artifice, but was the plain result of an honourable and religious affection. 7. That as gold is incorruptible, so should be the hallowed love of man and wife.

The wedding ring is no longer an essential part of the marriage ceremony. The Act of Parliament

passed in 1837 constitutes marriage a civil contract; it does not, however, prohibit the use of the ring, and it is a custom the disuse of which most people would naturally regret. Of course, when the marriage ceremony is performed in the church, the ring, or something to represent the ring, is essential. It is in marriages at the Registrars' Offices (which, sad to say, are greatly on the increase) that it can be omitted; but even in these marriages such omission is very rare. The Superintendent Registrar at Bristol, in answer to inquiry, stated that he 'always saw a ring used but once.' On that occasion he asked if the parties had brought one. The man answered that it was not necessary; but the woman entreated to have one. The Superintendent took part with the woman, representing that the absence of the ring might lead to scandal. The man yielded, and fetched one; and the woman's gratitude brought tears into her eyes.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

HISTORICAL.

55. Two rivals struggling for the English Crown:—
The *first*, weak-minded, has a martial wife,
Who, by her sword, has lately stricken down
The *second's* father in the unequal strife,
And killed his lovely brother with the knife
Of him called 'Black;' the second, 'neath the towers
Of Gloster, hears, and rages at his loss;
Then, putting forth his military powers,
In one month and two days gives some one's cross
A name still famous for a stubborn fight.
Meanwhile, the first comes southward with his spears
And overthrows an Earl, chief man of might
In those unhappy times; then London fears.
But soon the second and the earl unite,
And enter London to the joyful cheers
Of a mixed multitude. And now the peers
And people joined as one, our second lead
Unto the stately crowning-place of kings,
And do him homage, as chief hope in need,
Their captain and their guide. He barely flings
His regal robes about him ere he learns
A mighty host has gathered in the north,
Hard by its ancient capital; he spurns
Feasting and dalliance, but marches forth,
And northward hies, as fast as he can go,
To measure swords with that insulting foe.
Just three full weeks and three full days were past
Since he, our second, was anointed king,
When on a solemn Sunday in the fast,
And as the snow its flakes were scattering,
He and our first, dread rivals, met at last
To try their cause by war's arbitrament.
And oh, how sad it was, while knees were bent
All over Christendom in Sabbath rest,
A hundred thousand men should meet intent
To drain each other's blood! Crest nods at crest,
Eyes hateful glare at eyes which hate return,
The sabres flash, the cloth-yard arrows fly,
War's wicked flames in one huge furnace burn;
And on that stricken field in England die
A number greater than in France had bled
In all our sieges and our battles there;
To firmer place on an unworthy head
A crown. Say now, when was this fight, and where?

56. I WENT to buy
This morn some meat—I need not tell you why,
Nor will I what;
Good beef or mutton 's good for any pot.

So I, intent
On my own profit, with due caution went;
And, after wind
And weather were discuss'd, thus spoke my mind:

'How much is beef?'
'Tis eightpence halfpenny.' 'Oh, what a thief!'
'Mutton, what's it?'
'Ninepence a pound.' 'Ah, there the biter's bit!

For he who roasts
Loses just half the while the butcher boasts;
Else, where do go
The profits, now good cattle sell so low?'

Now, I had brought
A certain sum to pay for what I bought;
And, to my shame,
To net a florin was my little game.

How much of which
Had I to buy to make myself so rich?
This puzzler plain
Need scarce o'ertax a second-standard brain.

[*Answers at page* 287.]

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

XVI.—THE ENEMY AT BAY.

DUMOURIEZ, now the leader of the French armies, was a brave and able soldier. On the night of August 28 he assembled a council of war at his lodgings at Sedan, and spread a map of France on the table. He heard all his officers had to say; most of them advising him to retreat to Paris, where something might turn up for his advantage. Dumouriez thanked them all, and wished them a good night; then called to his private room a certain young officer named Thouvenot.

'See there,' said he to Thouvenot, as he pointed to the map of France; 'that is the forest of Argonne, a long stretch of rocky mountain and wild wood, with but *five*, or perhaps only *three* passes through it. Might we not seize them?'

On the 29th Dumouriez left Sedan for the forest, and did seize those passes forthwith.

The month of September was one of the wettest on record; and the country, through which the army of Brunswick toiled towards Paris, a difficult country at all times, was made much more so by reason of the bad weather. The long chain of the Argonne forest stretching forty miles, with but five passes at the most, all occupied by French soldiers, presented a natural rampart which the invaders could not break through. Each pass was blocked with felled trees, and held by desperate men; and how to surmount that obstacle the Brunswickers knew not. They tried several times, but failed always. And the weather continued wretched, and the wood was too green to burn, and the sour grapes brought on dysentery, and the peasants of Champagne were, as was likely, very unfriendly, and killed a Brunswicker whenever they could. There was only one way left by which the

Duke could get to Paris, and that was by going round the end of the mountain chain; and this he did, after losing twenty-five days in trying to force a way through the passes. He now brought his men face to face with the French. Dumouriez had much trouble with his raw recruits. Once there was a panic and a mutiny, as was very natural among young fellows who had just come from Paris. The General had to rate them very soundly, as not worthy of being called soldiers but scoundrels. Yet these very men were being rapidly manufactured into the best soldiers of that age, men who, under the orders of the famous captains of the Republic, were ready to go anywhere and do anything.

In the camp of the Duke of Brunswick there was a certain great author, named Goethe. He came with a small body of men from Weimar, and he has left behind him his opinions of cannon-balls and such-like things. He likens the sound of cannon-balls to that of the humming of tops or the whistle of birds; and he says that under fire you feel as if you were in some very hot place.

On the 20th of September Kellermann, the second in command under Dumouriez, engaged the Brunswickers in a battle, which raged near the mill of Valmy till seven o'clock. Kellermann's horse was killed, and a powder-magazine blown up, and the enemy thought it a good time to attack; but the 'little rascals' of Paris, raw and ragged though they might be, stood like rocks, and shouted 'Vive la Patrie!' and the well-drilled and well-armed foe had to retire in great surprise.

There was a place beyond Metz called Thionville, which at the same time was fiercely battered and besieged, but the people there were equally brave and determined. They made a wooden horse and set him on the battlements of their city, and they hung a bundle of hay before his nose, and they wrote an inscription in large letters, so that the enemy could read it afar off, 'When I have eaten my hay then you will take Thionville.'

On the day of the battle at Valmy the new National Convention met in the 'Hall of the hundred Swiss' at the forsaken Tuileries, and proceeded to decree that same afternoon some revolutionary decrees, one of which was this, 'Royalty from this day is abolished in France.' When the news of this decree reached the French soldiers in Argonne, they stuck their caps on their bayonet points and shouted 'Vive la République!' till the welkin rang again with the noise. The Brunswickers and their allies now retired from the contest, and raised the sieges of Thionville and Lille. At the siege of the latter place the Queen's sister, an Austrian Archduchess, was present; and the artillery officers, being eager to oblige her with a sight of what great guns can do, overcharged some mortars, which burst and killed thirty men. The Austrians rained balls and bombs on Lille, the latter being filled with oil of turpentine, and they aimed their fire chiefly at the houses of the poor, and spared the rich quarter as much as they could. Many houses in Lille were set on fire, but the poor people nimbly ran about with pails of water helping one another. A certain barber, of ready wit, caught up a fragment of a splintered bomb, made a shaving dish of it, and shaved fourteen people on the spot.

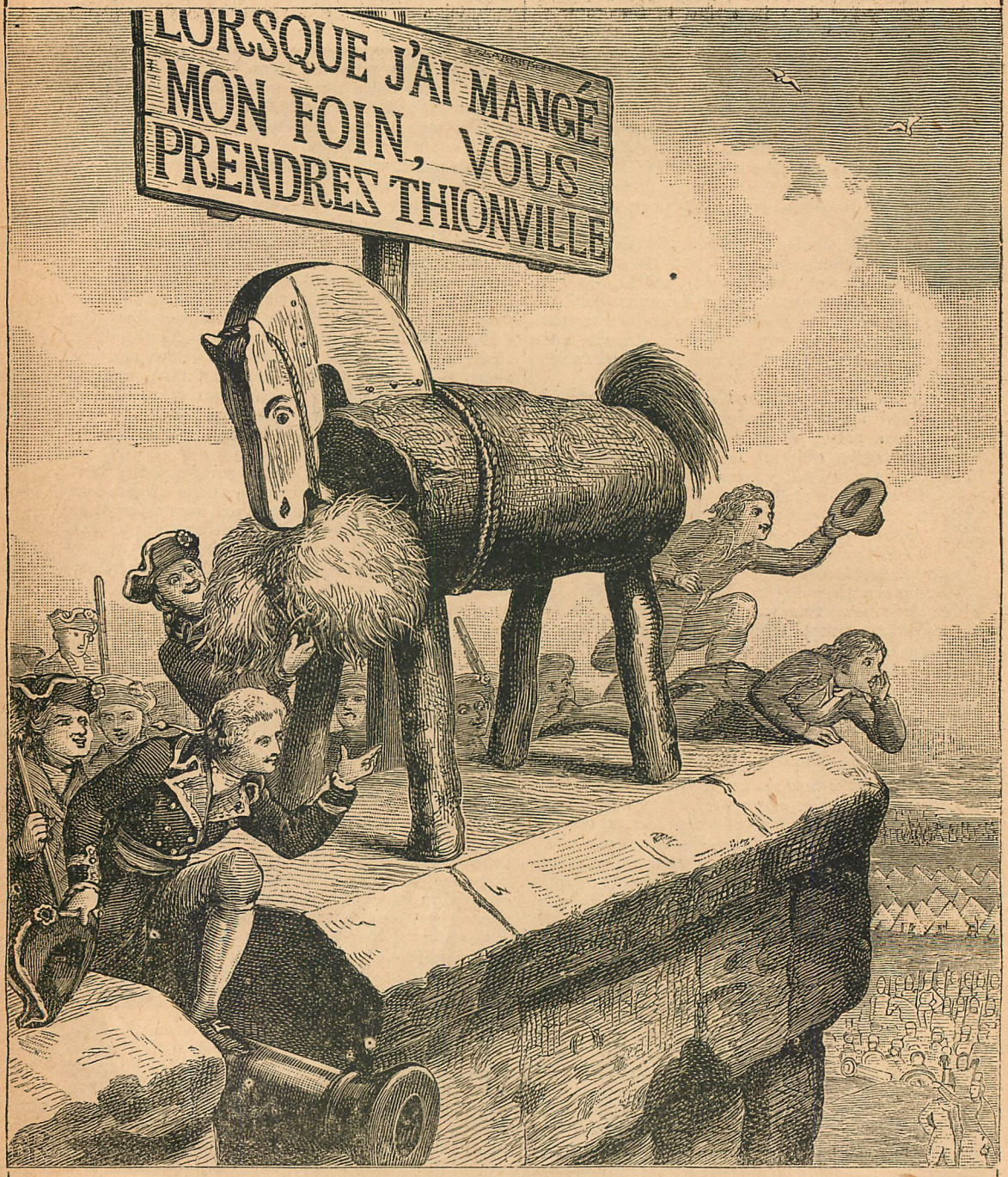
Lille would not yield, nor Thionville, nor would the raw levies be driven from their posts in the Argonne mountains. Goethe, who, as we have said, was with the invaders, has left us a history of this campaign, from which it seems that on the 11th of October the invading army retreated from Verdun. The poet says, 'It was like Pharaoh going through a red sea of mud; for here also lay broken chariots, and riders and foot seemed sinking around.' His own carriage could not move, because of an unbroken column of sick waggons, which trod the town streets into a morass. The wet weather and the bad food had laid many low with dysentery and fever. At last Goethe's servant managed to shove his master's carriage into a row of waggons, and they went on, though at a funeral pace. Outside the town there was a narrow road, with a ditch on the right and left. Just before him there was an ammunition waggon drawn by four horses. One horse fell and the drivers cut the traces and let it lie. As the other three horses could not drag the ponderous machine along, they also were cut loose, and the waggon was overturned in the ditch. Goethe's carriage was driven right over the poor fallen horse, and he says, 'I saw only too well how its legs, under our wheels, went crashing and quivering.'

The meadows were 'rained to ruin,' and the footpaths everywhere lost sight of. In the ditches and fields were dead horses enough, and sometimes they were flayed, and the fleshy parts cut away; sad tokens of the distress the army was in.

At Estain, which Goethe reached at noon, there was an endless tumult in the market-place. 'All sorts of walkers, soldiers in uniform, marauders, sorrowing citizens and peasants, women and children, crushed and jostled each other, amid vehicles of all sorts.' Whilst the Duke of Brunswick was thus retreating with dishonour from the task he had set himself to do, the lucky Dumouriez went to Paris to announce his success to the National Convention. He was a wiry man, of that iron cast we sometimes see, a man who was never tired—'The creature of God and my sword,' as he styled himself. He had once been foreign minister, but threw up his seal of office when Louis set his veto on the two decrees; and when Lafayette, seeing the King's cause lost, rode over the marches into Holland, the command was given to Dumouriez. He was well received in Paris, as he well deserved to be, and was feasted by the citizens in grand style.

One night, however, as he was in the drawing-room of Talma, the great actor, Marat, came to him, unbidden, and said, 'I have come from the Jacobins' Club, to ask you why you did not pursue Brunswick with more energy?'

The General turned his eyes coldly on the lean, wretched-looking Jacobin, and said with disdain, 'Ah, you are he whom they call Marat!' The very name made the company shudder, for Marat was known to be a man who had advised the murder of all the aristocrats in France, and who would have hired assassins to butcher Talma or Dumouriez, or any of the guests there assembled, had he thought their removal were needful for the rolling on of the great Revolution to the place he had fixed in his own mind.



The Wooden Horse on the Battlements of Thionville.

The Storm.—"Three Men at the Wheel."

IN MID-OCEAN.

(Adapted from *Masterman Ready.*)

MORE than fifty years ago the good ship *Pacific*, while on a voyage from England to Sydney, was wrecked upon one of the islands in the Southern Indian Ocean.

The vessel was commanded by Captain Osborn, the chief officer being a Mr. Mackintosh, and the second officer a Mr. Ready—or Old Ready as he was more frequently called.

Masterman Ready had been more than fifty years at sea. His face was browned from long exposure, and there were deep furrows on his cheeks, but he was still a hale and active man. He had served many years on board of a man-of-war, and had been in every climate: he had many strange stories to tell, and he might be believed even when his stories were strange, for he would not tell an untruth. He could navigate a vessel, and, of course, he could read and write; he had read his Bible over and over again. The name of Ready was well suited to him, for he was seldom at a loss; and, in cases of difficulty and danger, the Captain used to ask his opinion and take his advice.

The passengers were a Mr. Seagrave and his wife, their family consisting of William, who was the eldest, a clever, steady lad, but full of mirth and fun; Thomas, who was six years old, a thoughtless but good-tempered boy, fond of mischief, and often in a scrape; Caroline, a little girl of seven years; and Albert, who was not one year old: he was under the charge of a black girl who had come from the Cape of Good Hope to Sydney, and had followed Mrs. Seagrave to England.

Nothing of interest occurred up to the time of their arrival at the Cape of Good Hope, which they reached in good time, and where a week was spent, and then once more the good ship stretched her broad canvas to the winds, and there was every prospect of a rapid voyage to Sydney, as for many days she continued her passage with a fair wind. But this did not last: it fell calm, and remained so for nearly three days, during which there was not a breath of wind on the wide expanse of water; all nature appeared as if in repose, except that now and then an albatross would drop down at some distance from the stern of the vessel, and, as he swam lazily along with his wings half furled, pick up the fragments of food which had been thrown over the side.

'What great bird is that, Ready?' inquired William Seagrave.

'It is an albatross, Master William, the largest sea-bird we have. Their wings are very long. I have seen them shot, and they have measured eleven feet from the tip of one wing to the tip of the other when the wings have been spread out.'

'It is the first one that I have seen,' said William.

'Because you seldom meet them north of the Cape, Sir.'

On the third day of the calm, the barometer fell so low as to lead Captain Osborn to believe that they should have a severe gale, and every preparation was made to meet it, should it come on. Nor was he mistaken: towards midnight the clouds gathered up fast, and as they gathered up in thick piles, heaped one over the other, the lightning darted through them in every direction; and as the clouds rose, so did the wind, but at first only in heavy gusts, and then lulling again to a calm.

'Ready,' said Captain Osborn, 'how do you think we shall have the wind?'

'Why, Captain Osborn, I don't think it will be steady to one point long. It may first blow hard from the north, but it's my idea it will shift soon to some other quarter, and blow still harder.'

'What think you, Mackintosh?' said the Captain to the chief officer.

'We'll have plenty of it, and a long steady gale: that's my notion.'

'But, Ready,' said Captain Osborn, 'why do you think that we shall have a shift of wind?'

'Well, I don't know: perhaps I was wrong,' replied the old man, 'and Mr. Mackintosh is right: the wind does seem to come steady from the north-east, that's certain;' and Ready walked away to the binnacle, and looked at the compass. Mr. Mackintosh went forward to give some orders to the crew. As soon as he was gone, Ready went up again to Captain Osborn, and said,—

'Captain Osborn, it's not for me to contradict Mr. Mackintosh, but that's of little consequence in a time like this. I tell you that we shall have something worse than a gale of wind. I have been in these latitudes before, and I am an old seaman, as you know. There's something in the air, and there has been something during the last three days of calm, which reminds me too well of what I have seen here before; and I am sure that we shall have little better than a hurricane, and worse in one point, that it will last much longer than hurricanes generally do. I have been watching, and even the birds tell me so, and they are told by their nature, which is never mistaken.'

'Well, and I am inclined to agree with you, Ready; so we must send all the small sails and lumber down on deck. Get the try-sail aft and bent, and lower down the gaff. I will go forward.'

They had no time to lose: their preparations were hardly complete before the wind had settled to a fierce gale. The sea rose rapidly; topsail after topsail was furled; and by dusk the *Pacific* was flying through the water under reefed foresail and storm staysail. It was with difficulty that three men at the wheel could keep the helm, such were the blows which the vessel received from the heavy seas on the quarter. Not one seaman on the ship took advantage of his watch below to go to sleep that night, the storm was too dreadful. About three o'clock in the morning the wind suddenly subsided; it was but for a minute or two, and then it again burst on the vessel from another quarter of the compass, as Ready had foretold. The heavens above were of a pitchy darkness, and the only light was from the creaming foam of the sea on every side. Every minute the waves poured over the ship, sweeping all

before the weight of waters. One poor man was washed overboard, and any attempt made to save him would have been unavailing. Captain Osborn was standing by the gunnel holding on by one of the belaying pins, when he said to Mackintosh,—

'How long will this last, think you?'

'Longer than the ship will,' replied the mate.

'I should hope not,' replied the Captain. 'What do you think, Ready?'

'Far more fear from above than from below just now,' replied Ready, pointing to the yardarms of the ship, to each of which were little balls of electric matter attached, flaring out to a point, 'Look at those two clouds, Sir, rushing at each other; if I——'

Ready had not time to finish what he would have said, before a blaze of light, so dazzling that it left them all in utter darkness for some seconds afterwards, burst upon their vision, accompanied with a peal of thunder at which the whole vessel trembled fore and aft. A crash—a rushing forward—and a shriek were heard, and when they had recovered their eyesight, the foremast had been rent by the lightning as if it had been a lath, and the ship was in flames; the men at the wheel, blinded by the lightning, could not steer; the ship broached to—away went the mainmast over the side—and all was wreck, confusion, and dismay.

Fortunately the heavy seas which poured over the forecastle soon extinguished the flames, or they all must have perished; but the ship now lay helpless, and at the mercy of the waves, beating violently against the wreck of the masts, which were still held fast to the vessel by their rigging. As soon as they could recover from the shock, Ready and the first mate hastened to the wheel, to try and get the ship before the wind; but this they could not do, as the foremast and mainmast being gone prevented her answering to the helm. Ready, having persuaded two of the men to take the helm, made a sign to Mackintosh (for now the wind was so loud that they could not hear each other speak), and going aft, they obtained axes, and cut away the mizen rigging; the mizenmast went over the side, and then the stump of the foremast was sufficient to get the ship before the wind again. Still there was much delay and much confusion before they could clear away the wreck of the masts; and, as soon as they could make inquiry, they found that four of the men had been killed by the lightning and the fall of the foremast, and there were now only eight remaining, besides Captain Osborn and his two mates.

Sailors are never discouraged by danger as long as they have any chance of relieving themselves by their own exertions. The loss of their shipmates, so instantaneously summoned away—the wrecked state of the vessel—the wild surges burying them beneath their angry waters—the howling of the wind, the dazzling of the lightning, and the pealing of the thunder, did not prevent them from doing what their necessity demanded. By great exertion a small sail was hoisted on the still smoking stump of the foremast. The ship was again before the wind, and comparatively safe, notwithstanding the heavy blows she now received from the pursuing waves. Night again came on, but there was no repose, and the men were worn out with exposure and fatigue. Mrs. Seagrave had become seriously unwell, from the fear and anxiety; the children were persuaded to remain in their beds.

(*Continued at page* 290.)

COME, BUY MY FLOWERS!

SWEET flowers! sweet flowers! come, who will buy?
Cheap, and so beautiful are they;
They lighten up the little home,
And make it cheerful, bright, and gay.

The children love my perfumed flowers,
The sick one's weary face will glow,
When laden with that pretty flower
You to their cheerless beds will go.

Ah! it is sweet to help to cheer
The weary bed of one you love
With God's own gift of lovely flowers,
Which makes us think of Heaven above.

Then come and buy my perfumed flowers,
Cheap and so beautiful are they;
They lighten up the little home,
And make it cheerful, bright, and gay!

D. B.

THE RUINED CASTLE.

THE north-wind sweeps amid the leafless trees,
Tearing the ivy from the castle wall,
While borne along upon the stormy breeze
The ice-cold rain-drops fall.

Ah! in this brave old castle long ago
Mirth used to reign, with childhood's gleeful singing,
When Christmas came, with softly falling snow,
And joy-bells gladly ringing.

But now the once warm hearth is dull and cold,
The stout old walls are crumbled, rent, and broken,
And the wild night-bird screams, where naught of old
Was heard, save kind words spoken.

The hands that clasped, the hearts that warmly beat,
Are laid to rest beside the restless wave;
And few there be who come on friendly feet
To lay love's token on the mossy grave.

But this life is not all, kind hands will meet
Once more within a fairer world than ours,
And our lost little ones on joyous feet
Will gather heavenly flowers.

B. M.

LITTLE JACK.

ONE day, while passing along a poor street in Edinburgh which is crossed by the Union Canal, I found that the drawbridge was up, and a coal-boat passing through. Having thus to wait a little, I had leisure to watch a group of persons gathered on the canal bank. They were looking on with interest, while two men with grappling irons were trying to bring something heavy to the surface of the water.

Soon their efforts were successful, and a large, dripping bundle was laid on the towing path.

It was the body of 'Little Jack,' a boy of eight years, whose pale face and clustering hair could scarcely be seen for the clinging water-weeds that wrapped him round.

As the policemen carried him away, many words of pity were uttered by the bystanders: 'Poor murdered bairn! his father should have a sore heart this day,' said one. 'Aye,' said another; 'and how should she feel? The bairn's death lies at their door.'

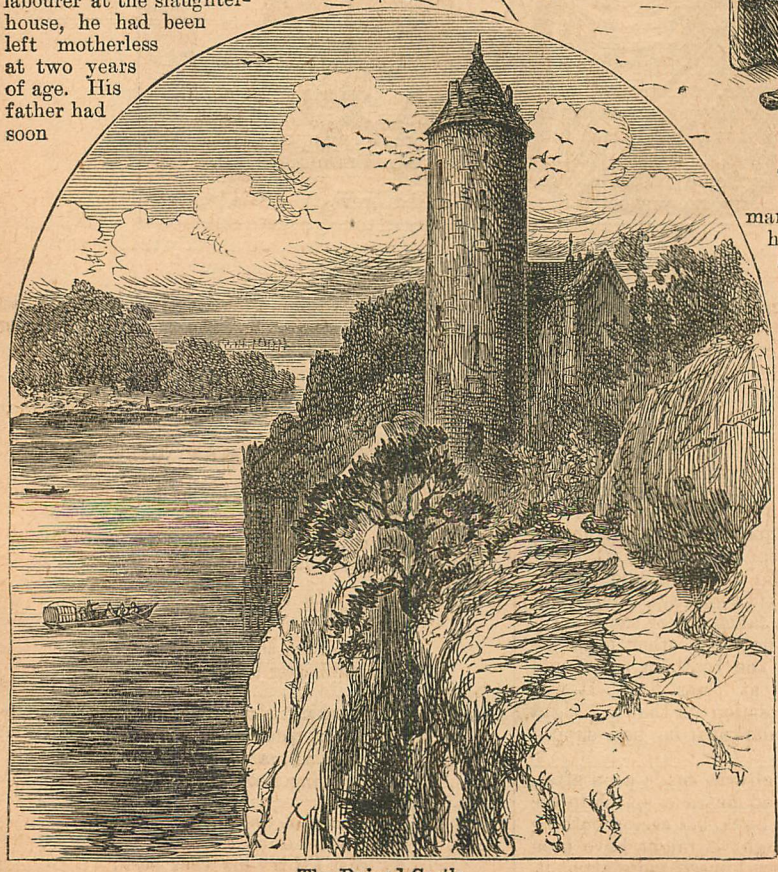
But by this time the drawbridge was lowered, every one walked away, and the sad incident which we had just seen became a thing of the past.

Little Jack's short and sad history may be written in a few words. The child of a rough, drunken man, a labourer at the slaughter-house, he had been left motherless at two years of age. His father had soon married again; but the woman had none of that compassion towards helpless infancy which is almost always found even in the poorest.

'Come, buy my flowers.'

From the first she seemed really to hate the boy, and rough treatment, hard blows, and scanty fare, were dealt out to him even from his earliest years. When children of her own were born, her dislike to him increased, and, strange to say, the boy's own father seemed to share the feeling. Poor Jack would have gone hungry many a day had it not been for the kindness of neighbours, who sometimes called the little fellow in when thrust out of his home, and let him share the food of their own children.

His father's temper, when under the influence of drink, was terribly violent; and on these occasions the little boy was always the first to suffer.



The Ruined Castle.

The Clumsy Boy.

One night the wretched man came reeling home in a fearfully excited and irritable condition. Meeting the boy just at the door, he seized him by the arm and drove him out of the house, threatening to beat him if he dared to return. This was not the first time that poor Jack had been so treated, but this particular night was dark and very cold, and the unhappy child walked a little way down the street in tears; but to see little Jack in tears was a common sight, and no one spoke to him except one woman, who in kindly tones advised him just to run home, father would be sure to open the door.

The poor boy, however, did not turn, and he was never more seen by any one till two days afterwards, when his dripping body was taken out of the canal.

When turned out of his home at other times he had often taken refuge with the boatmen, and would shelter and warm himself at their fire. It was thought that this was his intention on that last night of his life, but that in the darkness he had slipped and fallen into the water.

At the police inquiry which was made soon after, a boatman stated that he had heard a splash in the water, and looked out of his bunk, but seeing nothing and hearing no cry, he thought it might have been some dog, and did not concern himself more about it. The verdict was 'Accidental death,' the inhuman father being severely admonished. And so little Jack passed away, after his short and sad experience of life, another innocent victim to the horrid vice of drunkenness.

THE CLUMSY BOY.

OH, Jack, you clumsy little boy,
Just look what you have done!
My dress lies torn beneath your foot!
To you it seems but fun.

'But, Jack, it is not fun to me,
Nor should it be to you;
I really wish that you would try
Some better things to do.

You are not stupid, Jackie dear,
But, oh, you are so rough!
You tear so many things, while I
Of sewing have enough.'

'Well, sister, do forgive me now,
I'll never do it more;
At least I'll try my very best:
What can a boy do more?'

B. M.

GUSTAVUS VASA.

(*Concluded from page* 276.)

NOW let us follow the career of the patriotic and upright young nobleman, Gustavus. Christian began as a great and powerful king, seated on a dazzling throne, and ended a wretched life in prison. Gustavus began as a prisoner, alone and unaided, yet filled with a noble faith, and his life was passed in doing great and noble deeds. How did he end? Let us see.

When the garrison left in Stockholm found that they could not expect any help from Christian they naturally felt that they must sooner or later surrender. They were closely beleaguered on every side, and every attempt at sallying forth was valiantly repelled by the Swedes, and to add to their distress, the most deadly enemy of all besieged towns began to attack them. This was famine, and against that there was no fighting. Famine laughed at the glittering sword and the swiftly-flying arrow, and took no heed of shot and shell, nor could the most beautifully and cunningly wrought armour keep it out. It bounded over turret and bulwark and entered all houses without distinction. No one was safe from its attack. And at last when the garrison, which had fought well, heard of Christian's fall they resolved to submit, and on the 21st of June, 1523, Gustavus and his brave army entered Stockholm as its lawful masters.

When Gustavus entered Stockholm he broke up for ever the unhappy 'Calmar Union,' which for one hundred and twenty-six years had bound Sweden to Denmark and caused so much war, bloodshed, and ruin. Now, indeed, was Sweden free, and her sons felt the sweet influence of independence; now that they were in reality free to govern themselves according to their own laws, and those laws administered by themselves. And in their joy at their deliverance they were just. They knew that they were indebted to Gustavus Vasa. Now his courage, patriotism, and self-devotion shone out, and they might well feel proud to have such a glorious fellow-countryman. Yes, Sweden was his mother, and he had fought and planned for her right nobly. He, like a true son, had torn from her bleeding limbs the heavy chains which had so long enthralled her. And then the Swedes asked themselves, Who so worthy to fill the throne as he who had created it? He, a homeless, almost penniless, fugitive, flying for his life, had yet driven a great king, with a powerful army at his back, from the kingdom. Once, nearly two years before, they had offered to make him king, but he had refused the dignity; then he had told them that to serve his country was a sufficient reward for him. But now they would take no denial, and the State Council assembled at Strengness Knut (Canute); the new Archbishop then said that they must now choose a king, and all with one voice declared for Gustavus. And he received their fervent congratulations with a grave countenance, thanked them for the love which they had shown him, and said that it was greater than the services which he had rendered; yet he bade them choose some one of the old nobles present, and to him would he give his truth and allegiance.

But the noble assembly interrupted his address with tears and exclamations, and at length Gustavus yielded to their entreaties, and was then amid the greatest joy elected KING OF SWEDEN.

CHAPTER XVII.

'Respect yourselves and keep your subjects to the pure Word of God.'—GUSTAVUS VASA.

KING, indeed, was Gustavus Vasa, and as the loud joy of his glad people rose up on the air he must have felt more than rewarded for all his dangers, toils, and hardships. But now that undisputed authority rested in his hands, he did not sit down in idleness in grand palaces, nor did he begin an inglorious and wicked life of sensual merry-making. The first thing he did was to render the kingdom and crown firm and impregnable. True, King Frederick of Denmark, who had supplanted the terrible Christian, made a feeble effort to restore the triple crown as worn by his predecessors, but his demands were not treated by the State with much respect, and he knew that it would be next to madness to try to reconquer Sweden by the sword against such a man as Gustavus Vasa.

So now was Sweden free, thanks to the efforts of one man; but that man was not content to have his country only free, he would have her great and glorious as well. His work was not finished when he drove out the invader, it was to continue until the whole land was also free from internal vices. He must now use the long life before him to drive out the no less deadly enemies of pride, envy, vice, and superstition. He therefore set about all these things each in order, and taking them one by one, in a very large measure he succeeded, and so handed on a glorious heritage to his children.

Nor did he forget his old friends, those who had helped him in his past great work. He remembered with peculiar pleasure those conversations which he had had with the humble Liss Lars when threshing with him in the barn at Ränkyttan, and those conversations coming upon a mind prepared by the good people of Lübeck on the subject of the free exercise of religion in Sweden.

Formerly in Sweden the prelates were princes, and arrogated to themselves great dignity and power, but Gustavus had barely ruled the land four years before he had succeeded in reducing their pride to a level more in keeping with the teaching of Christ.

Throughout his long reign of nearly forty years—a reign occasionally troubled by rebellions and discords, which however he quelled with a prompt and vigorous hand—his care was for the prosperity and peace of his people. He also revived the University of Upsala, and Learning lifted up its head under the fostering care of the royal hand.

The King's correspondence shows that he was ever on the alert to promote, together with the higher interests, the material prosperity of Sweden, to embellish it by means of art and science; and for these purposes he availed himself of the resources of more advanced and polished kingdoms. Thus we find him writing to Amsterdam for engineers, architects, and painters; to Utrecht for painters, sculptors, and carpet-weavers; to Lübeck for a good apothecary,

physician, and surgeon; to various places for miners, copper-founders, gun-makers, stove-makers, goldsmiths, builders, stone-masons, glass-blowers, and gardeners.

And amid all the cares of government how carefully we find him entering into and attending to every detail, even with his own hand writing to the overseers of the mines, telling them what to do and bidding them be frugal in all respects. It is due to him that the manufacture of iron rose to become the chief resource of the country, and it is from the best Swedish iron that Sheffield supplies the cutlery which is the admiration of the world.

Then he attended to the agricultural wants of the kingdom, and he encouraged the clearing of spaces in the forests to make new farms. Here, again, his knowledge of farming, gained when working as a labourer, stood him in good stead. He knew the needs of the peasants, and while he sternly repressed evil he carefully fostered those things likely to do good. He made roads and began to make the great Canal of Väddö, and meditated an establishment of public carriages. He corresponded with James V. of Scotland with a view to promote a trade in horses, and he concluded a treaty with England in 1550.

It would fill a very large volume to tell all that this good and wise king did to benefit his subjects. When he had revived trade and built up commerce he founded a navy to protect it, and he formed an army to keep out foes and repress rebellions.

When we consider that these plans, embracing so great a variety of objects, were for the most part originated or modified by Gustavus personally, we may well be surprised at the amount of labour which one man, in the space of a few brief years, was able to accomplish. His advice to his sons, however, explains the mystery. 'You should,' he told them, 'consider well, execute with vigour, and stick to your purpose, putting off nothing until the morrow. Resolves not carried out at the right moment are like clouds without rain in a sore drought.'

Gustavus caused justice to be administered purely, and his own life was pure. Under him Sweden rose smiling and glad, and rejoiced in peace and plenty. He was indeed the father of his country, and a worthy grandfather of the great Gustavus Adolphus. No king who has ever lived had a better right to the title which we have given him—THE HERO KING. W. C.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES NOS. 50 TO 56.

50. Godfrey (or Godfroy), of Bouillon, crowned first Latin King of Jerusalem, July 1099.

51. He had 15 at grass and 9 in the stables.

52.
D i s m a L
E n i g m A
C h a r M
E v E
A m e N
S h o r T
E l s e w h e r E
D i v o r c e D

53. First robber had 22 guineas; second had 13 guineas.

54. There were 36 passengers taken in at first, and 12 afterwards.

55. At Towton, Palm Sunday, 1461.

56. He bought 48 lbs. of beef.

57. PUT *three*, and *six* beside it,
Then in *three* parts divide it:
We'll call those parts *One*, *Two*, and *Three:*
Then, if you will, attend to me.

Those three parts are *unequal*,
But what they are, the sequel
Will teach, if you mind all I say,
And don't allow your wits to stray!

Now, make of *One two equals*, do;
Next, into *thirds* split number *Two;*
Of *Three four perfect quarters* make,
As though you quartered up a cake.

The puzzle is,—Yes, here's the fix,
So to divide that *Thirty-six*,
That *half of One*, *one fourth of Three*,
One third of Two, may *equal* be. G. S. O.

[*Answers at page* 327.]

WAR.

MY lot, I think, is very hard,
I'm chained up always in a yard;
Wish as I may, I cannot travel
Beyond my round of dreary gravel.

How much I long to get away,
And have with other dogs some play;
I've often tried to bite my chain,
And free myself, but all in vain!

That wretched little mongrel there
Can go about, and hunt the hare;
I sometimes marvel what I've done,
To be a slave, and have no fun.

And, if I'm savage, as they say,
And dangerous—I'm one at bay;
Wrong'd grievously by all, I feel,
Except the girl who brings my meal.

But, oh, that carter, hateful sneak!
Who comes alongside once a-week,
His footstep sends me into fits—
I'd like to tear him bits from bits!

Instead of saying something kind
And soothing to a captive's mind,
He mocks me with his cruel thong,
As though I did, not suffered, wrong.

The very household I defend
Do anything but play the friend;
When I outside the kennel doze
They aim their pebbles at my nose.

A chained dog can't retaliate,
But he can answer hate with hate,
As I do now. War be it then,
To all the world of dogs and men! G. S. O.

WAR!

PEACE.

PEACE.

I AM the favourite of the Squire,
Sprung from a very famous sire;
I'm fit beside a Duke to jog,
A gentlemanly, well-bred dog.

Our grandsires fawned on princes, when
The wolf was hunted in the glen;
Which fact our pedigree canine
Show, in the parlour where they dine.

I always eat, whoever's there,
My chop beside old Master's chair;
And no one hinders, if I gnaw
A bone in Lady Die's *boudoir*.

The parrot may have ruffled plumes,
There may be fights among the grooms,
Maid Ann may pull maid Lucy's hair,
One footman at another glare,

The lady's maid may cuff the page,
The cook in her hot kitchen rage,
My master with his heir may brawl,
But I keep peaceful through it all.

I might be cross, if I'd the mind,
And bite old master when I'd dined;
Or, waxing loud and furious, fly
At the white throat of Lady Die.

If I'd the mind, I would engage
To gobble up that beardless page,
Throttle the butler, wine-decanting,
And set those powdered footmen panting;

But if I did it, where's the use?
Give dogs ill names; and then—the noose:
Oh, oftentimes I wonder why
Dogs can't love peace as well as I! G. S. O.

IN MID-OCEAN.

(*Continued from p.* 283.)

THE third day of the gale dawned, but the appearances were as alarming as ever. The continual breaking of the seas over the stern had washed away the binnacles, and it was impossible now to be certain of the course the ship had been steered; the leaky state of the vessel proved how much she had already suffered from the violent shocks which she had received, and it was plain that if the weather did not abate she could not possibly withstand the force of the waves much longer.

The countenance of Captain Osborn showed great anxiety, for they were now approaching where the sea was studded with low coral islands, upon which they might be thrown by the waves and wind, without being able to prevent it in their present disabled condition.

Ready was standing by him when Captain Osborn said, 'I don't much like this, Ready; we are now running on danger, and have no help for it.'

'That's true enough,' replied Ready; 'we have no help for it: it is God's will, sir, and His will be done.'

'You are right,' replied Captain Osborn; 'but hold hard, Ready, that sea's aboard of us.'

Ready had just time to cling with both hands to the belaying-pins when the sea poured over the vessel with a volume of water which for some time swept them off their legs; they clung on firmly, and at last recovered their feet.

'She started a timber or two with that blow, I rather think,' said Ready, as he took off his hat to shake the water from it.

'I'm afraid so; the best vessel ever built could not stand such shocks long,' replied Captain Osborn; 'and at present I do not see that we can get more sail upon her.'

All that night the ship flew in darkness before the gale. At daybreak the wind abated and the sea went down: the ship was, however, still kept before the wind, for she had suffered too much to venture to put her broadside to the sea. Preparations were now made for getting up jury-masts; and the worn-out seamen were busily employed under the direction of Captain Osborn and his two mates.

Captain Osborn was on the forecastle, giving some orders to the men, when the strap of the block which hoisted up the yard on the stump of the foremast gave way, and the yard and sail came down on the deck and struck him senseless. As long as Captain Osborn commanded them, the sailors had so high an opinion of his abilities as a seaman that they did their work well and cheerfully; but now that he was, if not killed, at all events senseless, they no longer felt themselves under control. Mackintosh was too much disliked to allow his words to have any weight with them. So, regardless of his injunctions and requests, they now consulted among themselves.

'The gale is broken, my men, and we shall have fine weather now,' observed Ready, going up to the sailors. 'The wind is going down fast.'

'Yes,' replied one of the men, 'and the ship is going down fast, that's quite as certain.'

As Mackintosh's courage and determination were well known, the seamen again consulted together, and then asked him what he proposed.

'We have one good boat left. Now we cannot be very far from some of the islands; indeed I think we are among them now. Let us fit out the boat with everything which we require, go about our work steadily and quietly. The boat is complete with her masts, sails, and oars; and it's very hard if we do not save ourselves somewhere. Ready, do I give good advice or not?'

'You give very good advice, Mackintosh—only what is to become of the cabin passengers, the women and children? And are you going to leave poor Captain Osborn, who lays there abaft, breathless and insensible? or what do you mean to do?'

'We won't leave the Captain,' said one of the seamen.

'No, no!' exclaimed the others.

'And the passengers?'

'Very sorry for them,' replied the former spokesman, 'but we shall have enough to do to save our own lives; the boat is not over-large.'

'Well, my lads, I agree with you,' said Mackintosh. 'What do you say, then? Shall it be so?'

'Yes,' replied the seamen. They now set about preparing the boat and providing for their wants. Biscuits, salt pork, two or three small casks of water, were collected at the gangway. Mackintosh brought up his quadrant and a compass, some muskets, powder and shot. In an hour everything was prepared. Ready had taken no part in their labour, but sat down by the side of Captain Osborn, who still remained insensible from the blow which he had received on his head.

As the ship was brought to the wind Mr. Seagrave came on deck and looked around him. He saw the boat ready for launching, the provisions and water ready, and Ready sitting by Captain Osborn, who was apparently dead. 'What is this, Ready? Are they going to leave the ship? Have they killed Captain Osborn?'

'No, sir: not quite so bad as that. He was struck down by the fall of the yard, and has been insensible ever since; but as you see they are launching the boat.'

'But my poor wife, she will never be able to go—she is so ill!'

'I'm afraid, Mr. Seagrave, that they have no idea of taking either you, or your wife, or your children, with them.'

'What! leave us here to perish? How cruel! how barbarous!'

'When it is a question of life, Mr. Seagrave, it is every one for himself; for life is sweet. They are not more unkind than they would be to each other, if there were too many for the boat to hold.'

'My wife! my children!' cried Mr. Seagrave, covering his face with his hands. 'But I will speak to them,' continued he after a pause; 'surely they will listen and take pity; at all events, Mr. Mackintosh will have some power over them. Don't you think so, Ready?'

'Well, Mr. Seagrave, it's no use speaking to him or to any of them; the boat is small, and could not hold more people with the provisions which they take with them. If they were to take you and your family into the boat, it might be the cause of all perishing together.'

'What must be done then, Ready?'

'We must put our trust in a merciful God, Mr. Seagrave.'

'*We* must! What! do not you go with them?'

'No, Mr. Seagrave. They intend to take poor Captain Osborn with them; but I shall stay here.'

'To perish?' replied Mr. Seagrave.

'As God pleases, Mr. Seagrave. I hope that I am a prepared man as far as I have been able. I tell you, Mr. Seagrave, I think much more of your children than I do for myself. I may be of use if I remain, for I've an old head upon my shoulders, and I could not leave you all to perish, when you *might* be saved if you only knew how to act.'

The sailors came aft, and lifted up the still insensible Captain. One of them said, 'Come, Ready, there's no time to lose.'

'Never mind, Williams; I shall stick to the ship.'

'Nonsense, Ready! come into the boat,' replied the first mate.

'I shall stay here, Mr. Mackintosh; and I only beg that if you do succeed in saving yourselves and reaching Sydney you will promise to acquaint Mr. Seagrave's friends with what has happened.'

'Yes, I do, Ready, if you are determined to stay.'

For some time after the boat had shoved off from the ship old Ready remained with his arms folded, watching it in silence.

As the old man had foretold to the seamen, the gale was now over, and the sea had gone down considerably. Mr. Seagrave had thrown himself down upon the sail on which Captain Osborne had been laid after his accident.

'If you are praying, Mr. Seagrave, I am sorry to interrupt you; but if you are not, but are overcome with your situation, perhaps I may be able to give you some little hope.'

Mr. Seagrave at once started up.

'Look there, sir,' said Ready, pointing out some floating seaweed.

'I see it,' said Mr. Seagrave; 'but what then?'

'That by itself would be quite proof,' replied Ready; 'but we sailors have other signs and tokens. Do you see those birds hovering over the waves?'

'I do.'

'Well, sir, those birds never go far from land, that's all; and now, sir, I'll go down for my quadrant.'

Mr. Seagrave, who was looking forward, suddenly cried, 'Look there, where I point my finger!'

'You're right, sir, it is the land,' said Ready.

Ready steered a course for the land, which was not so far distant as they imagined. When within a mile of it the colour of the water changed, still the ship did not ground; a little nearer, and there was a grating at her bottom—it was the breaking of the coral-trees, which grew below like forests under water. Again the vessel grated, and more harshly, then struck, and then again she struck violently, as the swell lifted her farther on, and then remained fast and quiet.

'All's well, so far, sir,' said Ready; 'and now let us return thanks to Heaven.'

Ready knelt down on deck, took off his hat, and remained a short time in prayer. Mr. Seagrave did the same.

'What is the matter, my dear?' exclaimed Mrs. Seagrave, when her husband went down below. 'I have been so frightened—I was in such a sound sleep, and I was awakened with such a dreadful noise!'

'Be calm, my dear,' replied Mr. Seagrave; 'we have been in great danger, and are now, I trust, in safety.'

Mr. Seagrave told her of all that had passed, and then returned on deck to consult with Ready.

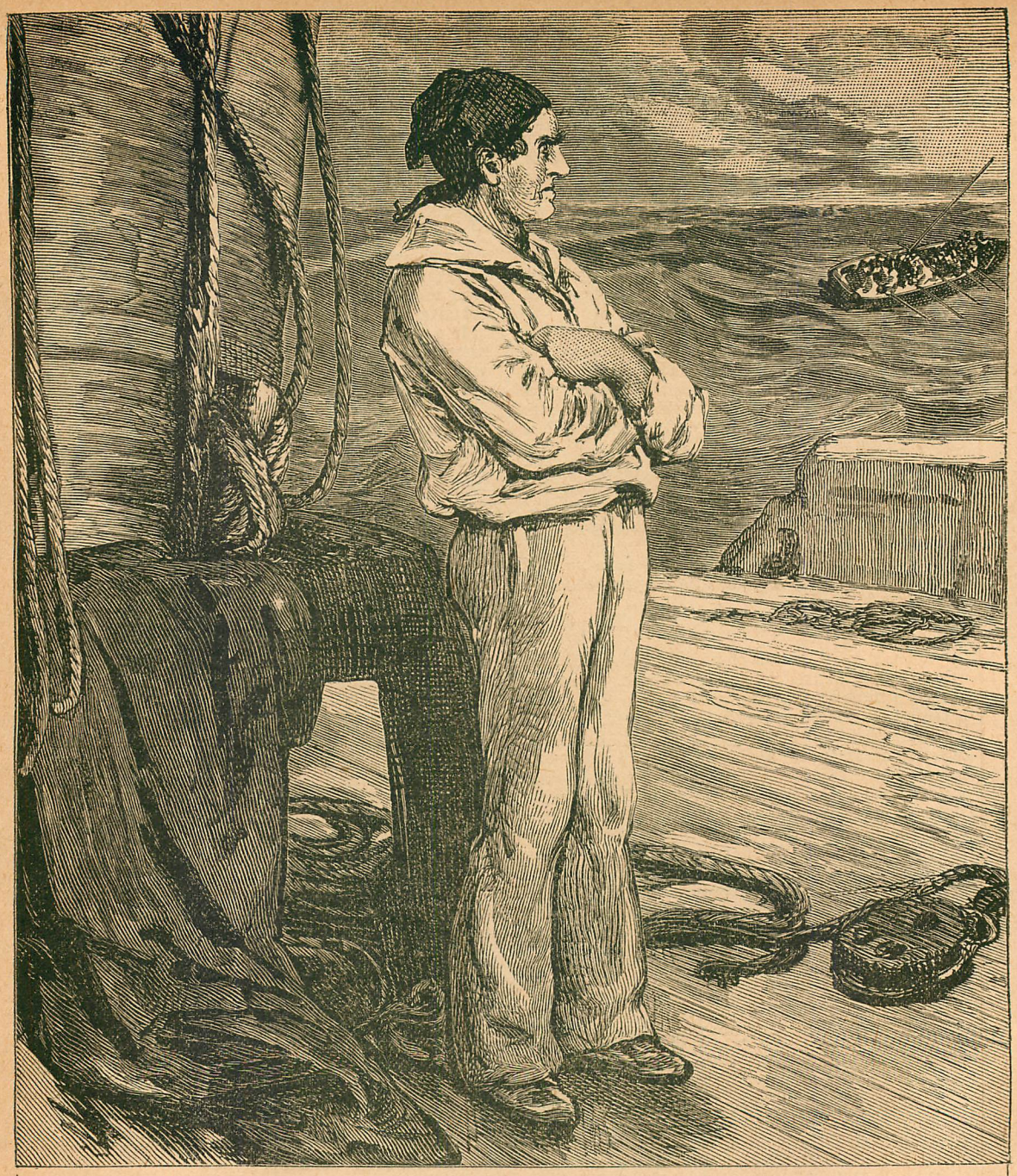
'Well, sir,' said Ready, 'I have been looking well about me. The ship is fast enough, and we shall have a calm before morning.'

'But how are we to get on shore?'

'We must set to at daylight.'

'Can we do anything to-night?'

'I can do a little, Mr. Seagrave; but you cannot help me until to-morrow morning; except, indeed, to help me to drag these two spars aft; and then I can rig a pair of sheers, and have them all ready for hoisting up to-morrow morning to get the boat in. You see, with so little strength on board, and no masts, we shall be obliged to contrive.'



"Old Ready remained with his arms folded."

Mr. Seagrave helped Ready in getting the two spars laid on the spot which was required.

'There now, Mr. Seagrave, you may go down below. I shall keep watch to-night, for I have plenty to do, and plenty to think of; so good-night, sir.'

Mr. Seagrave wished Ready good-night, and went below. Ready remained on deck at work. At last, tired with watching, the old man fell asleep. He was awakened at daylight by the dogs, who, after walking about the ship and finding nobody, had then gone to sleep at the cabin door. At daybreak they had roused up, and going on deck had found old Ready asleep, and were licking his face in their joy at having discovered him.

(*Continued at page* 302.)

THE BLACKBIRD.

RIGHT dear art thou to every boy and girl—
Blackbird, Black Ousel, Merula, or Merle;
Known to the Greek of old as well as us,
In whose bright land they called thee *Cottyphus*.
The rose is sweet, whate'er we call the rose—
So sweet, named how thou art, thy clear spring music flows.

And yet thy coat so black, and yellow bill,
To many are the harbingers of ill;
And most unwelcome to the gardener's eye,
As to his ear thy sharp, quick, ringing cry,
When, midst his fruit trees, with a rusty gun,
He watches, hot and peevish, in the July sun.

Still, though a robber impudent thou art,
Robbing the owner of his currant tart,
Running up bills which thou wilt never pay,
A rogue of rogues all through the summer day—
Thy virtues somewhat thy misdeeds amend,
In killing slugs and snails thou art the gardener's friend.

Thrushes, so often thieving at thy side,
Are silent when alarmed; away they glide,
Noiseless and wise. Couldst thou thy tongue refrain
When frightened, thou wouldst equal credit gain.
'Good thrush,' 'Bad blackbird,' is man's verdict given,
But sometimes Judgment is at fault, her legs not always even.

The thief who steals, and publishes the fact,
'I stole your fruit and glory in the act,'
That is the blackbird; while the silent thrush,
Feasting as reckless on your currant bush,
Gets off with credit, for he hides his wrong,
And poses as a goodly bird, who sings a splendid song!

Black-suited merula, with yellow bill,
Spite of thy burglar ways I love thee still;
And when provoked by mischief thou hast done
I have relented, and laid down the gun.
Eat what thou wilt of mine, shy, lonely thing!
And with thy songs repay me in the leafless spring!

G. S. O.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

58. The kings who built the Pyramids
Lie snug beneath their coffin lids,
After their loves and quarrels;
But never did old Nile present
A sight like that beside the Trent—
Huge pyramids of barrels.

'Stead of the dust of old Cheops,
They hold remains of malt and hops,
Those pyramids at Burton;
There's beer enough there, I've heard say,
To make a very rainy day,
If they would put the squirt on.

A rainy day of bitter beer!
That is, indeed, a notion queer,
If charming to the guzzler.
Two casks of an unequal size
Are all I want for my supplies,
To make this little puzzler.

Wise people, listen to my charge;
The larger cask is *thrice* as large
As that I place beside it.
I draw *four gallons* from each cask,
And now, of each I, pausing, ask,
What beer remains inside it?

You'll know at once when I explain
Four times as many do remain
In one as in the other;
And now I think you'll do the task,
And furnish me with all I ask,
Without much toil or bother. G. S. O.

[*Answer at page* 327.]

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

XVII.—THE TRIAL OF KING LOUIS XVI.

WE now come to a very sad and painful event in the Revolution, the trial and subsequent execution of the King. Who does not feel sorry for him? Born the heir to so much human glory; yet brought step by step to so much shame and sorrow.

There was now no King nor Kingdom of France. The King was now no longer King Louis XVI., but plain Louis, or Louis Capet. The National Convention of 749 men, who first met about the middle of September, were now the Sovereigns of France by might if not by right; able to raise or lower whom they would, to kill or save alive as they pleased. One of the first labours of the new Convention was to have a guard; the next was to bring to judgment those guilty of the September massacres. The guard was ordered, and then it was repealed, for it was considered an insult to Paris that a republican convention should need any protection from the people whom it so truly represented. As to the massacres, nothing was done to bring the guilty ringleaders to the gallows, though much was said and attempted. Things of greater importance than that of avenging dead men pressed upon the Convention; there was the army to quarrel over; there was the question how to feed the people of Paris; and above all, there was the question what is to be done with Louis?

Much anxiety was there about the army, for the European powers were highly indignant with France for putting her King in chains, and it was thought that England would join Prussia and Austria in his defence. The French army, or armies, were in a bad way, and one member complained that thirty thousand pairs of breeches were urgently needed by the army of the South.

As for food, it was scarcer than ever, and bread riots occurred almost everywhere. Marat tells us in his *People's Friend* newspaper, that a pound of bread was six sous, and a labourer's daily wages but fifteen. One member proposed that every man should live two days a-week on potatoes, and also that every person should hang his dog. Two of the members went one day to Chartres to arrange matters about food, and the people threatened to hang them unless they would then and there fix the price of corn to suit the pockets of the Chartres mob. And all this hunger, and these long queues of men at bakers' shops, what did they end in? The murder of the King! The queue was, as we have already said, a long line of people who stood one behind another, at the baker's door. At first there was a rope fastened to a ring in the shop wall which each person grasped with his hand; but the rope was often cut by mischief-makers, and the Convention ordered the ropes to be replaced by iron chains.

Hunger pressed on the French people still; and their overthrow of the old order of things had as yet done little or nothing to satisfy the poor with

bread. People kept asking the question, 'Why is food still so dear?' And the answer came, 'Because Louis is still alive. We shall have no real freedom nor plenty until he is put out of the way.' As long as he lived, he seemed to them a centre round which gathered plots and royalist hopes, and they thought that it should be but a short step from the Tuileries to the Place de la Révolution.

When a certain curate, Grégoire, who had become a Bishop, declared from his pulpit that it was a capital crime to be a king at all, and his words were applauded as words of wisdom, we may understand what the thoughts of men were on that subject. Moreover, the eyes of Frenchmen were now suddenly turned to the pages of English history, and especially to that part of it which tells of the execution of Charles I. Printed copies of the trial of Charles were sold in vast numbers, and the French could but reason thus: 'If the English put their King to death, and have become since the first of free nations, why may not we do the same? And so, among the questions debated in the Convention this question, 'What is to be done with the King?' became the foremost, and was the one most frequently discussed by the members.

The 6th of November was an important day for France. Her General, Dumouriez, won the battle of Jemappes, his soldiers singing, as they conquered the foe, the hymn of the Marseillese; and her parliament decreed that Louis, her late King, should be brought to trial.

There was a body of members in the Convention who looked on the King's trial and what it might lead to with keen dislike. These were the Girondins. They had done much to carry on the Revolution up to this point, but now they often differed from men like Danton, Marat, and Robespierre, and many and hot were their disputes about the further progress of state affairs.

The King's trial was much affected by a discovery in the Tuileries. A certain blacksmith of Versailles, named Gamin, came one day before the Convention, and said he had helped Louis to make an iron press, which was placed in a wall of the King's chamber. He was able to point out the iron press behind some wainscot or tapestry, and, the press having been wrenched open, disclosed a number of important state letters, which brought trouble home to many a man. In consequence of this the bust of Mirabeau was shattered, and several men of importance became suspected and unpopular. The blacksmith, who said the King had nearly killed him with a drugged glass of wine after the safe was securely fixed, had a large reward for his services, and the letters and papers found in the iron chest were produced as so many witnesses of the King's guilt.

On the 11th of December, the King was brought in the Mayor's carriage to the Convention-hall to be tried. The streets were full of soldiers, and the people were silent, or now and then singing snatches of the popular *Ca ira*, or the Marseillese hymn, as he went by. When he was in the hall, he looked around at those who were to judge him; and the President, who had fifty-seven questions to ask him, said, 'Louis, you may sit down.'

After Barrère had asked his fifty-seven questions, and Louis had answered them all as well as he could, he was ordered to withdraw into a committee-room, where he partook of a crust of bread. A clerk who was in the room having thrown some bread into the street, Louis reproved him, saying, 'It is a pity to waste bread in time of dearth.'

'My grandmother,' observed Chaumette (a man now high in the Government), 'used to say to me, "Little boy, never waste a crumb of bread, for you cannot make one."'

'Monsieur Chaumette,' replied the King, 'your grandmother seems to have been a sensible woman.'

Louis' trial now coming on, he was allowed to choose an advocate; and three lawyers stepped forth to defend him, namely Tronchet, an old man called Malesherbes, and the youthful Desèze.

It was arranged, after much debating, that Louis should again appear and plead on the day after Christmas Day. His advocates thought it too early, but they could not get the day postponed. So, at the cold dark hour of eight in the morning on St. Stephen's Day, the members of the Convention were at their post, and at nine o'clock Louis entered the hall to be tried, under an escort of National Guards.

The talented young Desèze did the best he could for his master. For three hours he pleaded, and when his great effort was over Louis fell on his neck and kissed him. Before he left the place of trial the King also said a few words, and they were the last he ever spoke in public, except two or three on the scaffold. He assured his judges that he was guiltless of the blood shed on the 10th of August; and then he quitted the hall, leaving his fate in the hands of those who had made themselves his judges. After many further debates it was agreed that the Convention should decide, by a majority of votes, whether Louis was or was not guilty of conspiring against liberty, and, if so, what his punishment should be. When, at length, on the 15th of January, the question was put, 'Guilty or not guilty?' all voted Aye, except twenty-eight, who did not vote at all.

The next voting was taken on the question, 'What shall the punishment be?' This lasted from Wednesday, January 16, until the following Sunday morning. Each member had to mount, when his name was called, into the tribune, and say his say. Some voted for 'death,' others for 'banishment.' At length 'death' was decided on by a majority of fifty-three. Then came a final question, 'When is he to die?' Every member had to mount the tribune again and give his vote. It was this final voting which did not come to an end until three o'clock on the Sunday morning. By a majority of seventy the question was decided, 'No delay; death within twenty-four hours!'

They say these votings formed the strangest of all the strange scenes of the Revolution. One deputy, who had voted for death without delay, ran out of the hall to get some dinner in the Palais Royal, and as he was paying for it, a man stepped up to him, and said, 'You voted in the King's business, did you not?'

'Yes,' replied the deputy; 'I voted death.'

'Wretch, take that!' said the man; and the voter received a stab, which caused his death in a few hours.

"It is a pity to waste bread in time of dearth."

"Mike hopped painfully on his Crutch."

THE VILLAGE PICKLE.

A True Story.

THE people who live in the village of Oakdene call it a stirring place, and surely they ought to know. A stranger may think differently—may think indeed what he pleases, but no weight is given to his opinion—for what can a stranger know of the matter?

On a summer day, when sitting by the fish-ponds at the entrance to the village, one can plainly hear the musical ring of the blacksmith's hammer, although his forge is the very last of all the straggling cottages, and must be almost a quarter of a mile distant.

Right in the middle of the pond is a little island, covered with tall elm-trees where the rooks have always had their home. How happy they are just now! how busy! how full of plans! Some are saying all manner of pretty things to the bright-eyed partners with whom they sway and swing among the rustling leaves. Others are busily building; while some again are wheeling overhead, filling the air with soft, contented 'caws'—making the stillness seem yet more still.

Oakdene is altogether quite an important place, for have we not a squire and a vicar? and do we not possess the only doctor for miles and miles around? The doctor has much to do with our story, so perhaps you will allow me to say a word or two about him. He is very young, little more than a boy indeed, and he cultivates a grave manner and a tiny moustache. Every morning, after shaving, he practises before his glass a bland, middle-aged smile.

So much for the village doctor: now for the village pickle!

His name is Mike—Mike Willis—the most irrepressible, scatter-brained little scrapegrace it is possible to imagine. He is always in mischief, often in disgrace, and scoldings or lectures are alike thrown away on him. Mike and the doctor are always at loggerheads, for the boy seems to think that the doctor, being a new-comer, is fair game, and so he makes him the victim of a series of petty persecutions. Broken windows, muffled door-knockers, and many other little attentions are, however, allowed to pass unquestioned, until emboldened by success the enterprising Mike ventures further.

Our doctor lives alone in a rambling, red brick house, over which heavy-headed yellow roses climb, and behind which a shady old orchard stretches away to the river. It is a beautiful old orchard; breaking into odorous masses of dainty pink or snowy white, lovely in the present, and full of promise for the future. Indeed, so plentiful is the blossom this year that one night, when a sudden wind visited the orchard and rudely shook the trees, thousands of fairy petals came drifting down almost hiding the grass beneath them.

'What makes everything so white, mother?' asked the week-old chicks in the morning.

'Snow,' promptly answered mother; 'we don't often have it so late in the season.'

The thrushes and blackbirds, who shared the little chickens' barley breakfast, knew all about it; but they did not contradict the old hen, considering that they owed her so much politeness in return for the hospitality she always extended towards them. They smiled as they spread their wings and flew away.

'Poor thing!' said they; 'how can she know any better, leading such a secluded life, and knowing nothing whatever of the world?'

Our doctor loves his orchard, and many of his leisure hours are spent there. One unlucky day, however, he caught Mike in this little paradise of his, just as the boy was triumphantly carrying off a cosy little nest in which lay three tiny blue eggs. This time the doctor really was angry, and seizing him by the shirt collar—Mike had no coat—he administered several boxes on the ear, and then he marched him, kicking and howling, down the village street to his mother's house.

'Look here, Mrs. Willis,' I heard him say, 'I've just found this young rascal of yours birdnesting in my orchard. A clear case of trespass. I give you warning that if I find him there a second time I shall take him straight to Harrowdale Police-office and leave him there: do you hear that, sir?' And giving Mike a parting shake, he turned and left him.

PART II.

IT is autumn now, and all our village is full of business: reaping, carting, gathering, and storing.

Everything is changed! The poor rooks are subdued and much quieter than they used to be, for they have had a terrible experience. Without the slightest warning an enemy attacked them with cruel noise and slaughter, and in that unequal war their blackest and best had fallen. No matter how high the nests, no matter how watchful the parents, all precautions availed them nothing, and their children fell, not one by one, but sometimes in whole families. The survivors are nervous now, and any sudden noise awakens all their fears again. In the quiet evenings Mike Willis likes to utter terrific yells, or piercing screams, and then to watch with delight the rooks rise anxiously out of the trees and appear against the glowing sunset sky.

The orchard which before was dressed in delicate cream and white is now flaunting in richest colours—red, gold, russet, and green. The sun lies hot upon the land, and even finds his way into this leafy old corner, sprinkling the grass with dancing tiny flecks—now here, now there.

These passing months, however, have wrought no change in our doctor, nor yet in graceless Mike!

Just as in the crisp spring mornings, so now in those of glorious autumn, our doctor sets off on his early 'round,' for be the season what it may, there are always sick and suffering ones in this beautiful world of ours. Mike is usually one of an admiring little group which always gathers to witness his departure and return, these being justly considered interesting public events. One day Mike was not there, and morning followed morning, but still the boy remained absent. When Sunday came and his place

in church was empty I thought it time to make some inquiry.

'He's ill,' said the lad I questioned, slipping away before I could gain any further information.

Mrs. Willis received me, when I called next day, with an anxious face, repeatedly declaring, however, that there was 'not much wrong wi' Mike.' Notwithstanding her assertions, it seemed to me that the boy was very ill, and I advised her at once to send for the doctor. She gravely shook her head, and explained to me with much whispered mystery how Mike had fallen while climbing one of the highest trees in the doctor's orchard. She said that he became quite feverish and excited at the mere mention of the doctor's name, being terrified lest he (the doctor) should make good a threat now nearly six months old, viz. to send him to Harrowdale Police-office for trespass.

I told her that I thought she was acting most unwisely; but she would not change her mind, at the same time saying again that 'Mike would be all right in a day or two.'

But he was *not* 'all right in a day or two;' and at last I sent the doctor to see him.

'Miss Park,' said he, as he came out of the cottage, 'why did you not tell me sooner? Why did you not send for me at once? That poor lad's leg is broken, and I assure you this long delay will make it a very serious matter.'

He spoke as if it were all my fault, and, naturally, I felt hurt.

'You threatened him with the Harrowdale Police-office,' I said; 'and, of course, they were afraid to let you know.'

'Harrowdale fiddlestick! that was only said to frighten him. Well, he must go to the Infirmary now, poor fellow! I never saw such a mess.' And our doctor strode away without another word, forgetting for once his suavity and his smile, so much in earnest was he.

With all care and tenderness Mike was removed to the Harrowdale Infirmary, and our doctor went with him. After it was all over he whispered, 'Don't leave me, sir.'

'I must, my boy. I have to tell your mother what a brave fellow she has for a son: she'll be longing to hear, you know. Come, cheer up, Mike. When next I see you, you'll be running about as usual, tormenting every one with all your mischievous tricks again.'

In the midst of his kindly words, however, the doctor suddenly paused as the thought swept over him, 'Never, never again! God help him! Poor fellow! poor little Mike!' he said very gently, laying his hand on the boy's hot head.

Oakdene looked very quiet and peaceful as the doctor drove home that evening. For hours Mrs. Willis had been anxiously expecting him; but when he entered the cottage her lips were mute and her eyes alone questioned him. To them he answered, 'Yes, he will live; but he will always be lame. Mrs. Willis,' grasping her hand, 'I did all I could. I did my best.'

'I'm sure of that, sir, and may God bless you.'

Something twinkled in our doctor's eye, and made him blink as he stood for a moment on the threshold, and looked across the trees to the yellow light in the west.

At first Mike hopped painfully on his crutch, but gradually he acquired skill, and soon he was able to skip about easily and almost quickly. As he became stronger, however, the old mischievous longings took possession of him, making him restless and miserable. He became daily more dejected, all his gay spirits forsaking him as he began to realise how changed and sober-tinted his life must now be.

It was about this time that our doctor made a discovery. He had far too much work to do, he said, and must have some one to help him in the surgery. He also declared that he could think of no one so suitable for this post as Mike.

The doctor often abuses him roundly, calling him a 'lazy rascal,' an 'idle young ruffian,' or indeed anything that comes first to his ready lips. Now and then some one, chancing to overhear, gently remonstrates, 'Remember, he's lame, poor fellow.' Then the doctor looks at Mike and smiles—a spontaneous smile, not the one he practises—and Mike grins, responsive.

The boy seems happy enough, and there is now a deeper and altogether different expression in those young eyes of his, which before were always dancing with laughter and boyish merriment. Illness and suffering, with their attendant heart-searchings, have sent his wandering thoughts into new fields and wider channels. Visions of future usefulness, dreams of possible fame, float through his eager brain; and these, I sometimes fancy, have helped to keep the old, bright smile, and have, perhaps, as much to do with his quick, brisk movements as the crutch on which he leans.

I. M. B.

OUR BIOGRAPHY.—No. IX.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

WE will take as the subject of our talk this month 'Oriental Jones,' whose skill in mastering languages must make him the envy of all who study other tongues.

William Jones was born in London on September 20th, 1746. He inherited no great name, but he came of a family who were able to give him the best education which money could obtain. His father died whilst the boy was yet young, but his mother encouraged in every way the child's great love of knowledge. 'Read and you will learn,' was her constant reply to his many requests to have things explained to him. No wonder that as he grew older his passion for books grew stronger.

He began school-life in earnest at Harrow when just about eight years old. Ten years later he went to University College, Oxford. Here, as at school, his industry was remarkable. The days were not long enough for his work. He sometimes sat reading all through the night, keeping himself awake by drinking tea or coffee.

Whilst still engaged on the usual course of study, he amused himself by reading law books, and studying Arabic. At various times, too, he found opportunities of learning Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French.

Nor was Jones behind his companions in sports and pastimes. He could ride, fence, dance, sing, and play with the most skilful of them.

In 1765 he became tutor to Lord Althorp, and five years later he began to study Law at the Temple. In due course he was called to the bar, and obtained a fair share of business. His first appearance as a pleader was made about the same time as that of Erskine. His progress in reputation at the bar increased slowly but surely. Increasing business, however, was no bar to his study of other subjects. Learned works on various subjects flowed from his pen, and gained for him literary fame.

In 1783 he was made a judge in the Bengal Supreme Court, and went to India.

There his professional duties were done with the greatest care, and his private studies were not neglected. At last his many hours of study caused weakness of the sight, and he could no longer write by candle-light. But whilst confined to his couch by illness he could not be idle, but he taught himself botany.

Whilst still in the prime of life his end came. He died at Calcutta in 1794, aged forty-eight. In knowledge of languages, of which he was master of twenty-eight, he has rarely been equalled. As an author his success was considerable. But such a man could not fail to succeed, since his motto seems to have been, 'Never be unemployed.' A. R. B.

THREATS.

JUST let him come here,
And soon he will see
That never a man
Can do battle with me!

I'd kill him outright,
Just as easy as not.
This bar of cold iron,
If once it's made hot,

He will not despise,
Though he laughs now at me.
Well, wait till to-morrow
And then we shall see.'

Oh, William the boastful,
What deeds you can do!
When every one knows
That a coward are you! B. M.

FRANK AND THE COBBLER.

I NEVER can make out, Giles, why you chose shoe-mending as your trade,' exclaimed Frank Mercer to the village cobbler; 'it seems so terribly dull to go on with tack, tack, hammer, hammer, all day long. Why did you choose it?'

'I had no choice given to me, Master Frank,' re-

plied Giles. 'My father was dead, and my uncle offered to teach me his trade, that was how it came about; but it is not a bad trade after all. What are you going to be, Master Frank?'

'I? Oh, I mean to go abroad—to emigrate to South Africa, I think. I should like to have some fun, shooting wild beasts, and all that sort of thing.'

'Ah, well, Master Frank,' replied the cobbler, 'fun is all very well, but see that you have some earnest aim in your life. You must strive to do some good in the world, like many who are dead and gone.'

'Oh, yes, I dare say!' said Frank; 'I tell you I want a stirring life and plenty of fun.'

Ten years after this conversation Frank Mercer went to South Africa—not to shoot wild animals, but as a teacher and preacher of the Gospel to heathen men, and, as old Giles said, 'he did a power of good among them.' After several years' hard work the climate began to tell upon Frank, and he had to return home, where almost his first visit was paid to his old friend, the cobbler. 'Never mind, Sir,' said the old man, 'though it does seem a pity that you had to come home; there is plenty of good work, Sir, to be done in Old England as well as in Africa. And, after all, it does not so much matter where a man is, as what a man is.'

And if boys and girls will think for a minute, they will see that old Giles was perfectly right. McK.

A CHILD'S TIME-TABLE.

SIXTY Seconds in a Minute;
Here's your task, so now begin it.

Sixty Minutes in an Hour;
Do your work with all your power.

Twelve good Hours in every Day;
Time for work and time for play.

Twenty-four for Day and Night;
Some for darkness, some for light.

Every Week of Days has Seven;
All are good, since all from Heaven.

Yet the First, the Day of Rest,
Ever must we count the best.

Lunar Months of Weeks have Four;
Calendar, a few days more.

Twelve new Months in every Year;
Each in turn is coming near.

Winter, Summer, Autumn, Spring,
All their pleasant changes ring.

Century!—a Hundred Years;
Leave with Heaven its hopes and fears.

While in Time our acts are wrought,
Be Eternity our thought.

E. B. RICKARDS.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

59. A CITY in an Oriental land,
Built where a native village used to stand;
Named with a new yet ancient name,
An empire's capital became.

She rose triumphant in her ample bay;
Yet ah, what havoc there did Sickness play!
With swamps and marshes all around,
And exhalations from the ground,

And foul canals, from which in seasons dry
A stench went forth, that, like artillery,
Or grim Death, with his bended bow,
Laid many an honest white man low.

Some called the place 'Queen of the Eastern seas;'
More truly some, 'The storehouse of disease;'
The Queen is now without her crown,
And wise men sleep not in the town.

And they, whose daily business binds them there,
Burn aromatic woods to purge the air,
And scatter flowers of odour sweet
Abundantly in every street.

Yes, other towns have risen up to shine
With greater glory, fallen Queen! than thine;
Though in thy bay, so calm and deep,
The navies of the world might sleep;

And Nature, with her horn of plenty, reigns
In summer beauty o'er thy sultry plains:
But never shall the East monsoon,
That sweetly sighs in May and June,

Nor he that rages from the West
With heavy clouds upon his breast,
Bear the glad news to thee, O faded Queen!
That thou wilt be again what thou hast been!

G. S. O.

IN MID-OCEAN.

(*Continued from p.* 292.)

AS soon as Ready had fed the animals, he went to the cabin and called Mr. Seagrave and William. With their assistance the boat was then hooked in. It was not till dinner-time that Ready, who had worked hard, could patch up the boat. Ready put a sail in, an axe, a musket, and some cord. Mr. Seagrave came up again; and both got into the boat, and pulled on shore.

When they landed, they found that they could see nothing of the interior of the island, the cocoanut groves were so thick; but to their right they perceived, at about a quarter of a mile off, a small, sandy cove.

'That,' said Ready, pointing to it, 'must be our location, as the Americans call it.'

In a few minutes they arrived at the cove; the water was shallow, and as clear as crystal. Beneath the boat's bottom they could see beautiful shells, and the fish darting about in every direction.

'What a lovely spot this is!' exclaimed Mr. Seagrave; 'these cocoanuts have borne their fruit year after year, have died, and others have sprung up in their stead.'

'Providence is bountiful, Mr. Seagrave,' replied Ready, 'and supplies our wants when we least expect it. If you please, we will walk a little way into the wood; take the gun, not that there appears to be much occasion for it—there is seldom anything wild on these small islands, except a pig or two have been put on shore by considerate Christians.'

'Well, now that we are in the grove, what do you think?'

'I was looking for a place to fix a tent up for the present, sir, and I think that on that little rise would be a very good place until we can look about us and do better; but we have no time now, sir. If you please, we'll haul the sail and other articles on to the beach, and then return on board.'

As soon as they arrived on board, Mr. Seagrave went down to cheer his wife with the account of what they had seen, and explained that William would remain with her and the little ones, while he and Ready, with Juno and Master Tommy, would go back. In a few minutes Juno and Tommy made their appearance on deck; Ready put some tools into the boat, and once more they landed at the sandy cove. Tommy stared about him a good deal, but did not speak, until he saw the shells lying on the beach, when he screamed with delight, and began to pick them up as fast as he could; the dogs barked and galloped about, overjoyed at being once more on shore.

'Now, Mr. Seagrave, I'll remain on shore with you a little. First, we'll load the musket in case of need, and then you can put it out of the way of Master Tommy, who fingers everything, I see. We will take up the sail between us; Juno, you can carry the tools. Come, Master Tommy, you can carry a shovel, at all events, and that will make you of some use.'

Having taken all these things to the little knoll which Ready had pointed out before, they returned for the spars, and in two trips they had carried everything there, Tommy with the second shovel on his shoulder, and very proud to be employed.

'Here are two trees which will answer our purpose pretty well,' said Ready; 'as they are far enough apart, we must lash the spars up to them, and then throw the sail over and bring it down to the ground at both ends; that will be a beginning, at all events; and I will bring some more canvas on shore, to set up the other tent between these other trees. Now, sir, I'll help you to lash the spars, and then I'll leave you to finish while I go on board again.'

Having succeeded in lashing the spar high enough, and throwing the sail over the spar, Ready and Mr. Seagrave spread it out, and found that it made a very good-sized tent.

'Now, sir, I will return on board; in the meantime, if you can, cut pegs from the brushwood to fasten the sail down to the ground, and then with the shovel cover the bottom of it with sand to keep it down, it will be close enough when it is all finished.'

'I shall do very well,' replied Mr. Seagrave; 'Juno

can help me to pull the canvas out tight when I am ready.'

'Yes; and in the meantime, Juno, take a shovel and level the inside of the tent nice and smooth, and throw out all these old cocoanut leaves, and look if you see any vermin lurking among them. It may be as well to say, Mr. Seagrave, that should anything happen, and you require my assistance, you had better fire off the gun, and I will come on shore to you immediately. But that's not very likely,' continued Ready.

When Ready returned on board, he first went down into the cabin to tell Mrs. Seagrave and William what they had done. Mrs. Seagrave naturally felt anxious about her husband being on shore alone, and Ready informed her that they had agreed that if anything should occur Mr. Seagrave would fire the musket. He then went down into the sail-room to get some canvas. Scarcely had he got it out when the report of the musket was heard, and Mrs. Seagrave rushed out of the cabin in the greatest alarm. Ready seized another musket, jumped into the boat, and pulled on shore as fast as he could. On his arrival, he found Mr. Seagrave and Juno busy with the tent, and Master Tommy sitting on the ground, crying very lustily. It appeared that while Mr. Seagrave and Juno were employed, Master Tommy had crept away to where the musket was placed up on one end against a cocoanut-tree, and after pulling it about some little while, had touched the trigger. The musket went off. Mr. Seagrave had been scolding him soundly, and now Master Tommy was crying to show how very penitent he was.

Ready said to Mr. Seagrave, 'We have only two hours more daylight, and it is right that Mrs. Seagrave should come on shore now; so, if you please, we'll go off and fetch her and the children.'

As soon as they arrived on board, Mr. Seagrave went down to his wife to propose her going on shore. She was much agitated, but she behaved bravely, and, supported by her husband, she gained the deck, William following with the baby, and his little sister Caroline carried by Ready. With some difficulty they were all at last placed in the boat and shoved off, and were soon comfortably settled in the tents.

Mr. Seagrave then offered up a prayer of thankfulness.

Mr. Seagrave was the first who awoke and rose from his bed on the ensuing morning. He stepped out of the tent and looked around him. The sky was clear and brilliant. A light breeze ruffled over the surface of the water, and the tiny waves rippled one after another upon the white sand of the cove. To the left of the cove the land rose, forming small hills, behind which appeared the continuation of the cocoanut groves. To the right a low ridge of coral rocks rose almost as a wall from the sea, and joined the herbage and brushwood at about a hundred paces, while the wreck of the *Pacific*, lying like some huge stranded monster, formed the prominent feature in the landscape.

The dogs, who had laid themselves down upon the mattresses by the side of William and Tommy, now fawned upon Mrs. Seagrave. William woke up with their whining, and having received a caution from his father not to wake old Ready, he dressed himself and came out.

'Well, we'll see if we cannot get breakfast ready for them, William. These dry cocoanut leaves will make an excellent fire.'

'But, father, how are we to light the fire? we have no tinder-box, or matches, or magnifying-glass.'

'No, but we can obtain one out of a telescope when we get on board again; at present we have no other means than with the musket.'

Mr. Seagrave then went down to the cove; the little boat was lying on the beach, just lifted by the rippling waves; they pushed her off and got into her. Although they were neither of them very handy at the oar, they were soon alongside of the ship.

William first went down to the cabin for tea and coffee, and then left his father to collect other things while he went to milk the goats. In a short time everything was put into the boat, and they pulled on shore again. They found Juno waiting for them at the cove to assist to take up the things.

'Well, Juno, how do you find yourself this morning?'

'Quite well, massa,' said Juno, and then pointing to the clear water, she said, 'Plenty fish here.'

'Yes, if we only had lines,' replied Mr. Seagrave. 'I think Ready has both hooks and lines somewhere.'

'Then, Juno, you may as well take this bottle of milk, which I got for little Albert's breakfast.'

William went and woke Ready.

'Good morning, Ready,' said Mrs. Seagrave, extending her hand. Mr. Seagrave also shook hands with him.

'You have had a long sleep, Ready,' said Mr. Seagrave, 'and I would not waken you after your fatigue of yesterday.'

'I thank you kindly, sir; and I am glad to see that madam is so well, and I am not sorry to see that you can do so well without me,' continued Ready, smiling.

The whole day was spent in landing every variety of article which they thought could be useful. After they had taken a hearty dinner they went to work again. They then went off to the wreck.

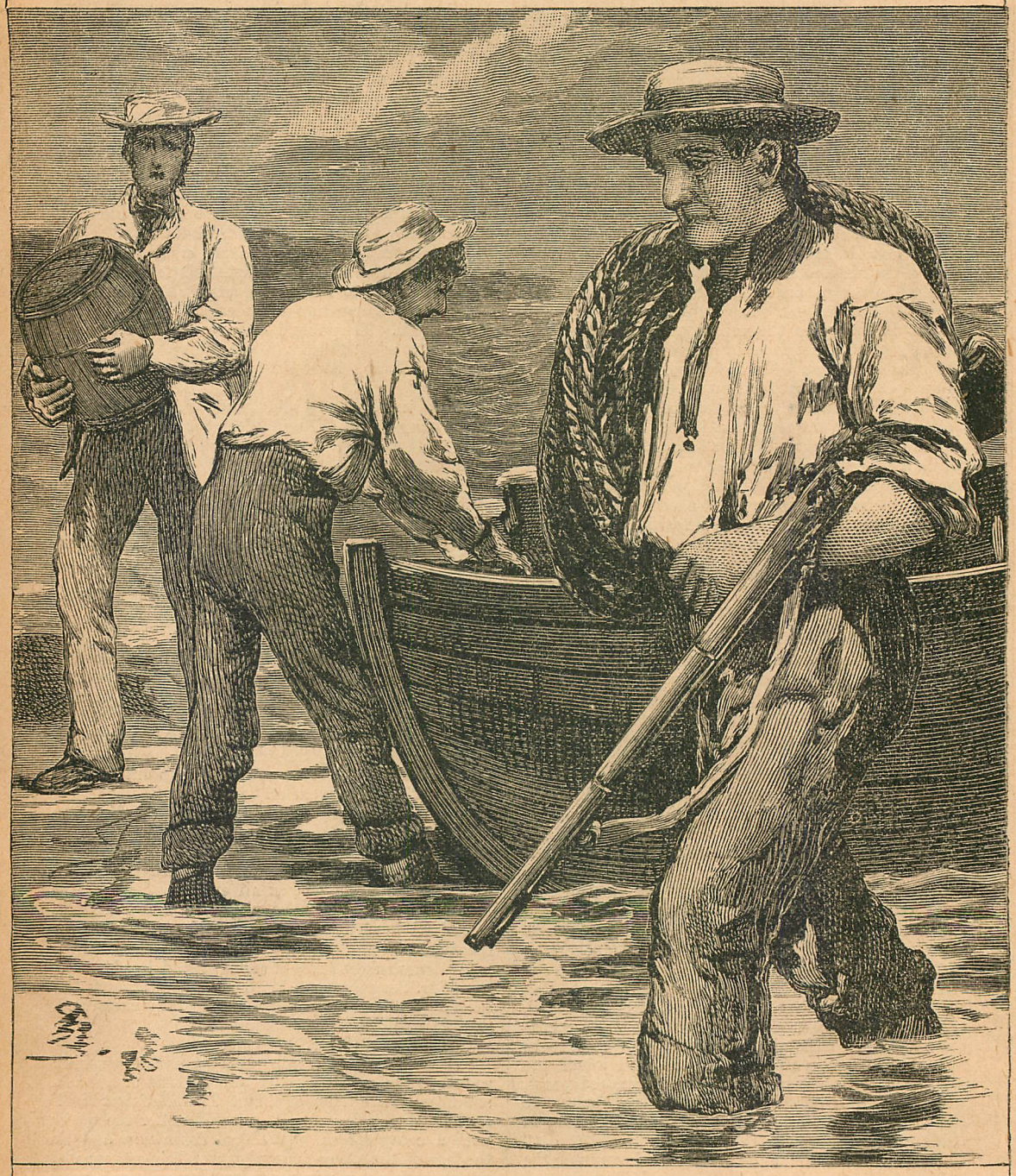
'I think we shall do pretty well now, Mr. Seagrave; and we had better, before it is dark, get all the animals on shore. I don't much like to trust them to swim on shore, but they are awkward things in a boat. We'll try a pig, at all events.' So one was lowered into the sea; the pig, after a few seconds, turned its head away from the ship, and swam for the shore.

'He goes ashore straight enough,' said Ready, who, with Mr. Seagrave and William, was watching the animal; but a minute afterwards, Ready exclaimed, 'I thought as much—we've lost him!'

'How?' replied Mr. Seagrave.

'D'ye see that black thing above the water pushing so fast to the animal—that's the back fin of a shark, and he will have the poor thing. There, he's got him!' said Ready, as the pig disappeared under the water with a heavy splash. 'We'll go down now and tie the legs of the other four pigs, and bring them up; with what's already in the boat they will be a good load.'

(*Continued at page* 310.)



"In a few minutes they arrived at the Cove."

The King's farewell meeting with his Family.

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

XVIII.—THE EXECUTION OF THE KING.

FROM the time when he decided to leave the Tuileries, and his brave Swiss guard, and the gallant gentlemen who had come to fight for him, Louis became a mere puppet in the hands of the Paris municipal officers. He might have made a better fight for his crown, no doubt, but he was a quiet, peace-loving man, who shrank from bloodshed, and no doubt he did what he thought was for the best. It was a very bad best for him, though, to be cooped up, and his queenly wife as well, in a grim old tower with thick walls, and iron-grated little windows, where he could neither eat, nor read, nor write, without some impudent fellow watching him. Was ever man so the football of a fickle fortune?

There was, however, one blessedness in his lot. His sorrows were not long. The men who at that time ruled France soon dismissed their victims. Robespierre and Marat had that much grace about them, they were for a speedy death, and that is surely better than a twenty or thirty years' imprisonment in a noisome dungeon without fire or candle. Louis had the ordinary comforts of life during his abode in the tower, but he was wounded in his spirit, day after day, by insults, which, to a finely-strung mind, are worse than the pains of death. He was separated from his wife and children, and had but one friend to whom he could talk, and that was his valet, Cléry, who has left behind him a truthful account of his poor master's imprisonment and last hours on earth.

The Revolution was, without doubt, dead against kings and queens, and it had a delight in stripping royalty of its robes. But royalty showed itself dignified, nay, even grand, when stripped. Never did Louis appear more king-like than in his last mournful hours.

When the Convention had decreed that he was to die so soon, the Minister of Justice was sent to the tower that Sunday about noon, or a little after, with the dreadful news. He said when he was going, 'What a frightful task for a man to have to do!'

When Louis heard he had to die so very soon, he begged hard for a respite of three days in which to prepare for his end, but they turned deaf ears to his prayer. He also asked for the consolations of religion, and this request they mercifully granted. The Abbé Edgeworth was sent to administer to his dying king all the ghostly comfort he could, and the last rites of the Church as well. The valet Cléry has given us many affecting memorials of the closing scenes in the life of his master, whom he truly loved. The King's apartments were a sitting-room and bedroom, and a small circular closet which he used as a place of prayer. It was round from being in a round turret at a corner of the large square tower. The top was finished off outside with a roof shaped like the extinguisher of a candle. Here lived the dethroned Louis from August, 1792, until the 21st of January, 1793, when his feeble light of life was suddenly put out by the sharp edge of the axe.

On the Sunday evening, at half-past eight, he had his farewell meeting with his wife and family, who descended from the chamber above by a winding stone stair in one of the round turrets. It was a most affecting scene, that last interview between the doomed King and his heart-broken family. It lasted an hour and three quarters, and was seen by Cléry and the officials through a glass panel in the door. They could not, however, hear a word that passed. The King was seated with the Queen on his left hand, and Madame Elizabeth, his excellent sister, on his right; the Princess Royal was in front, and the little Prince stood between his father's knees. And so they spent (that forlorn family brought so low) the last Sabbath evening they were to be together in this world. When they tore themselves asunder the King promised he would see them again early on the morrow, but he did not keep his word. When they left him that Sunday night it was for ever.

The King slept well, Cléry keeping watch in a chair, and the Abbé snatching a few hours of repose on the valet's bed. At five o'clock Cléry lit the fire, and the noise he made aroused the King, who got up and dressed himself. A dark January morning, cold and misty, hung over the city, but in that chilly gloom men by the hundred thousand were astir. One great event, and only one, was in everybody's mind. The city shops were kept shut, the city streets were empty; no vehicle but one was allowed to move that morning in the highways of Paris. There was a drumming and the gathering of troops from a very early hour, and all the streets from the Temple to the Place de la Révolution were lined with armed men.

In the tower itself there was a solemn service held at half-past six that morning, which was probably the most real, as it was the most affecting, of any in the borders of Christ's kingdom that day. It was the dethroned King of France receiving his last sacrament. A chest of drawers formed the altar on this singular occasion. At eight o'clock the officers of justice came for him, and an hour afterwards the sad procession left the tower. The King held a book of prayers in his hand, and fixed his eyes on it as his carriage rolled slowly along the hushed streets. The city was like a city of the dead, so silent was it then. Every one seemed awe-struck, as well he might be, by the spectacle of a people putting its king to death.

At ten o'clock the carriage arrived at the Place de la Révolution. Did he hope for a rescue? Did he hope he might hear the cry of 'Vive le Roi!' and see a solid body of King's friends burst through the lines of National Guards that surrounded the guillotine? Alas! it was not so to be. At the Temple gate some pitiful women did lift up their feeble voices on his behalf, but no man dared to cry, 'God save him.' If any did feel anger or pity, he was afraid to show it, and so Louis went through a dumb city to his death, bewailed no doubt by many a one, but with none to strike one blow in his defence.

When he stood on the scaffold he began a speech, in which he had just time again to avow his innocence. Fearing lest his words might produce an upstir in his favour, the officer in command ordered the

drums to be beaten, and so his voice was drowned. The officer then said, 'Executioners, do your duty!' and six men seized Louis and bound him to a plank. The Abbé Edgeworth kept near, and just as the heavy axe was falling said, 'Son of St. Louis, ascend to Heaven!'

The executioner, whose name was Samson, lifted up the head, and held it out for the people to look at. Loud shouts of 'Vive la République!' arose, and some of the people dipped their handkerchiefs, and others the points of their pikes, in the blood. 'It is done! it is done!' cried the King's foes. It was indeed done and could not be undone, but it divided the friends and it united the enemies of the Revolution.

The deputy who had been stabbed in the eating-house was buried on the Thursday after, with a great show of lamentation. The whole Convention in a body and the entire club of the Jacobins were at the funeral.

Many who had been ardent promoters of the Revolution were horrified at the murder of the King, and especially the Girondins, who, from that hour, became the enemies of the more advanced men, and who, being the smaller and less popular party, were brought into the dust of death, as we shall see hereafter, though not before they had had a gallant but hopeless fight for their own principles of constitutional liberty.

A PERILOUS WOLF HUNT.

IN Norway, one day, four young men resolved to amuse themselves by a wolf hunt, and knowing that these animals are exceedingly partial to pork, they procured an unlucky young pig, sewed him up in a sack, leaving only his snout free, and packed him into the sledge, to the back of which was fastened by a long rope a bundle of straw covered by a black sheepskin. When the sledge was in motion this bundle dangled about like a young porker. On arriving at a favourable spot the eager young hunters pinched the pig, which of course squealed lustily, soon drawing a crowd of lean, gaunt, famished wolves about the sledge. As they approached within range the party opened fire, bringing several to the ground, all of which were speedily torn to pieces and devoured by their comrades.

But this feast of blood only made the starving animals more fierce and savage, so that they advanced to the sledge resolved on an immediate assault. This was rather alarming, and, as a means of self-protection, the young men threw the poor pig to the wolves, thus occupying their attention for a few minutes. But now a terrible accident happened. The horse, driven to madness by the howling and rushing of the wolves, struggled and plunged so violently that he broke the shaft in pieces and made his escape, pursued by about a dozen of the wolves. The position of the young men was now one of great danger, for, though plentifully supplied with ammunition, they had no time to load and batter off their enemies at the same time; but they fell upon an ingenious plan of defending themselves, and one which happily turned out to be successful. They speedily turned the sledge bottom upwards and took refuge beneath, firing through the crevices upon their snarling adversaries, while sufficiently protected themselves by the strong sides of the sledge. In this temporary asylum they remained for several hours, the wolves yelping around them, and tearing at the sledge with their claws. Eventually the rash young men were rescued from their uncomfortable position by some friends.

B. M.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

60. A PALACE in a city, called 'The Red,'
A palace old yet charming in decay;
Five centuries have rolled above its head,
And still its gold is fresh, its fountains play.

Its fretted work, its blue and carmine hues,
Look new and bright, as though in this charmed place
Devouring Time had worn his softest shoes,
And left few prints or wrinkles on its face.

In every marble court, on wall and tower
Is written, 'God is conqueror alone;'
And sure such trust in His Almighty power,
Whatever house we build, we ought to own.

Oh, who shall tell of all its marble floors,
Its cedar roofs with ivory inlaid,
Enchanting landscape, seen through fretted doors,
Its lacing elms, and beautiful cascade?

Here, in a corner of this eastern room,
And pierced with many holes, a slab is seen;
Hence rose the costly incense of perfume
To greet the nostrils of its sumptuous Queen.

As, with her maids of honour round her, she
Her toilet made, to please my lord the King,
And close beside the rose and orange tree,
And singing birds and waters murmuring.

A stride or two and we are in a room,
The scene of murder for all time renowned;
Our guide here pausing, slowly tells their doom,
And points to bloody footmarks on the ground.

The chivalrous, the brave! 'twas here they died,
And in their death they dragged a kingdom down;
For blood will cry as it has ever cried,
And eats with rust the monarch and his crown

ARITHMETICAL.

61. WE went into the shop of a bookseller,
And cast our eyes his dainty shelves around,
My wife and I. Said I, 'Dear Arabella,
Are not these volumes beautifully bound?'
And she replied, 'They are; but, by my soul,
They are too handsome for our humble cot;
Yet those, perhaps' (and, with her parasol,
She pointed to a less resplendent lot),
'Yes, those might suit us; ask the price of *ten*.'
I did, and found it less than we had thought.
So she continued, '*Fifteen* more, dear Ben,
Would fill our shelf;' so twenty-five we bought,
All at one price. Now, lads, just look alive
And tell the cost. Allow me but to say
More than those ten by *shillings thirty-five*
Were those fifteen in price; so work away!

[*Answers at page* 327.]

A WISE RESOLUTION.

'GEORGE,' said his mother, one dull afternoon, 'run across the street with this bottle and get it filled with my medicine. Now take care of the bottle, George.'

'Yes, mother,' said the boy, quite delighted to run an errand. 'But what medicine shall I ask for, mother?'

'The name is written on this paper,' she replied. 'Just give it to the man, and he will know.'

Away ran George, but during his walk he opened the paper, and saw this word, 'Brandy.' 'Ah!' said he to himself, shaking his head, 'mother is never the better for that kind of medicine, I am sure. It makes her so cross. Why, yesterday she beat poor little baby. Then she quarrels with father and makes us all unhappy. When I grow up I never will touch a single drop of the nasty stuff!'

Right, George, and if you hold to this resolution you will probably live a happy, useful, and honcured life.

D. B.

A LIE.—The Chinese proverb says a lie has no legs, and cannot stand; but it has wings, and can fly far and wide.

BETTER DO IT THAN KNOW HOW TO DO IT.

IT happened at Athens during a public exhibition, that an old gentleman came too late for a place which was considered suitable to his age and quality. Some of the young men, who observed the confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would make room for him if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accordingly; but, when he came to the seat to which he had been invited, the fun was to sit close and expose him, as he stood abashed, to the titters of the whole audience. This frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on these occasions there were also particular places assigned for foreigners; and when the old gentleman made towards the stalls appointed for the Lacedæmonians (or Spartans), those honest fellows rose up as if they had been one man, and with the greatest respect received him among them. The Athenians being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue and their own bad manners, gave a thunder of applause; on which the old man cried out, 'The Athenians understand what is good, but the Spartans practise it.'

G. S. O.

A SHORT-SIGHTED HORSE.

A CORRESPONDENT of a sporting paper, thinking that his horse was short-sighted, had his eyes examined by an oculist, who certified that the horse had a No. 7 eye and required concave glasses. These were obtained and fitted on to the horse's head. At first the horse was a little surprised, but he soon showed signs of the keenest pleasure, and he now stands all the morning looking over the half-door of his stable with his spectacles on, gazing around him with an air of sedate enjoyment. When driven his manner is altogether changed from his former timidity, but if pastured without his spectacles on he hangs about the gate, whinnying in a minor key. If the spectacles are replaced, he kicks up his heels and scampers about with delight.

INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.

TO dream of a millstone around your neck is a sign of what you may expect if you get an extravagant wife. When a young lady dreams of a coffin it betokens that she should instantly give up lacing her stays tightly, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather. To dream of fire is a sign that, if you are wise, you will see that the lights in your house are all safely out before you go to bed. To dream that your nose is red at the tip, is a warning that you had better leave off brandy and water.

INGRATITUDE.

MY dear, it's nonsense thus to speak,
The deed is done, you know.
I feel it just as much as you;
It is a dreadful blow

To think that one we loved so well,
And treated like a son,
Should leave us now without a word
Of thanks for what we've done!

But, wife, you need lament no more,
It will not bring him back;
Just leave him where he is until
He feels the bitter lack

Of friends, and home, and tender care,
On that wild, foreign shore;
Then he will write a letter home,
Our pardon to implore.'

And so it was . . . the letter came,
All blistered o'er with tears,
And Charlie begged to be forgiven
The faults of former years.

He said that he was working hard
To pay his passage home,
And, oh, if they would welcome him,
He never more would roam!

B. M.

IN MID-OCEAN.

(*Continued from p.* 303.)

THEY then all got into the boat, which was very deeply laden; but they got safe on shore, although she leaked very much. Having landed the goats and sheep, William led them up to the tent, where they remained very quietly; the pigs had run away, and so had the fowls; but this was to be expected.

'We shall have plenty to do here to-morrow,' observed Mr. Seagrave, 'in getting things into their places.'

'We shall have plenty to do for some time, I expect,' replied Ready. 'In two months, or thereabouts, we shall have the rainy season come on, and we must be under cover before that time, if we possibly can. We can't expect this weather to last all the year round.'

'What's the first thing we must do, Ready?' inquired Mr. Seagrave.

'To-morrow, we had better fix up another tent or two, to stow away all the articles we have brought on shore: that will be one good day's work; we shall then know where to lay our hands upon everything, and see what we want.'

'That's very true; and what shall we do then?'

'Why, then, sir, I think we must make a little expedition to explore the island, and find out where we must build our house.'

'Can we build a house?' said William.

'Oh, yes, sir, and with more ease than you would think. There's no trees so valuable as the cocoanut-tree; and the wood is so light that we can easily move it about.'

'Why, what are the great merits of the cocoanut-tree?' said Mrs. Seagrave.

'I'll tell you, madam: in the first place, you have the wood to build the house with; then you have the bark, with which you can make ropes and lines, and fishing-nets if you please; then you have the leaves for thatching your house, and also for thatching your head if you please, for you may make good hats out of it, and baskets also; then you have the fruit, which, as a nut, is good to eat, and very useful in cooking; and in the young nut is the milk, which is also very wholesome; then you have the oil to burn, and the shell to make cups of, if you haven't any, and then you can draw toddy from the tree, which is very pleasant to drink when fresh, but will make you tipsy if it is kept too long. There is no tree which yields so many useful things to man.'

'I had no idea of that,' replied Mrs. Seagrave.

'At all events we've plenty of them,' said William.

'Yes, Master William, there's no want of them; and I am glad of it, for had there been but few, I should not have liked to destroy them. People might be wrecked here as well as ourselves, and without the good fortune that we have had in getting so many necessaries on shore; and they might be obliged to depend wholly upon the cocoanut-trees for their support.'

When breakfast was over the next morning, Ready observed, 'Now, Mr. Seagrave, we must hold a council of war, and decide upon an exploring party for to-morrow; and, when we have settled that, we will find some useful way of employing ourselves for the rest of the day. The first question is, of whom is the party to consist—and upon that I wish to hear your opinion.'

'And which would you prefer, Ready?' said Mrs. Seagrave.

'Master William, certainly, ma'am, if you will let him go with me.'

'Well, then, William shall go with you, Ready;—that point's settled,' observed Mr. Seagrave: 'what is the next?'

'The next is to prepare for our journey. We must take some provisions and water with us, a gun and some ammunition, a large axe for me, and one of the hatchets for Master William.'

'When do you intend to start?' said Mr. Seagrave.

'Why, sir, I should like to get off at the dawn of day, when the heat is not so great.'

'And when do you intend to come back?' said Mrs. Seagrave.

'Why, madam, we have provisions enough for three days: if we start to-morrow morning, which is Wednesday, I hope to be back some time on Friday evening; but I won't be later than Saturday morning, if I can help it.'

'Good night—and good-bye, mother,' said William, 'for I shall not see you to-morrow.'

'God bless and protect you, my dear boy,' replied Mrs. Seagrave.

Ready was up before the sun had appeared, and he awakened William. The knapsacks had been already packed, with two bottles of water in each, wrapped round with cocoanut leaves to prevent their breaking, and the beef and pork divided between each knapsack. Ready's, which was larger than William's, held the biscuit and several other things which Ready had prepared in case they might require them.

As soon as the knapsacks were on, Ready took the axe and gun, and asked William if he thought he could carry a small spade on his shoulder, which they had brought on shore along with the shovels.

William replied that he could. Just as the sun rose, they turned into the cocoanut grove, and were soon out of sight of the tents.

'I hope we shall not meet with anything dangerous,' said William.

'Though not likely, it is possible there may be wild animals on this island, or even savages; we must always be prepared for the worst in an unknown country; but being alarmed is one thing, Master William, and being afraid is another. A man may be alarmed and stand his ground, but a man that is afraid will run away.'

'I do not think I shall ever run away and leave you, Ready, if there is danger.'

'I'm sure you will not, Master William; but still you must not be rash. And now we will go on.'

Ready and William continued their way through the cocoanut grove for more than an hour longer, marking the trees as they went along; they then sat down to take their breakfast.

Ready and William set out again on their journey; and after half-an-hour's walking they found that the ground was not so level as it had been—sometimes they went gradually up hill, at others down.

'I am very glad to find the island is not so flat

here, Master Willy; we have a better chance of finding water.'

'But look, it is much steeper before us,' replied William; 'it's quite a hill.'

'So much the better—let us push on.'

The ground now became more undulating, although still covered with cocoanut-trees, even thicker than before. They continued their march until William showed signs of weariness, for the wood had become more difficult to get through than at first.

'How many miles do you think we have walked, Ready?' said Willy.

'About eight, I should think.'

'Not more than eight?'

'No; I do not think that, altogether, we have made more than two miles an hour; but I think the wood looks lighter before us, now that we are at the top of this hill.'

'It does, Ready; I fancy I can see the blue sky again.'

'Your eyes are younger than mine, Master William, and perhaps you may; however, we shall soon find out.'

They now descended into a small hollow, and then went up hill again. As soon as they arrived at the top, William cried out, 'The sea, Ready! there's the sea!'

'Very true, Master William, and I'm not sorry for it.'

'I thought we never should have got out of that nasty wood again,' said William, as he pushed on, and at last stood clear of the cocoanut grove.

'Oh, how beautiful!' exclaimed William at last; 'I'm sure mother would like to live here. I thought the other side of the island very pretty, but it's nothing compared to this.'

'It's very beautiful, Master William,' replied Ready, thoughtfully. 'Perhaps a more lovely scene could scarcely be imagined.'

The cocoanut grove terminated about a quarter of a mile from the beach, for there was a rapid descent for about thirty feet from where they stood to the land below, on which there were grass knolls and brushwood, to about fifty yards from the water's edge.

The water was of a deep blue, except where it was broken into white foam on the reefs, which extended for miles from the beach, and the rocks of which now and then showed themselves above the water.

'What is that out there?' said William, pointing to the right of where they stood.

'That is another island, Master William, which I am very glad to see even in that direction, although it will not be so easy to gain it, if we are obliged to leave this for want of water; it is, however, possible that we might. It is a much larger island than this, at all events,' continued Ready, scanning the length of the horizon, along which he could see the tops of the trees. 'Well, Master Willy, we have done very well for our first day. I am rather tired, and so, I presume, are you; so now we will go and look for a place to lie down and pass the night.'

They returned to the high ground where the cocoanut grove ended, and collecting together several branches and piles of leaves made a soft bed under the trees.

'And now we'll have a little water and go to bed Look, Master William, at the long shadow of the trees; the sun has nearly set.'

(*Continued at page* 318.)

PEPPER.

THE value of pepper in cooking seems to have been known long ago. When Rome had to be ransomed from its barbarian conqueror in the year 409, Alaric included 3000 lbs. of pepper amongst the payments. Its use as a medicine was common in the days of Hippocrates, who applied it, moistened with alcohol, to the skin of his patients. Just as sugar and tea have been in past times so dear as only to be within the reach of the wealthy, so pepper was in the middle ages a very costly condiment. So much was it valued that a small packet was at that time deemed a suitable present to offer a great person.

Common, or black pepper, is now grown in many tropical countries. It is a climbing plant some twelve feet high, bearing fruit of a bright red colour the size of a pea, which, when dried, turns black.

CRICKET IN THE OLDEN TIME.

MORE than a hundred years ago cricket was a favourite game with English gentlemen, and several clubs were in existence, some of which had already acquired a great reputation. But the game was far from being as generally practised as it is now; indeed racket and tennis were the most popular games in the last century; and though there were racket and tennis courts in plenty, there were few regular cricket fields; any smooth piece of ground being taken advantage of, and matches were frequently played on the village green.

Though the rules of the game were much the same as they are now, the instruments used in playing it were very different; for the bat rather resembled a huge curved club than that which is at present in use, and there were only two stumps instead of three.

In the *Laws of Cricket*, published in 1774, we are told that the bat must not exceed four inches and a quarter in its widest part. The stumps must be only twenty-two inches high, and the bail six inches long; whilst the ball should not weigh less than five ounces and a half, nor more than five ounces and three quarters. The distance between the wickets was twenty-two yards.

There was no cricketing costume at that time, neither flannels, leggings, gloves, nor cricketing shoes. The gentlemen threw off their three-cornered cocked hats, pulled off their gold-laced coats, and waistcoats, and played in their ruffled shirts, knee-breeches, silk stockings, and high-heeled shoes. Their pig-tails would not be much in the way; but fancy receiving a five-ounce ball on your shins, with nothing to protect them but thin silk stockings! However, it was not quite so dangerous then as it would be to defend your wicket in such a costume now, for all the bowling was under-hand; and the fastest bowling of those days would be thought very slow indeed at the present time.

A. R.

Cricket in the Olden Time.

"If little water do for Negro, then little water do for you, too."

THE AMISTAD CAPTIVES.

ABOUT the year 1839 a number of Negroes were stolen from their native villages in a country south-east of Sierra Leone, and brought to Lomboko on the coast of Africa. Here they remained for several weeks, until six or seven hundred more were collected, when the whole of them were put in irons and stowed in the hold of a Portuguese ship, which immediately put out to sea. Being chased by a British cruiser, she returned, landed her human cargo, and the vessel was seized and sent to Sierra Leone. After some time the Negroes were placed in another ship, called the *Tecora*. They suffered terribly during the passage, but they were landed at Havannah and driven into a barracoon, which was an enclosure without a roof, and similar to those used for cattle. In about ten days between thirty and forty of the Negroes were bought by two Spaniards, José Ruiz and Pedro Montez, and were put on board a vessel called the *Amistad*, on which were also three little girls and a boy. The vessel, which was a schooner, was bound for Principe, in Cuba.

The Negroes were all kept in irons, and when the vessel put to sea they were allowed a very scanty supply of food, one banana being made to last for a day or two, whilst a small cup of water a-day was doled out to each of them. They were mostly from the same country, though of different tribes, and some of them were men of great intelligence, especially one who was named Cinque.

The cook, who was a Spaniard, thinking to frighten them, made them understand by signs that as soon as they arrived at their journey's end they would all be killed and salted down as food, and he pointed to some barrels of beef that were on deck, and then to an empty one, to explain what he meant. The negroes were greatly alarmed at this prospect, and when they were called up on deck at four o'clock to receive their food, Cinque found a nail, which he concealed under his arm. In the night they held a council, and asked Cinque what they had better do. He replied, 'If we do nothing, we be killed. We may as well die in trying to be free as be killed and eaten.' He then, by means of the nail, and with the assistance of one of his companions, freed himself from his fetters, and then he wrested the chains from the necks and ankles of his countrymen.

When delivered from their irons, the negroes armed themselves with cane-knives, some boxes of which were in the hold; and at about four o'clock in the morning they rushed on deck. Cinque killed the cook; but the captain fought desperately, killing two of the Africans and wounding several others, whilst two of the sailors leaped over the side of the vessel and were most likely drowned, as they were far from land.

The tables were now completely turned, and the slaves were the masters. Cinque took command of the vessel, and placed one of the Negroes, named Si-si, at the rudder, giving his companions plenty to eat and drink. Ruiz and Montez had fled to the hold; but they were dragged out, and Cinque ordered them to be put in irons. They cried, and begged not to be put in chains; but Cinque said, 'You say fetters good for Negro; if good for Negro, then good for Spanish man too; you try them for two days and see how you feel.' They asked for water, and it was dealt out to them in the same little cup which they had used in dealing it out to the Africans. They complained of thirst; but Cinque said, 'You say little water enough for Negro; if little water do for Negro, then little water do for you too.'

Cinque afterwards said that he felt very sorry for the Spaniards when he saw them crying so; he only wanted them to see how good it was to be treated like the poor slaves; and in two days their irons were removed and they were treated with kindness.

In a day or two Ruiz and Montez wrote a letter, and told Cinque that if he gave it to the captain of any ship they met they would be taken to Sierra Leone. The shrewd Negro took the letter, but he said to his fellows, 'We have no letter in our country. I don't know what is in the letter; there may be death in it.' So he tied a piece of iron to it with some string and dropped it into the sea.

In August, 1839, they arrived in the vicinity of New York, where the appearance of the long, black, piratical-looking schooner, manned by Negroes, excited great surprise and suspicion. Several vessels were sent after her, and she was captured by Lieutenant Gedney, of the brig *Washington*. He found she was the *Amistad;* and on questioning the Negroes on board of her, they gave him to understand that they had been carried off from their own country and sold as slaves; that they had killed the captain and some of the crew, and were now trying to get back to Africa. The Lieutenant at once took them prisoners, and lodged them all in Newhaven jail. The two Spaniards, Ruiz and Montez, immediately claimed them as their property, and had them indited for conspiracy and murder; but as these offences had been committed on board of a Spanish vessel the American court had no jurisdiction, and the charges were dismissed. The negroes were, however, kept prisoners until it was decided whether they should be delivered up to the Cuban authorities, who now claimed them, or sent back to Africa. But though the Government of the United States finally decided on delivering them up, the district judge pronounced them to be free men, as they had been kidnapped in Africa; so they were released from prison and allowed to go where they would.

Great interest had been excited in the fate of these poor Negroes, and they were known as 'The Amistad Captives.' The anti-slavery societies excited themselves in their cause, and they were also assisted by private benevolence. They soon learnt enough English to give a full account of themselves. They said that they had been carried off from a country they called Mendi, but which is known to geographers as Kossa, and is about 120 miles from Sierra Leone. Many of them showed great aptitude, and little exhibitions were got up in which they gave an account of their adventures and sang songs, the proceeds of the entertainment going to form a fund to enable them to

return to their own country; and at length, after a farewell meeting, the Amistad captives left New York November 27, 1841. There were thirty-five of them, and they took with them five missionaries to spread the Gospel in their native land. Their stay in America greatly promoted the abolition of slavery.

A. R.

QUEER PEOPLE.

AMONG the twenty or more nations that go to make up the population of British India, there are, as might be expected, some tribes with very odd peculiarities, customs, and languages, more especially among the hillmen, or mountaineers; but even the civilised men of the plains have funny ways of expressing themselves. If you ask an Eastern Bengali, for instance, how far off such and such a place is, instead of saying how many miles, he will tell you it is so many shouts of the voice, or so many distances as far as the eye can reach; and as the powers of the voice and eyesight differ considerably in various individuals, the information is rather confusing to a stranger to native customs, however well he may understand the language.

In some parts of the Himalayan mountains the inhabitants wear their suits of sheepskin clothing until they begin to fall to pieces from sheer age and rottenness. The garments last about seven years, and if you ask a man how old he is, he will tell you how many suits of clothes he has had. I need not say that none would trouble such folk for the loan of a coat, however cold he might feel.

This tribe eat twice a-day, early in the morning and late in the afternoon, while between these meals the pipe is never out of their mouths. If you ask one the time, he will mention the number of pipes he has smoked, and as a pipe lasts about half an hour you reckon from about seven in the morning. He also judges distances by the pipe: this place is so many pipes behind, or he will smoke so many pipes before he reaches that place.

There are tribes inhabiting the dense forests of Madras who live in trees, building their huts on the branches thirty and forty feet from the ground. They are called Sholahpoois, or woodmen, living almost entirely upon wild roots and fruit, with a few birds captured at night. When they do visit the more civilised parts, they climb from tree to tree like monkeys, until the open country is reached, seldom using the ground; when in their own forests, on account of the numerous wild beasts and reptiles that roam about beneath their dwellings, the entrance to which is merely a hole about three feet from the floor, which prevents the babies from tumbling out.

As for the little children, they begin to scramble among the branches about the age that other small mites learn to toddle, and it makes a person quite dizzy to see such urchins of three and four crawling about the tree-tops; but accidents very rarely happen, instinct telling them to cling on tightly. The parents seem to consider their offspring quite as safe on the branches as other people would think theirs in an ordinary garden.

In North-east India the different hill-folk have what to us seem very comical ways. The Khassias live in a climate so damp and moist that the wonder is they do not all die from rheumatism. The rain that falls on their mountains is twelve times more than that which we get in England, and yet this bare-legged race go about in this deluge almost without any illness. They build their villages on the very edges of precipices, paying no attention to the violent earthquakes that occur about every two months. The names given to the villages always have reference to something that has occurred there or to some peculiarity of the place. As the language of the tribe is in short words of one syllable, half-a-dozen words are sometimes strung together to name a place.

An inroad of bandicoots once destroyed the entire crops of a village, which has since been called 'The village of the tailless rat.' Another place is named 'The village where you bend your back;' it is surrounded by a natural rampart of rock, through which a few tunnels have been made, but through none of which a full-grown person can enter in an upright position, hence the name. One is called in the native language *Nongmaolungkyneng*—that is a dreadful mouthful, isn't it? It means 'The village of the stone that stands upright,' there being an enormous Druidical pillar on an adjacent hill.

The Khassias' personal names, and those of animals, are queer enough. Most animals are named from the noise they make, and these names are given to the children; so, when translated into English, you find a man called the Otter, or *Ook-see*, the cry that animal utters. Perhaps the funniest is that of the cat, called *Ka meeyow;* this is invariably given to women. If you christened one of your daughters 'The cat' in England, it would hardly be considered proper; but even 'Pig' is not an uncommon name. I had a brother and sister as servants, the former named 'The snipe,' or *Oocheep*, the latter answering to the name of *Ka seang*, or 'The spoon!' The names are pronounced so as to resemble, as nearly as possible, the cry or voice of the animal; therefore, you may imagine the effect of people calling to one another in a crowd. So many folk have the same names that, to prevent confusion, the name of the village is added, which, however handy for the people themselves, is rather puzzling to a stranger. How would you like to have a cousin or other relative called 'The cat of the village of the upright standing stone?' or, to put it in the native language, *Ka meeyow nongmaolungkyneng!* What a visiting card a young lady of that name would need! What would the clergyman who christened her, or the London footman who announced her entrance into a drawing-room, make of it? Only fancy!

The Khassias have a pleasant, cheery greeting for all strangers, and however heavy their burden, or rough the road or weather, when meeting one, give a nod, and say, '*Khu bla!*' 'God's blessing on you!'

They have few superstitions, but they regard certain forest groves as sacred, like the ancient Druids, though they have nothing to do with the Druidical stones scattered all over their hills; in fact, these stones are a puzzle to every one who has seen them. The people burn their dead, except in some out-of-the-way villages, in the wildest part of the mountains where honey is plentiful; and in such places any one of importance is, after death, preserved in honey for one year, then smoked like a herring, and kept on a bamboo platform. They call the sun a female and the moon a male, they consult omens like the ancient Romans, and, when a man dies, all his property goes not to his son but to his eldest nephew or niece. Their language is quite distinct from any of the tribes around them, and they have some most curious legends and tales. They state that their first parents were animals, but were turned into human beings by an angel. They are brave, honest, and hospitable to strangers. O. W.

A FALSE ALARM.

'OH, my!' shrieked our Jane; 'on the top of the table
A rat sits disporting itself at its ease;
Oh, mercy preserve us! I'm really not able
To bear with such vermin. Help! help! if you please.'

Then mother came running, and father beside her,
But neither a rat nor a mouse could they view;
So mother began very gently to chide her,
And said, 'You know, Jane, that this never will do.'

'Oh, ma'am, said the girl, who seemed vexed at her folly,
'I see that it is not a rat after all;
'Tis the little fur muff which Miss made for her dolly—
I found it myself on a chair in the hall!' M. K.

A MONARCH'S CAPRICES.

PAUL I., son of the great Empress Catherine of Russia, amongst many other faults had one which was particularly irritating to his subjects. Instead of allowing his people to dress as they chose, he constantly made new rules about the shape and style of their garments, and any one failing to comply with his requirements was instantly imprisoned.

A comical story is told of an iron-founder in St. Petersburg, whose clerks, mostly Englishmen, were nearly all unfortunate enough to break these 'sumptuary laws' in one day. A message had to be sent to the governor of the city, and the foreman set off, rather hurriedly, to carry it. An order had just been issued forbidding round hats, but the foreman not having heard of this, put on his hat as usual, and was, of course, arrested by the police. As he did not return to the office, his master despatched a clerk to inquire the cause of his long absence; but the clerk was wearing a neckcloth, and this article being also forbidden, he was quickly consigned to prison.

It was not until six or seven men had been sent from the office in succession, and had each fallen into the hands of the police, that the iron-founder discovered what had become of his clerks.

Fearing lest he also should be arrested for unconsciously breaking some new rule, he attired himself in a full dress suit, ordered his carriage to be brought round with the blinds carefully closed, and drove off to call upon the governor and the head of the police. It was not, however, without much difficulty that he succeeded in obtaining the release of the unfortunate clerks. H. L. T.

THE STOLEN BOX.

I'VE got it at last, do you see!
It's full, I am certain, of gold!
The owner's a miser, a horrid old churl,
As rich as a Jew I've been told.

And why should one man be so rich,
While I am so horridly poor?
I have not a penny to buy me some food,
Or a bottle of liquor, I'm sure!

Ah, Peter! a thief you must be,
And who is so mean as a thief?
Put back that old box in its place, if you're wise,
Or it surely will bring you to grief.

Go! work, Peter! work like a man,
And earn for yourself what you need;
For never a blessing can any one find
In laziness, thieving, and greed. B. M.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

62. I'M oval-featured, with a shelving side,
Save in some parts; and though not lacking all
The means of shelter, they who dare to ride
Upon me, let them watch the sudden squall,
Chiefly when on my southern brink they run,
Or from the setting to the rising sun,
Or otherwise. Of all the sisters five,
On whom the sunbeams glint, the tempests drive,
In whom the Northern Bear can see his face,
I am the least in size, but not in grace.

I'm fed by what I am; 'tis broken food,
And by a hammer such as is unknown
In other lands. Oh, if a shock so rude
You were to suffer, you would make one moan,
And then lie dead and cold as any stone!
They say—for I have seen it not—to see
The giant mill, that grinds to atoms there
That nourishment which gives new life to me,
Is a sight terrible, yet strangely fair.
I have a child, in whom my sisters share
One of earth's greatest, view him as you may,
Who feeds your mighty mother day by day;
For none of us can idleness afford,
We are all servants of one working Lord!

ARITHMETICAL.

63. PLAIN Tom by name my page is,
Eight pounds a-year his wages,
His button'd frock is heaven's own blue,
His nether garments have that hue
Canaries have in cages.

I like things done instanter;
Tom wastes his time in banter.
But yesterday, in some mad joke,
The careless monkey went and broke
My second best decanter!

'You'll leave,' said I, 'this morning,
Without the usual warning,
And take your clothes;'—the pert male minx
Said, 'Thank you, Sir,' with odious winks,
'They're just the things for pawning!'

'But mark you, Tom, that raiment
Ir eckon as part payment.'
The countenance of Thomas fell,
Because he knew his master well,
And when he yea said, yea meant.

'*Seven months* on me you've waited,
The day you came I dated,
The suit you so much scorn was dear,
As you may see; its cost is here,
By Snip the tailor stated!'

Tom had, no doubt, his feelings
About his master's dealings,
He netted *two pound three and four*,
And now, *what cost those clothes* he wore,
Those blue and brimstone peelings?

G. S. O.

[*Answers at page* 327.]

IN MID-OCEAN.

(*Continued from p.* 311.)

WHEN William woke next morning he found Ready holding something in his hand which he was regarding with a troubled, anxious look.

'Why, Ready, what have you there?'

'Nothing much in itself, Master William, but it tells of a danger I have dreaded since your sharp eyes caught sight of yonder island. It is a charred piece of an Indian paddle, and I found it on the beach near some other embers, which goes to show that though this island may be uninhabited, the other one is, has people on it, and they sometimes visit this one.'

'I've also found water and a good site for a house near that cliff, which, as you see, stands out from the land so as to command the sea on either side; and that point must be our signal station. I think, Master Willy, that we had better get back as soon as possible, for though our neighbours may not at this season pay us a visit, the sooner the house is built the better, for we shall then not only be better able to watch their movements but also to keep a regular look-out for any passing vessel. Come, let us breakfast now, and we shall have plenty of time to examine the site for a house before returning to the tents.'

Taking the knapsacks, they made for the promontory, and breakfasted by the side of a rill of clear, sparkling water, that ran from under some rocks, down a gully in the cliff, into the sea.

'Pity,' said Ready, 'to see so much good water wasted.'

William looked about him delighted. Here was a knoll exactly suited for a house, and surrounded by brushwood that showed the soil it sprang from was rich and well adapted for a garden.

'I need hardly tell you, Master William,' said Ready, 'not to say a word to your mother about the piece of paddle. We must consult Mr. Seagrave, and as I said before we need hardly look for a visit until after the rainy season has passed; and as that will not be upon us for another two months, if we all work hard we ought to have a house surrounded by a stockade built here by that time, and be capable of defending ourselves successfully. But come, we have no time to lose.'

They started at once, and as the marks they had made on the trees as they came through the grove guided them, the progress homeward was so rapid that the tents were reached before sunset.

Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave were delighted to see them, though at first fearing that some danger had caused such an unexpected return.

While William entertained his mother with a description of the exploration, Ready took Mr. Seagrave on one side, and confided to him the probable danger and the necessity of being prepared for it.

It is unnecessary to record the daily proceedings of the next two months. Every moment of daylight

was devoted to getting the house ready before the rainy season. All worked hard, and though the timber from the cabin of the wreck, already fashioned, saved a good deal of trouble, still they had only moved into the new house the night before the first storm burst upon them. The wind blew with great force; the lightning was vivid, and the thunder appalling, while the rain descended in a continual torrent. The animals left the pastures, and sheltered themselves in the grove; the dogs crouched under the bed-places; and although noonday, it was so dark that they could not see to read.

Ready was the first up in the morning, and looked out to the offing as usual. He thought he saw a ship to the north-east, and he applied his telescope to his eye. He was not mistaken; it was a vessel.

Cautiously communicating the joyful intelligence, the old man hoisted the ensign on the cliff flag-staff that had been erected, and below the old ship's flag, with the name *Pacific* in large letters on it. Then directing William to set fire to a large stack of fagots that had been prepared for the purpose, a dense column of smoke rose high into the air.

All watched the experiments with breathless expectation, regardless of a remark from Ready, that the heavy clouds banking up on the horizon indicated the approach of a heavy gale.

'She sees us! she sees us!' cried William, as the brig hoisted her ensign.

Mr. Seagrave embraced his wife, who threw herself sobbing into his arms, kissed his children with rapture, and wrung old Ready's hand. He was almost frantic with joy.

As soon as they were a little more composed, Ready observed: 'Mr. Seagrave, that they have seen us is certain. I doubt if they will, however, venture to send a boat on shore until the wind moderates a little. You see, sir, it is blowing up very strong now.'

'But you don't think it will blow harder, Ready?'

'I am sorry to say, sir, that I do. It looks very threatening to the southward, and until the gale is over they will not venture near an island so surrounded with rocks.'

'But surely,' said Mrs. Seagrave, 'even if it does blow, they will not leave the island without taking us off.'

'Yes, madam; if they can, I do think they will.'

The brig had, in the meantime, kept away again, as if she was running in; but very soon afterwards she hauled to the wind, with her head to the northward, and stood away from the island.

'She is leaving us!' exclaimed William, mournfully.

'Hard-hearted wretches!' said Mr. Seagrave, with indignation.

'You are wrong to say that, sir,' replied Ready. 'If I was in command of that vessel I should do just as they have done. The gale rises fast, and it would be very dangerous for them to remain where they now are. It does not at all prove that they intend to leave us; they but consult their own safety, and, when the gale is over, we shall, I trust, see them again.'

'Tell me, Ready,' said Mrs. Seagrave, 'do you really think that the vessel will come back for us?'

'I will tell you what our chances are, madam, and I can do no more. I consider we have much to be thankful for. No one knew whether we were in existence or not, and probably we never should have been searched for; but now we have made it known and by the ship's name on the flag they know who we are, and, if they arrive safe in port, will not fail to communicate the intelligence to your friends. Is not that a great deal to be thankful for? We may not be taken off by this vessel, but we have every hope that another will be sent out to us.'

'Very true, Ready; I ought to have seen that before. We must trust in God.'

'I'm glad to hear you say that, sir,' replied Ready; 'I thought you would soon return to your usual frame of mind.'

So much had the party been taken up with watching for the vessel's return, that their ordinary avocations had been neglected; but as they grew calmer the usual daily duties were resumed.

An event occurred about three months after the disappearance of the brig which not only caused them great alarm, but made them anxious to put the house in a state of defence.

William and Ready had decided upon visiting the tents which had been left standing, it being considered useless to undertake the exertion of bringing them round from the other side of the island.

Taking the boat they had a long pull against the wind, but, as Ready remarked, they could soon sail back. At length, reaching the cove, they stepped on shore, and while inspecting the tents came upon the embers of a recent fire, and near it some fish bones.

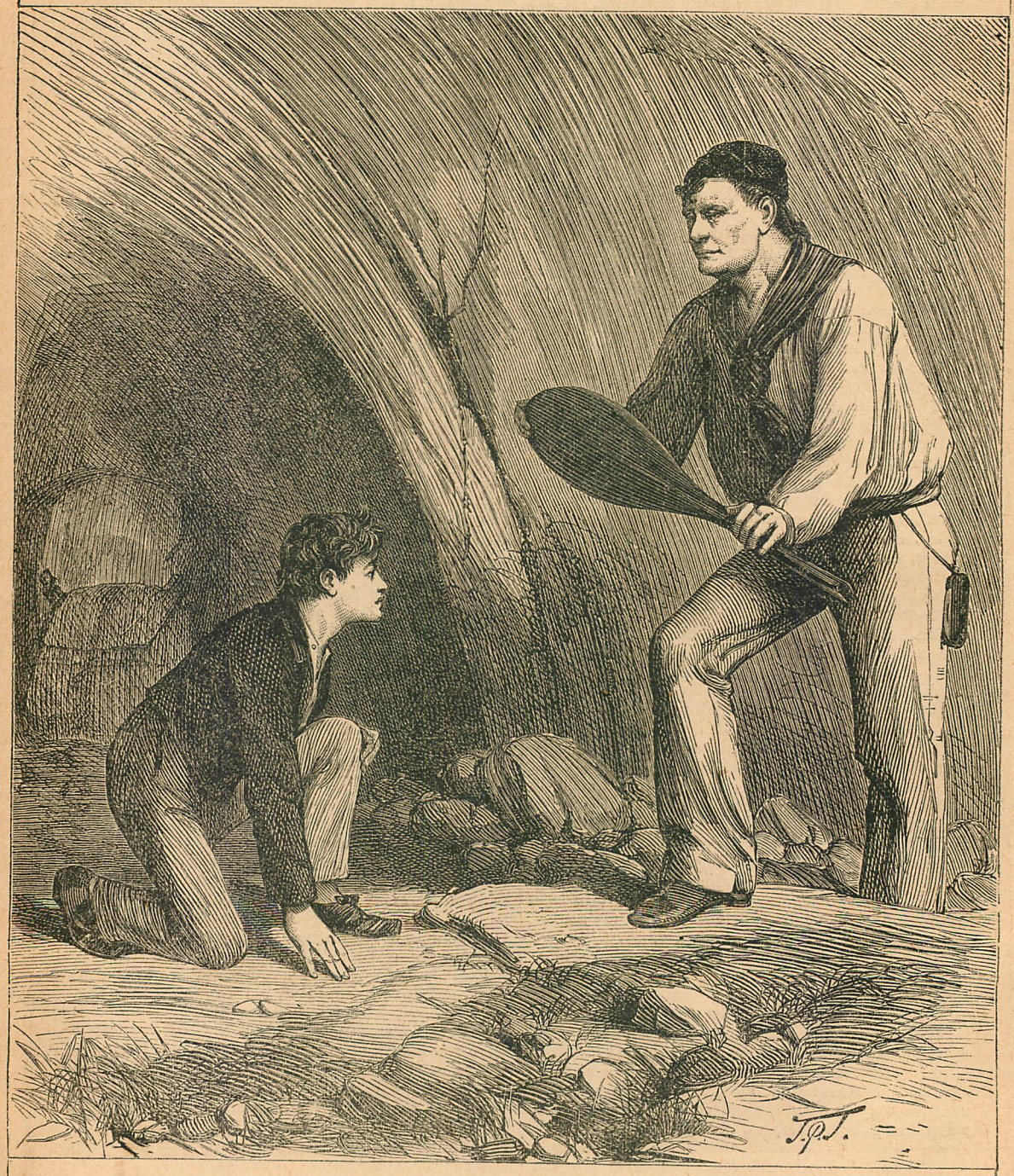
Ready looked exceedingly grave at this discovery. 'Master William,' said he, 'the natives from the other island have been here; we must lose no time, but just take a look at the wreck, and return at once.'

They pulled hastily to what was left of the *Pacific*, and quickly found ample evidence of a recent visit; as attempts had been made to cut out the ring-bolts and other iron work.

'Look here, Master William,' said Ready, pointing to the chips, 'these marks are but a few days old, and, depend upon it, those that made them being unable to accomplish their purpose alone will not fail to return with more help. Most likely a fishing canoe blown out to sea during the recent gale with only a couple or so of men on board is all that came; but be sure the savages will come back in large numbers when they hear of the iron, which to them is like gold to more civilised folk. Not a minute must be lost.' The mast was stepped, the sail hoisted, and they were soon back at the house communicating the serious information to Mr. Seagrave.

Every hour was now of importance, and both Mr. Seagrave and Juno had to assist in forming the stockade. First a deep trench was dug in the form of a square round the house, into which lengths of cocoanut-trees were fixed upright so as to raise a stout palisade ten feet from the ground; inside, planks from the deck of the wreck were nailed across, and a plank platform ran round four feet from the ground, holes being cut here and there for the defenders to fire through. As far as their stock of small nails went, the top of the defence was spiked with them; the only door faced towards the spring, and was provided with stout bars.

(*Continued at page* 322.)



"It is a charred piece of an Indian paddle."

The Shetland Pony.

THE SHETLAND PONY.

THAT boy who has once seen a Shetland pony has not longed to have one for himself? Tiny horses, they seem as if made on purpose for children to ride on. But though pets here, in their native country many of them are hard-working little things, and live on the very poorest fare.

The 'Sheltie,' as the Shetland pony is called in Scotland, is of various sizes, the larger kind being used by the crofters in Shetland and the adjacent islands to draw peat in little carts, and in ploughing; and great numbers of the smaller ones are imported to the South for use in the coal mines, where the poor little creatures are condemned to labour under ground all their lives, and their consumption in this sort of work is said to be a cause of their growing scarce.

The Shetland pony is the smallest in the world; the largest of them, used by the crofters in their farm labours, being usually only eleven hands, or forty-four inches high, whilst the smaller ones are but nine hands, or thirty-six inches at the shoulder, or even less, some ponies having been known to measure only thirty-two inches in height. And they are not only the smallest, but the hardiest of all ponies, for they can live where most others would starve. In Shetland they are left out on the bleak moorlands and bare hillsides all the year round, winter and summer, with no other shelter from the icy wind and driving snow than the triple fell of hair with which nature has clothed them, and their long thick manes and tails. In summer they feed on such scanty herbage as they can find, and it is only in winter, when the ground is covered with deep snow, that they receive a little fodder from their owner: but no matter how severe the weather they are never housed, and as they wander about the hills covered with thick hair, and with their bright eyes gleaming through the shaggy forelocks that hang over and almost conceal their faces, they look more like little bisons than ponies: indeed their manes are frequently as thick and bushy as those of lions, whilst their tails sweep the ground. They are sturdy, and strong of limb, and somewhat obstinate. In their wild state they are fierce little things, and will bite and kick any horse that may be put to graze amongst them, and will drive him away however big he may be. Shetland ponies are mostly of a bright brown colour, but they are of many other hues, the fawn, or cream coloured ones being considered the most beautiful; some are piebald, and when well matched in pairs bring very high prices, as they are much admired for pony carriages. The small ones will bring in Shetland as much as thirty guineas each, whilst the larger kind, such as are used for ordinary work, can be bought for sums ranging from seven to twelve pounds.

When the Shetland pony is domesticated and treated kindly he becomes attached to his owner, though always remaining rather wilful. In the Agricultural Exhibition, held at Battersea Park many years ago, there was an enclosure containing a drove of Shetland ponies, under the charge of a stalwart Highlander. The animals were of various sizes, but some were extremely small; and they had a way of crowding together which made it difficult to see them properly. If a visitor pointed to one he would like to buy, the Highlander, entering the enclosure, took it up in his hands, and, tucking the little creature under his arm, marched out and set it down on the ground in front of the intending purchaser, to the great amusement of the bystanders. A. R.

IN MID-OCEAN.

(*Continued from p.* 319.)

ONE morning while William and Ready were getting the boat ready for a day's fishing, the latter suddenly said, 'Either my old eyes deceive me or I see something. Yes, Master William, I am right. I thought that those dark patches I saw were their brown grass sails.'

'Sails of what, Ready?' said William, hastily.

'Of the Indian canoes, Master William. Take the glass, and look yourself.'

'Yes, I have them now,' replied William, with his eye to the glass. 'Why, there are twenty or thirty of them at least!'

'And each with twenty or thirty men in them, too.'

'What must we do, Ready? How frightened my poor mother will be! I'm afraid we can do nothing against such a number.'

'Yes, William, we can do a great deal, and we must do a great deal. Recollect that we have a stockade, which they cannot easily climb over, and plenty of fire-arms and ammunition, so that we can make a good fight of it, and perhaps beat them off, for they have nothing but clubs and spears.'

'How fast they come down, Ready! Why, they will be here in an hour!'

'No, sir, nor in two hours either; those are very large canoes. However, there is no time to be lost.'

In a few minutes after William ran up to the house, Mr. Seagrave made his appearance. 'Ready, there is danger, I'm sure.'

'Mr. Seagrave, the savages are coming upon us in large force, perhaps five or six hundred of them; and we shall have to defend ourselves with all our might and main.'

'Do you think we have any chance against such a force?'

'Yes, sir; with God's help I have no doubt but that we shall beat them off: but we must fight hard, and for some days, I fear. We have a good hour before they arrive, sir. Will you have the kindness to get out the muskets, and examine the flints? It will be as well.'

'Yes, and then you have to load them,' replied Mrs. Seagrave. 'Juno and I can do that, at all events, ready for you to fire them.'

'An excellent idea, madam,' replied Ready; 'and you will really be of service.'

William and Ready were watching the savages,

who were all painted, with their war cloaks and feathers on, and armed with spears and clubs. At first they occupied themselves with beaching the canoes, and as they were very large and heavy, this was a work of some few minutes' employment for the whole of them.

William, who had taken the telescope to examine them more minutely, said to Ready, 'What a fierce, cruel set of wretches they appear to be! If they overpower us, they will certainly kill us.'

'Of that there is no doubt, Master William; but we must fight hard, and not let them overpower us. Kill us they certainly will, and I am not sure that they may not eat us afterwards.'

William shuddered at the idea. 'But, Ready, they are coming up as fast as they can!'

'Yes, sir; right up to the house; we must wait no longer. Come, Master William.'

'I thought I saw another vessel under sail, out away by the garden-point, Ready, just as we turned away.'

'Very likely, sir; a canoe which has separated from the others during the night. Come, quick, Master William, they have begun to yell.'

Another half minute, and they arrived at the door of the stockade; they entered, shut the door, and then barricaded it with cocoanut poles, which they had fitted to the inner door-posts.

The loud yells of the savages struck terror into the heart of Mrs. Seagrave. Little Albert and Caroline clung round her neck with terror in their faces; they did not cry, but looked round and round to see from whence the horrid noise proceeded. Master Tommy was very busy finishing all the breakfast which had been left, for there was no one to check him as usual; Juno was busy outside, and was very active and courageous. Mr. Seagrave had been employed making the holes between the palisades large enough to admit the barrels of the muskets, so that they could fire at the savages without being exposed; while William and Ready, with their muskets loaded, were on the look-out for their approach.

Ready now stood upon the plank, within, so as to show himself to the savages, who gave a tremendous yell, and, as they advanced, a dozen spears were thrown at him with so true an aim that, had he not instantly dodged behind the stockade, he must have been killed. Three or four spears remained quivering in the palisades, just below the top; the others went over it, and fell down inside the stockade, at the further end.

'Now, Master William, take good aim;' but before William could fire, Mr. Seagrave, who had agreed to be stationed at the corner so that he might see if the savages went round to the other side, fired his musket, and the chief fell to the ground. Ready and William also fired, and two more of the savages were seen to drop, amidst the yells of their companions. Juno handed up the other muskets, which were ready loaded, and took those discharged, and Mrs. Seagrave, having desired Caroline to take care of her little brother, and Tommy to be very quiet and good, came out, turned the key of the door upon them, and hastened to help Juno in loading the muskets.

The spears now rushed through the air, and it was well that they could fire from the stockade without exposing their persons, or they would have had but little chance. The yells increased, and the savages now began to attack on every quarter; the most active, who climbed like cats, actually succeeded in gaining the top of the palisades; but, as soon as their heads appeared above, they were fired at with so true an aim that they dropped down dead outside. This combat lasted for more than an hour, when the savages, having lost a great many men, drew off from the assault, and the parties within the stockade had time to breathe.

'They have not gained much in this bout, at all events,' said Ready; 'it was well fought on our side; and, Master William, you certainly behaved as if you had been brought up to it.'

'Do you think they will go away now?' said Mrs. Seagrave.

'Oh, no, madam, not yet; they will try us every way before they leave us. You see these are very brave men, and it is clear that they know what gunpowder is, or they would have been more astonished.'

'Well, I'm very thirsty, at all events,' said William. 'Juno, bring me a little water.'

Juno went to the water-tub to comply with William's request, and in a few minutes afterwards came back in great consternation.

'Oh, Massa! oh, Missy! no water; water all gone.'

'Water all gone!' cried Ready and all of them in a breath.

'Yes; not one little drop in the cask.'

'I filled it up to the very top!' exclaimed Ready, very gravely; 'the tub did not leak, that I am sure of; how can this have happened?'

'Missy, I tink I know now,' said Juno; 'you remember you send Massa Tommy, the two or three days we wash, to fetch water from well in little bucket. You know how soon he come back, and how you say what good boy he was, and how you tell Massa Seagrave when he come to dinner. Now, Missy, I quite certain Massa Tommy no take trouble go to well, but fetch water from the tub all the while, and so he empty it.'

'I'm afraid you're right, Juno,' replied Mrs. Seagrave. 'What shall we do?'

'I go speak Massa Tommy,' said Juno, running to the house.

'This is a very awkward thing, Mr. Seagrave,' observed Ready, gravely.

Mr. Seagrave shook his head. The fact was that they all saw the danger of their position if the savages did not leave the island; they would perish of thirst or have to surrender; and, in the latter case, all their lives would most certainly be sacrificed.

Juno now returned: her suspicions were but too true. Tommy, pleased with the praise of being so quick in bringing the water, had taken out the spigot of the cask, and drawn it all off. He was now crying, and promising not to take the water again.

'His promises come too late,' observed Mr. Seagrave.

'Very true, sir,' replied Ready; 'all our hopes now are that the savages may be tired out, and leave the island.'

'If I had but a little for the children, I should not

"Juno handed up the other muskets, which were ready loaded."

care,' observed Mrs. Seagrave; 'but to see those poor things suffer. . . . Is there not a drop left, Juno, anywhere?'

Juno shook her head.

'This is a bad business, Ready.' observed Mr. Seagrave. 'What would we give for a shower of rain now, that we might catch the falling drops?'

'There are no signs of it, sir,' replied Ready; 'we must, however, put our confidence in One who will not forsake us.'

'I wish the savages would come on again,' observed William; 'for the sooner they come the sooner the affair will be decided.'

'I doubt if they will to-day, sir; at night time I think it very probable, and I fear the night attack more than the day. We must make preparations for it.'

The Thrush.

'Why, what can we do, Ready?'

'In the first place, sir, by nailing planks from cocoanut-tree to cocoanut-tree above the present stockade, we may make a great portion of it much higher, and more difficult to climb over. Some of them were nearly in this time. If we do that, we shall not have so large a space to watch over and defend; and then we must contrive to have a large fire ready for lighting, that we may not have to fight altogether in the dark. It will give them some advantage in looking through the palisades, and seeing where we are; but they cannot well drive their spears through, so it is no great matter. We must make the fire in the centre of the stockade, and

have plenty of tar in it to make it burn bright; and we must not, of course, light it until after we are attacked. We shall then see where they are trying for an entrance, and where to aim with our muskets.'

'The idea is very good, Ready,' said Mr. Seagrave; 'if it had not been for this unfortunate want of water, I really should be sanguine of beating them off.'

'We may suffer very much, Mr. Seagrave, I have no doubt; but who knows what the morrow may bring forth?'

'True, Ready. Do you see the savages now?'

'No, sir; they have left the spot where they were in consultation, and I do not even hear them; I suppose they are busy with their wounded and their dead.'

(*Continued at page* 334.)

THE THRUSH.

SIX sorts of thrushes, it is said,
On English snails and haws are fed;
Three native birds, and permanent,
Our thickets and our groves frequent;
Two winter strangers are the third,
Ring ousel is a summer bird.

The thrush, who loves the mistletoe,
Pipes first of any, you must know;
Warmed by his Christmas cheer he sings,
And from the leafless tree-top flings
His music on the winter day,
Till people stare and think it's May.

And when the icy north wind blows,
And March is drawing to a close,
His nest he raises and adorns
In fir-trees, apple-trees, and thorns;
And, canny bird! it is his plan
To build it pretty close to man.

For 'tis the missel thrush's creed
To fear a magpie and his greed.
Dear bird! if thou wilt be my guest,
That thief shall never storm thy nest;
So line it well with wool and grass,
Close to the footpath where I pass.

But, storm-cock,* while thou hast the merit
Of being a bird of sense and spirit,
And while we much admire the note
Which issues from thy spotted throat,
The throstle sings the better song,
Though not so stirring, loud, and strong!

Where'er we go the throstle's known,
On Tyne or Tiber, Elbe or Rhone.
Soon as our English shores you leave,
He straight becomes the *Petite grive;*
Go Rhineward, and *Sing-drossel,* then,
He's called by all his countrymen.

Or, if across the Alps you go,
And, leaving all those peaks of snow,
Glide through the great Italian plain,
Then halt, to hear the throstle's strain,
Politely will the Lombard say,
'How sweet *Il tordo* sings to-day!'

Woe to the luckless garden snail!
The thrush goes at him tooth and nail;
Breaks on the stones his sheltering shell,
Then eats him up and likes him well!
Perhaps it is that slimy meat
Which makes the throstle's voice so sweet!

G. S. O.

* The missel thrush.

A WISE SPARROW.

A LADY while tending her flower-garden, which was terribly overrun with sparrows, perceived one of these pert little visitors to be struggling on the ground apparently unable to fly. She immediately secured it, and seeing that the leg was broken, she contrived to set the limb, using a worsted thread and a lucifer match as a splint. The little invalid was then placed in a soft nest, close beside a cage which contained a pair of fine canaries. The three birds now became an interesting study, the canaries apparently taking the deepest interest in the little stranger, feeding it with morsels of cake and twittering to it affectionately as though to a nestling of their own, while the sparrow responded so warmly to their kindness that, when quite recovered from its injury, it refused to leave the cage which contained its new friends.

But Nature speaks with power in the breast even of a little sparrow; the sunshine tempted it forth at last, and it flew away to its wild companions in the garden. But it had by no means forgotten the kindness received. At nightfall, the window being open, the sparrow flew in and settled on the outside of the cage containing the canaries. Day after day this was repeated, the sparrow going forth in the morning and returning every night till the nesting season, when she disappeared for some weeks, having evidently found a mate. And now the lady thought she had seen the last of her grateful little patient, but it was not so. About two months after her disappearance she again returned, and, strange to say, brought her young family with her, evidently hoping that they would be as hospitably entertained as she herself had been.

This interesting sparrow lived to bring more than one family to the house, which she evidently considered as home; but the young birds never became tame like their mother: indeed, they always flew away on the first chance.

When the nesting season was quite over, the mother bird resumed her habit of spending every night with the canaries, until one fatal day, when a neighbour's cat caught the dear little thing as she sat on the window-sill waiting for admission to the house. Alas! it is the usual fate of all pets; the more familiar they become the greater is their danger of injury or death. But this little story is interesting, showing us as it does how even a sparrow, the most worthless of birds, has an instinct which, when drawn out by circumstances, converts it from a garden pest to a friendly companion to man.

B. M.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES NOS. 57 TO 63.

57. The three parts are 8, 12, and 16.

58. The larger cask held 36 gallons; the smaller cask held 12 gallons.

59. Batavia.

60. The Alhambra at Granada.

61. Each book cost seven shillings.

62. Lake Ontario.

63. The value of the suit was 6*l*.

HISTORICAL.

64. ROBERT and Joan my parents were,
Poor, and of good repute;
And it was all my boyish care
To climb the tree of knowledge fair,
And pluck its golden fruit.

Early I went to Magdalen,
And acted well my parts;
So studied I, so plied my pen,
That at fifteen I ranked with men,
Boy Bachelor of Arts!

And then I ran a wondrous race
For riches, power, and fame;
Favour I got me of his Grace,
Who gave me many a goodly place,
And a high-sounding name.

I built myself a palace fine,
And filled it with delights;
No household was so grand as mine,
My cook in velvet sipped his wine,
My treasurers were knights.

Each day there came a suppliant crowd
My favours to obtain.
Five hundred men before me bowed,
E'en noblemen were not too proud
To follow in my train.

Nor did I, in my splendid days,
Forget my native town;
My thoughts oft roamed its narrow ways,
Where I, now wrapped in glory's blaze,
Once showed my schoolboy face.

Such were my joys; and now my woes
I must in turn rehearse;
For I had made me many foes,
The more the higher that I rose—
Such is the great man's curse.

Before a judgment-seat I stood
To answer sundry crimes;
And now my fortune, long so good,
Left me, as I oft thought it would,
In life's serenest times.

Sore humbled by the law's award,
Abject one year I lay;
Then I was partially restored
To honour by my king and lord,
And joyful went my way.

But still I am the mark of hate,
And I again must go
To answer, if it pleases Fate,
Fresh charges done against the State,
None of which things I know.

Wearier, wearier, grows the way,
And sickness grieves me sore.
I've reached, methinks, my dying day,
Good father, let me with you stay,
And never leave you more!

GEOGRAPHICAL.

65. I HAVE a city in my eye,
And were that gone
It stands upon,
'Twould seem a city of the sky.

Place Snowdon on Ben Nevis, still
Its peak would be,
So they tell me,
Below that city on its hill.

Or Skiddaw on Ben Wyvis' base,
And, oh, how drear
The circling year
In such an icy dwelling-place!

But the strange city that I sing,
Though poised so high
'Twixt sea and sky,
Is blest with an eternal spring.

Yet that sweet climate has its bane,
And spoiled is mirth
By quaking earth,
And plagues of seldom absent rain.

Men trust not there the rumbling deep,
So, make of leaves
Their roofs and eaves,
Lest they be buried as they sleep.

That city yet hath buildings fair,
Palace and Hall,
High choir and stall,
And fountains murmuring in its square.

And he who looks from its plateau
Sees with delight
A glorious sight,
Eleven great mountains capped with snow.

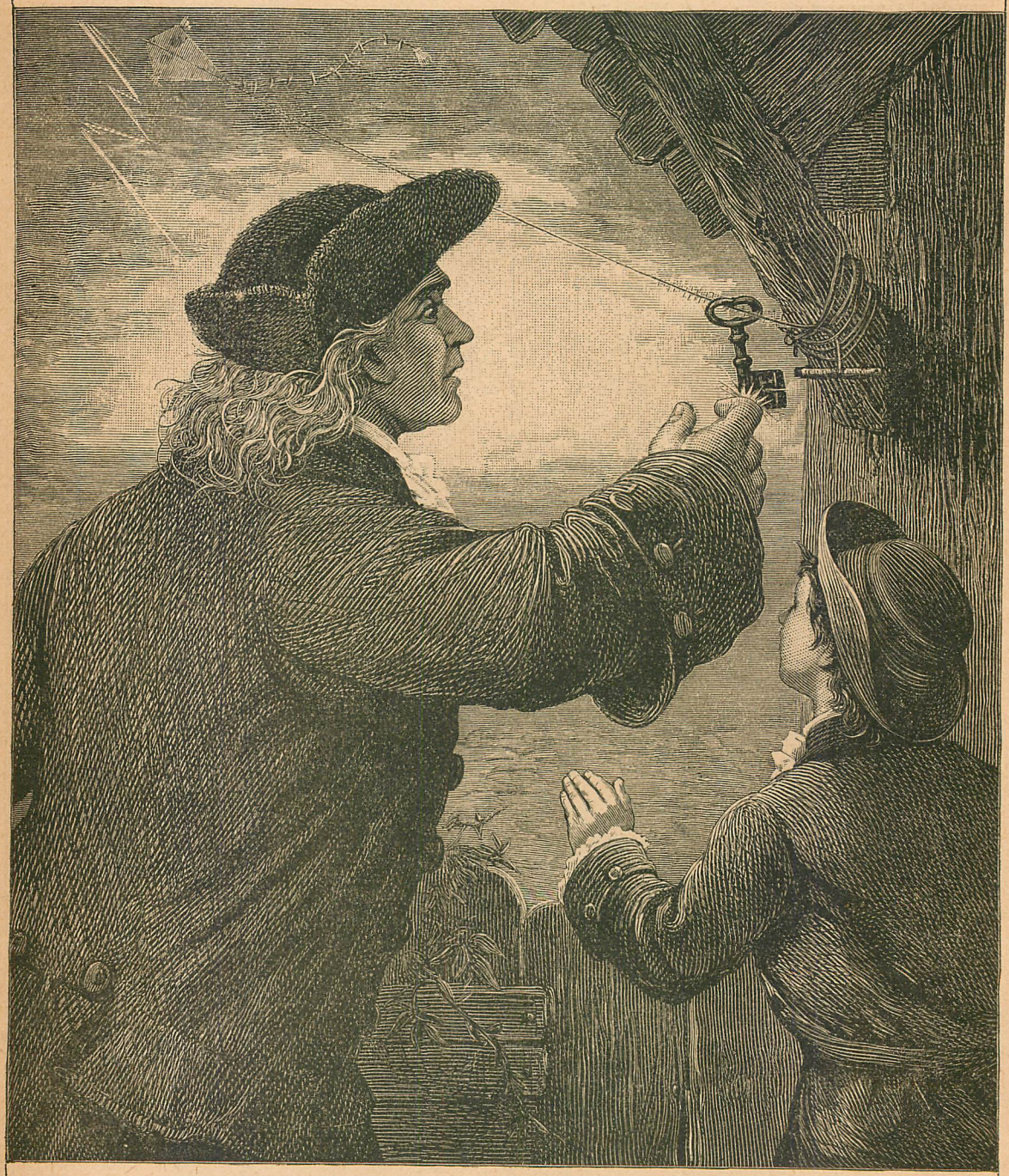
[*Answers at page* 359.]

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

AS a philosopher Franklin's name is linked with the history of electricity. His industry was rewarded by that brilliant discovery, the identity of the electric fluid and lightning.

One day, seeing a thunderstorm approaching, he went, accompanied by his son, to a shed, where, having raised a kite, he fastened a key to the lower extremity of the hempen cord, insulating it by attaching it to a beam with a piece of silk. Immediately after he observed some loose threads of the string rise and stand erect, and, on presenting his knuckle to the key, to his great delight he drew from it the well-known spark.

His emotion was so great at the completion of this discovery, which has made his name immortal, that he felt that he could almost have paid for his discovery with his life.



Benjamin Franklin discovering Electric Fluid in Lightning.

The Girondins discovered in their Hiding-place.

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

XIX.—THE GIRONDINS.

IF you examine a map of France you will see a Department on the west coast, near the city of Bordeaux, called Gironde. A party in the French Convention, who (many of them at least) came from that district, were called Girondins. This party led the Revolution for a time, but, when the leaders of the mob became its leaders also, the Girondins, who were generally high-born gentlemen, saw it would be an evil day when France was ruled by mob law. They, therefore, formed what we may call a Conservative party, and were hated accordingly by the rabid Republicans. The Girondins were for abolishing royalty, and yet not altogether for the murder of the King, for, though many of them did vote for his death, they yet tried to get a reprieve for him, but failed in the attempt.

After the King was dead the Girondins became yet more and more opposed to the Jacobin leaders, and, at length, on May 31, 1793, the Convention was surrounded by armed multitudes, who loudly demanded the imprisonment of twenty-nine (or as some say, thirty-three) deputies of the Girondin party. And so these men, in obedience to the will of the mob, were kept under police observation, and Madame Roland, a noble Frenchwoman, the wife of the late minister Roland, was cast into prison.

While they were thus in the strong grasp of the ruling party, Charlotte Corday stabbed Marat fatally in his bath, and this rash deed had probably much to do with the death of the Girondins generally. When Charlotte went on her errand to Paris, Barbaroux gave her a note of introduction to the Girondin deputy, Duperret, and when Charlotte had succeeded in slaying Marat, Duperret was arrested and the papers examined.

At Lyons, the Girondin party (who were strong) put a Jacobin named Chalier to death. When Chalier was dying he said his death would cost the city dear, and his prophecy was fulfilled.

Eleven of the Girondin deputies retreated to Bordeaux, dressed in the uniform of National Volunteers. Every place through which they passed bristled with dangers to them, for in each town and village there was a Revolution Committee of a jealous temper, ever on the look-out for men who would not go their lengths. Louvet, one of the Girondins, has left an account of this retreat. He tells us how one of the party was tortured with the gout, how another was too fat for marching, and how a third had to walk on tiptoe, while Barbaroux (the same man who had written with tears in his eyes for six hundred men who knew how to die) had to limp with a sprained ankle. So they jogged on, through perils and dangers, sleeping where they could, now in the summer woods, now in a straw shed. The country got so hot about them at last that they had to march only by night, and once, as they passed through a mean village, they heard the dreadful words from some wakeful peasant, 'There they are!' and they glided off quickly through the darkness, over hedge and ditch, into the wood of Quimper, and there, under the wet bushes, they were crouched together, and were found in the morning by a kind-hearted pastor, who took them to his home and concealed them. Luckily for them the Quimper folk were friendly to Girondins, and allowed them to hide themselves until a miserable little ship could be found to bear them away to Bordeaux. There they were landed, but they found it no place of safety. No! Tallien and the Jacobins were there with their guillotine, cutting off the heads of all who dared to say a word against the now powerful party in the State.

The prisons at Paris were crowded with occupants, and every day about the set of sun the death-carts went loaded with victims to the guillotine, which still did its dreadful work in the Place de la Révolution. And the Girondins, who had been since May under the charge of the police, were now thrown into prison, and had good reason to fear the worst. Twenty-two of them, all true Republicans, and all eminent men, were in course of time placed on their trial before Fouquier Tinville, the famous attorney-general.

Twenty-two Girondin members of the National Convention, who had been tried, were now to suffer death. It was the 30th of October, 1793, or, according to the new revolutionary calendar, the 9th day of Brumaire, in the year 2 of the Republic. Anno Domini was now knocked on the head, and the old months of January, February, and so on; for the Republicans, wanting everything new, constructed a brand new almanack, which lasted fourteen years.

On the 9th day of the month Brumaire, therefore, of the year 2, the twenty-two Girondins were brought to the bar of Tinville and condemned to suffer the last dread penalty of revolution law. They were, remember, the flower of French patriots, all eloquent men, and great in their day; but now, suspected of a want of energy, they checked the glowing wheels of the great Revolution. After a lengthy trial, in which they defended themselves with surprising skill, the jury, by a fresh decree made for the purpose, declared the accused guilty, and they were sentenced to suffer the loss of life and of all their property. One of them, named Valazé, when he heard this wicked sentence, drew out a dagger and stabbed himself to the heart. The rest were taken back to prison, singing, as they went, the hymn of the Marseillaise.

Another of them, named Vergniaud, had poison with him, but he would not swallow it because he had not enough to kill his friends as well as himself. He, therefore, threw the poison away. The last night of the condemned Girondins was spent in a very strange manner. The fear of death does not seem to have affected their spirits in the least, for with songs and light-hearted mirth they met the 'last enemy.'

A vast crowd of sightseers were out when the Girondins went forth to die. It was something new and strange, surely, to behold the Revolution thus devouring her own children, and many a man that day who saw them carted to the Place de la Révolu-

tion must have asked himself, 'Who slew all these?' No rescue was attempted, and the twenty-two died, man after man, shouting, 'Vive la République!' or singing the Marseillaise hymn to the very last.

And there they perished, those twenty-two Girondins, while some of their party who escaped had, perhaps, a still more bitter fate to encounter. Some of them were guillotined in Bordeaux. Barbaroux shot himself with a pistol, while Buzot and Petion were found in a cornfield, their bodies half eaten by dogs. Louvet, after many dangers, happily escaped to Switzerland. And thus it was the Revolution began to devour her own children, and the Girondins were not the last, though they were among the best, whom she devoured.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ARITHMETICAL.

66. OLD General Host
A battle lost,
And reckoned on a hissing,
When he saw plain
What men were slain,
And prisoners, and missing.

To his dismay
He learned next day
What havoc war had wrought;
He had, at most,
But half his host
Plus ten times three, six, ought.

One eighth were lain
On beds of pain,
With hundreds six beside;
One fifth were dead,
Captives, or fled,
Lost in grim warfare's tide.

Now, if you can,
Tell me, my man,
What troops the General number'd,
When on that night
Before the fight
The deadly cannon slumber'd?

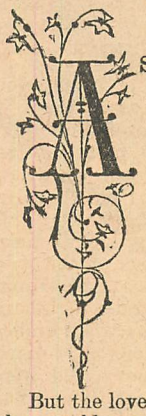
---

67. NEAR to my house there lived a bachelor,
Reputed rich, and servants three he had:
A valet trim to shave his lather'd jaw,
A buxom maid, and a mischievous lad.
Now, on a day, my friend was taken ill,
And sent for me; said he, 'I'm going to die,
Bring pen and paper here and make my will.'
I did as I was bid, then, by-and-by
He whispered, 'I must add a codicil.'
This, too, was done, and *fourteen ten-pound notes*
Were left, and justly, to the servants three.
He who had folded up his master's coats,
And brushed his hat, had *twice as much* as she
Who buttered muffins for his worship's tea;
And she had *thrice as much*, had buxom Ann,
As the young scapegrace who the errands ran.
And now 'tis plain to every thinking head
What legacy each servant pocketed. G. S. O.

[*Answers at page* 359.]

OUR BIOGRAPHY.—No. X.

CAPTAIN COOK.



AS long as boys love adventure, so long will the name of Captain Cook, and the story of his voyages be interesting to them.

James Cook was born at Whitby on October 27th, 1728. His father was a farmer's servant, and his mother of the same rank. Cook's education was such as a village school could give, and he is said to have shown great aptitude for figures.

The lad worked on the farm till, in his sixteenth year, he was bound apprentice to a shopkeeper at Snaith, near Whitby.

But the love of the sea was in the lad, and to sea he would go. He was therefore apprenticed for three years to Messrs. Walker of Whitby, and served his time in their vessels. He afterwards made several voyages to the Baltic as a common seaman. But his merit was observed, and he gradually rose to the command of one of their vessels.

In 1755, when war was beginning between Great Britain and France, Cook entered the Royal Navy as a volunteer. After some service he was made master on board the *Mercury*, and was present at the taking of Quebec. Cook here brought himself into notice by his skill and bravery in taking soundings of the river just in front of the French positions.

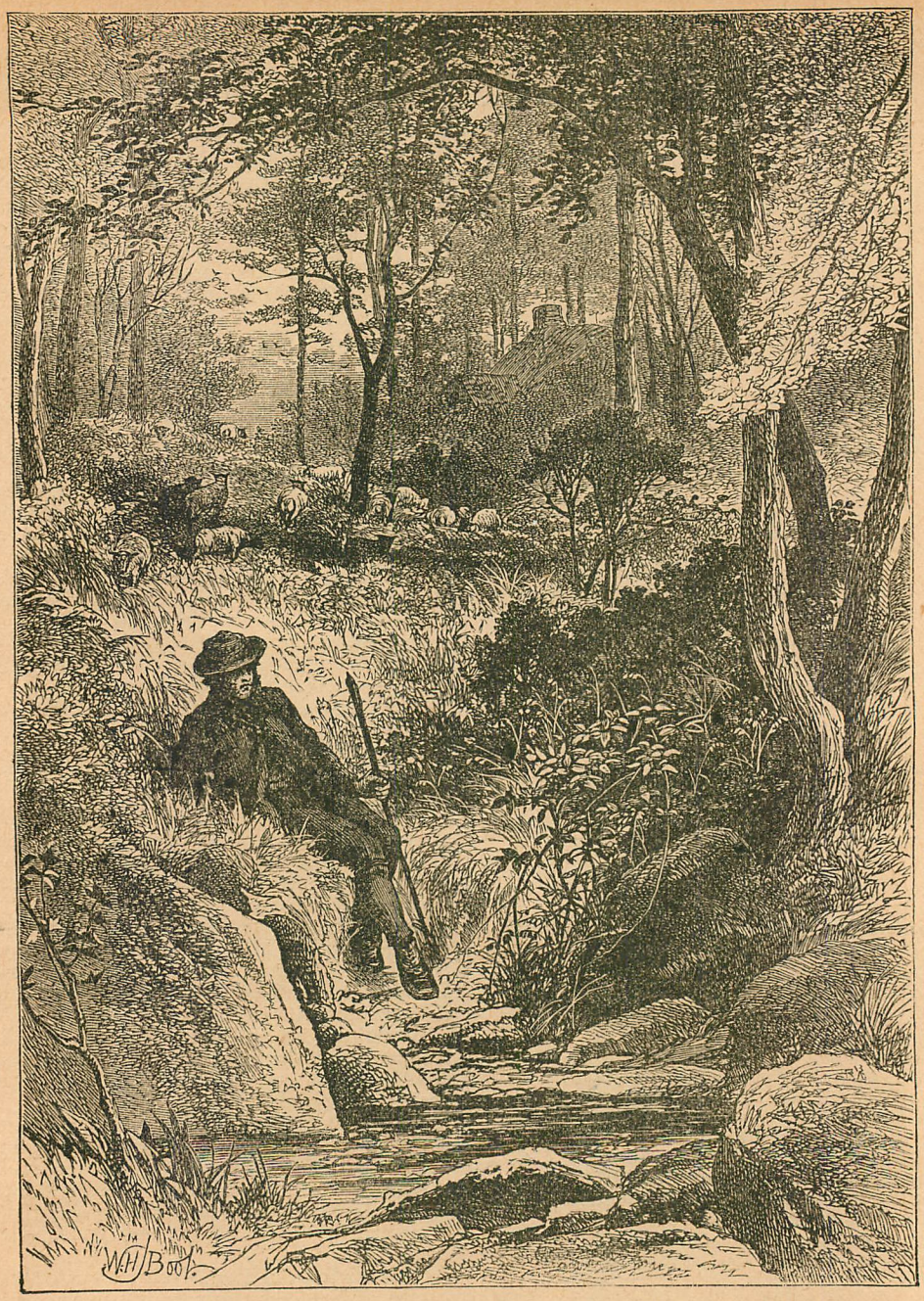
In 1760 he was made a lieutenant, and two years afterwards he came to England. He now married. He is said to have been godfather to his future wife, and to have resolved, when she was yet a baby, to marry her if she lived.

During the years of service which followed, Cook gained a name for his knowledge of astronomy. In consequence of this he was chosen to command a ship sailing to the Southern Seas with a party to observe the transit of Venus in 1769.

He sailed with the rank of captain in the ship *Endeavour*. They were away for three years, and came back with stories of many places hitherto unknown in England.

So successful was this voyage that a second was resolved upon in order to complete the discoveries in the Southern Seas. Two ships, the *Resolution* and the *Endeavour*, were this time placed under Cook's command. They were again away exactly three years, and were greeted with many honours on their return.

One year later, in 1776, Cook set out on his last voyage. The object this time was to find a shorter way to the East Indies than that round the Cape of Good Hope. They had been away for two years and a half when his death took place. This happened at the island of Hawaii. A quarrel seems to have arisen between the natives and the sailors. In the tumult which followed Captain Cook was stabbed. In courage, perseverance, and devotion to duty, his example is a right worthy one for us to follow. A. R. B.



THE SHEPHERD'S HOME.

MY banks they are furnished with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are all dotted with sheep.

I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all bordered with moss,
Where the harebell and violet grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green
But a sweetbrier entwines it around.

Not my fields in the prime of the year
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

SHENSTONE.

FILEY BRIGG.

I DARE say you have heard of Filey Brigg. You know that Yorkshire is the largest county in England, and Filey is the name of a small town in Yorkshire, built near the sea.

If you were to get into a ship at Filey, and go straight across the sea, you would get to Norway in time. There are fine sands at Filey, very pleasant to walk on. If you walk along the sands for some way, at last you come to the famous Brigg.

The Brigg is a very long piece of flat rock, reaching far out into the sea. When you first get on to the Brigg it is pretty easy to walk on, but it soon gets harder, and you come to some large rocky stones not at all easy to climb over; besides which, for a great part of the way the rock is covered over with slimy seaweed, on which you would slip if not very careful.

A friend of mine once fell down on Filey Brigg, and broke three of his ribs. The tide was coming in,

and he would have been drowned had not a sailor seen him and helped him away. Sometimes the wind comes very sharp round the corner of the cliff, just where the Brigg juts out into the sea. One day I saw a man who had been on the Brigg with a shawl over his head, and his umbrella blown all to pieces. The wind had blown away his hat and broken the umbrella; he was folding it up. There was the stick, the large piece of silk for the top, and the wires, and he was making them up into a parcel.

The Brigg is full of danger for ships. On a dark night sailors cannot see it, and if a ship is dashed against it she must go to pieces. So some kind and wise men have hung a large bell in the sea, not far from the end of the Brigg, and on a dark night the poor sailors can hear the sound of the bell, and then they take care to keep as far off as they can from the rocky Brigg.

IN MID-OCEAN.

(*Continued from p.* 326.)

AS Ready had supposed, no further attack was made by the savages on that day, and he, William, and Mr. Seagrave, were very busy making their arrangements; they nailed the planks on the trunks of the trees above the stockade, so as to make three sides of the stockade at least five feet higher, and almost impossible to climb up; and they prepared a large fire in a tar-barrel full of cocoanut leaves mixed with wood and tar, so as to burn fiercely.

The poor children suffered much; little Albert wailed and cried for 'Water! water!' Caroline knew that there was none, and was quiet, poor little girl! although she suffered much; as for Tommy, the author of all this misery, he was the most impatient, and roared for some time, till William, quite angry at his behaviour, gave him a smart box on the ear, and he reduced his roar to a whimper, from fear of receiving another. Ready remained on the look-out; indeed, everything was so miserable inside of the house that they were all glad to get out of it.

But the moaning of the children was very soon after dusk drowned by the yells of the savages, who now advanced to the night attack. Every part of the stockade was at once assailed, and attempts were now made to climb into it; a few spears were occasionally thrown, but it was evident that their object was to obtain an entrance by dint of numbers. It was well that Ready had taken the precaution of nailing the deal planks above the original stockade, or there is little doubt but that the savages would have got over; as it was, before the flames of the fire, which Juno had lighted by Ready's order, gave them sufficient light, three or four savages had climbed up and had been shot by William and Mr. Seagrave, as they were on the top of the stockade.

When the fire burnt brightly, the savages outside were more easily aimed at; and a great many fell in their attempts to get over. The attack continued more than an hour, when at last, satisfied that they could not succeed, the savages once more withdrew, carrying with them, as before, their dead and wounded.

'I trust that they will now leave the island,' said Mr. Seagrave to Ready.

'I only wish they may, sir; it is not at all impossible; but there is no saying. I have been thinking, Mr. Seagrave, that we might be able to ascertain their movements by making a look-out. You see, sir, that cocoanut-tree,' continued Ready, pointing to one of those to which the palisades were fastened, 'is much taller than any of the others; now, by driving spike nails into the trunk at about a foot apart, we might ascend it with ease, and it would command a view of the whole bay; we then could know what the enemy were about.'

'Yes, that is very true; but will not any one be very much exposed if he climbs up?'

'No, sir; for you see the cocoanut-trees are cut down clear of the palisade, to such a distance that no savage could come at all near without being seen by any one on the look-out, and giving us sufficient time to get down again before he could use the spear.'

'I believe that you are right there, Ready; but, at all events, I would not attempt to do it before daylight, as there may be some of them still lurking underneath the stockade.'

'Certainly, there may be, sir, and therefore, until daylight, we will not begin.'

Mr. Seagrave then went into the house; Ready desired William to lie down and sleep for two or three hours, as he would watch. In the morning, when Mr. Seagrave came out, he would have a little sleep himself.

'I can't sleep, Ready, I'm mad with thirst,' replied William.

'Yes, sir; it's very painful—I feel it myself very much; but what must those poor children feel? I pity them most.'

'I pity my mother most, Ready,' replied William; 'it must be agony to her to witness their sufferings, and not be able to relieve them.'

'Yes, indeed, it must be terrible, Master William, to a mother's feelings; but perhaps these savages will be off to-morrow, and then we shall forget all our privations.'

'I trust in God that they may, Ready; but they seem very determined.'

'Come, Master William, lie down at all events, even if you cannot sleep.' It was agreed that Mr. Seagrave should watch through the night.

Mr. Seagrave took his station on the plank, and was left to his own reflections; that they were not of the most pleasant kind may be easily imagined.

At daylight Ready woke up and relieved Mr. Seagrave, who did not return to the house, but lay down on the cocoanut boughs, where Ready had been lying by the side of William. As soon as Ready had got out the spike nails and hammer he summoned William to his assistance, and they began driving them into the cocoanut-tree; one looking out, in case of the savages approaching, while the other was at work. In less than an hour they had gained the top of the tree close to the boughs, and had a very commanding view of the bay as well as inland.

William, who was driving the last dozen spikes, took a survey, and then came down to Ready.

'I can see everything, Ready; most of them are lying down outside, covered up with their war cloaks: some women are walking to and fro from the canoes, which are lying on the beach where they first landed.'

'Did you see any of their dead?'

'No; I did not look about very much, but I will go up again directly. My lips are burning, Ready, and swelled; the skin is peeling off. I had no idea that want of water would be so dreadful. I think poor Tommy is more than punished already.'

'A child does not reflect upon consequences, Master William, nor could we possibly foresee that his using up the water could have created such misery. However, Master William, if the savages do not go away to-day, something must be done. I wish now that you would go up again, and see if they are not stirring.'

William again mounted to the top of the tree, and remained up for some minutes; when he came down he said, 'They are all up now, and swarming like bees. I counted two hundred and sixty of the men in their war cloaks and feather head-dresses. The women are passing to and fro from the well with water; they are beating their heads, I think, or doing something of the kind. I could not make it out well, but they seem all doing the same thing.'

'I know what they are about, Master William; they are cutting themselves with knives or other sharp instruments. It is the custom of these people.'

The second day was passed in keeping a look-out upon the savages, and waiting a fresh attack. They could perceive from the top of the cocoanut-trees that the savages held a council of war in the forenoon, sitting round in a large circle while one got up in the centre, and made a speech, flourishing his club and spear while he spoke. In the afternoon the savages were observed to be very busy in all directions, cutting down the cocoanut-trees, and collecting all the brushwood.

Ready watched them for a long while, and at last came down a little before sunset. 'Mr. Seagrave,' said he, 'we shall have, in my opinion, no attack this night, but to-morrow we must expect something very serious; the savages are cutting down the trees, and making large fagots; they do not get on very fast, because their hatchets are made of stone and don't cut very well; but perseverance and numbers will effect everything, and I dare say they will work all night till they have obtained as many fagots as they want.'

'But what do you imagine to be their object, Ready, in cutting down the trees and making the fagots?'

'Either, sir, to pile them up outside the palisades, so large as to be able to walk up upon them, or else to pile them up and set fire to them and burn us out.'

'Do you think they will succeed?'

'Not without very heavy loss; but it will be a hard fight; harder than any we have had yet. We must have the women to load the muskets, so that we may fire as fast as we can. I should not think much of their attempts to burn us, if it were not for the smoke. Cocoanut-wood, especially with the bark on, as our palisades have, will char a long while, but not burn easily when standing upright; and the fire, when the fagots are kindled, although it will be fierce, will not last long.'

'But suffering as we are now, Ready, for want of water, how can we possibly keep up our strength to meet them in a suffocating smoke and flame? We must drop with sheer exhaustion.'

'We must hope for the best, and do our best, Mr. Seagrave,' replied Ready. 'And recollect that, should anything happen to me during the conflict, if there is any chance of our being overpowered you must take advantage of the smoke to escape into the woods, and find your way to the tents.'

'Why do you say if any accident happens to you, Ready?' said William.

'Because, William, if they place the fagots so as to be able to walk to the top of the palisade, I may be wounded or killed, and so may you.'

'Of course,' replied William; 'but they are not in yet, and they shall have a hard fight for it.'

Ready then told Mr Seagrave that he would keep the watch, and call him at twelve o'clock. During these two days they had eaten very little; a turtle had been killed, and pieces fried; but eating only added to their thirst, and even the children refused the meat.

As soon as Mr. Seagrave had gone into the house Ready called William, and said, 'Master William, water we must have. We shall literally die of choking in the smoke, if they use fire. Now, William, I intend to take one of the seven-gallon barricos and go down to the well for water. I may succeed, and I may not, but attempt it I must.'

'Why not let me go, Ready?' replied William.

'For many reasons, William,' said Ready; 'and the chief one is, that I do not think you would succeed as well as I shall. I shall put on the war-cloak and feathers of the savage who fell dead inside of the stockade, and that will be a disguise; but I shall take no arms except his spear, as they would only be in my way, and increase the weight I have to carry. Now, observe, you must let me out of the door, and when I am out, in case of accident, put one of the poles across it inside; that will keep the door fast, if they attack it, until you can secure it with the others. Watch my return, and be all ready to let me in. Do you understand me?'

'Yes, perfectly, Ready; but I am now, I must confess, really frightened: if anything was to happen to you, what a misery it would be!'

(*Continued at page* 342.)

COURTESY.

KING HENRY IV. of France being once taken to task for returning the salute of a poor man, said, 'Would you have your king exceeded in politeness by one of his meanest subjects?'

WHEN Sir William Johnson returned the salute of a negro who had bowed to him, he was reminded that he had done what was very unfashionable. 'Perhaps so,' said Sir William; 'but I would not be outdone in good manners by a negro.'

THE SUMMER SHOWER.

DO you not hear how the heavy drops patter
On the broad branches that cover us now?
We are not shorn, like the sheep; so no matter:
See how they shelter themselves near the cow.

Old Nurse, perhaps, is afraid of the thunder,
Guessing in vain where her children can be;
After such torrents of rain she will wonder
To find us all dry 'neath the broad chestnut-tree.

Benjamin West's first Paint-brush

BENJAMIN WEST'S FIRST PAINT-BRUSH.

WHEN a boy has a natural love for art he generally contrives to gratify it, even under the most adverse circumstances. Benjamin West was born in 1738, of a highly respectable Quaker family at Springfield, Pennsylvania. There were neither prints nor pictures to be seen in that primitive settlement, nor were there at that time any shops where drawing materials could be purchased. Yet little Benjamin, when only seven years old, began making drawings in pen and ink of birds and flowers, and even of his married sister's baby. But in colours his first instructors were the Red Indians. Many savages have great skill in drawing animals, and the American Indians decorate their buffalo robes and their tents with various figures.

A wandering tribe of Mohawks visited Springfield when the boy was about eight years old, and he appears to have been attracted by these wild visitors. He showed them his sketches, to their great delight; and they not only showed him their own decorative work, but they taught him how to prepare red and yellow, the colours they used to adorn their persons with, and stain their arms. They also taught him archery, and showed him how to shoot the birds as well as draw them. His mother gave him some indigo, so that he had the three primary colours, red, yellow, and blue; but he knew not how to use them.

A friend told him that pictures were made by laying the colour on with pencils made of camels' hair, but there were no camels at Springfield. There were plenty of cats, however, and his mother's favourite puss had fine thick fur, and it struck little Ben that a cat might do as well as a camel to make a brush from. So, taking his mother's scissors, he secretly cut off a tuft of long black hair from pussy's back, and tying it to a stick, he managed to make a rude sort of paint-brush. But pussy's back looked so very patchy after this experiment that it attracted the attention of the family, who thought the cat was suffering from skin disease; so Ben, like the good little fellow that he was, confessed what he had done; and his father, whilst gravely rebuking him, could scarcely conceal his amusement and admiration of his little son's cleverness.

These first brushes cannot have been of much use to little Benjamin, for a cat's fur is the worst possible for making a paint-brush with, the hair being too soft and having no 'spring' or elasticity in it, such as there is in camels' hair or sable. But a relative, named Pennington, who was a merchant, struck by the boy's perseverance and the skill he showed in his sketches, soon procured for him a box of colours and paint-brushes, together with some canvas prepared for painting on; and the little boy, who began his studies in colour with a pencil made from a cat's back, ended in becoming President of the Royal Academy.

A. R.

HEARTSEASE THE FAIRY.

A Story for Little Folk.

CHAPTER I.—HOW THE FAIRY CAME TO BIRTON.

BIRTON was a lovely village, and a very quiet one. Lovely, because it had splendid tall trees all along the road, and pretty thatched cottages beneath them; and behind it rose grey craggy cliffs which sloped up into high green hills, and before it and below it lay the sea.

The village was quiet, as I said; and by that I do not mean that the children did not run about, and shout and laugh at their play, or that the birds did not sing, or that the wind did not sometimes roar: for the wind did sometimes roar, and the sea, too; and the birds sang all the summer-day long; the blackbird first thing in the morning, and the thrush last thing at night; and as for the village children, all day on Saturday, and between school hours on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, you might hear their voices somewhere about: and on Sunday you might hear them singing praises to God.

What do I mean, then, by the village being quiet? Well, I mean that there were no great shops with people passing in and out to buy, and no people hurrying along the road with anxious looks and sickly faces, bustling and crowding, and getting in each other's way; nor were there carts and carriages passing to and fro with much noise and clatter. If we do not count the blacksmith's forge, there was only one shop in the village, but that one was certainly as good as a great many: it was baker's, grocer's, draper's, stationer's, and several others all at once; and it quite supplied all the common needs of the villagers. For anything beyond common needs there was a town four miles off, and it was very easy for them to step over thither. The people whom you met in the village had healthful, contented faces, and walked leisurely to and from their work: and there was plenty of room for them without any elbowing or crowding. A farmer's cart passed through the village now and then, or the carriage of some one of the gentlefolk in the neighbourhood, but that was all. All? Stay a moment: I let my pen run too fast. It was not all, for the very thing about which I was going to tell you was the stage-coach, which every morning passed through the village in one direction and every evening came back again.

The coach was the one little piece of excitement in the village, and it did not last more than a very few minutes each day. It was, however, a little piece of excitement while it lasted; most women and children liked to look at the coach with its four horses, and with its name, 'Eclipse,' painted in large black letters on a yellow ground on either side. The coach stopped in the village very rarely indeed: it merely went to and fro between two towns sixteen miles apart, and Birton was only one of the many pretty places through which it passed on its road, and which travellers were directed to admire as they rolled and rattled through.

One December day, however, I must tell you the coach did stop, and did, for a wonder, set down a passenger in Birton village. One Christmas Eve in-

deed it was, and the snow was on the ground. Seasons have changed, our grandparents tell us, since they were young. When they were young there was a certain day in the spring for leaving off sitting-room fires, and a certain day in the autumn for beginning them again, but now to wait for a fire until Michaelmas would often be worthy only of the Michaelmas goose himself, and to persist in putting out the fire in March would be no wiser. Yes, seasons have changed our grandparents tell us, since they were young, for sometimes we have no snow on the ground in December.

This particular December, however, of which I am telling you, was after the old-fashioned pattern, though it was not so long ago as the young days of our grandparents—not even of yours, my little readers. It was a cold, snowy December, and this Christmas Eve had a dark sky and a still air as if there were more snow coming yet. The coach, as I said, stopped in the village for a wonder, and for a still greater wonder set down a passenger. Just where it stopped a lane turned out of the road, and there was a cottage at the corner.

'Here you are, ma'am,' said the guard, opening the coach-door with one hand and with the other beating himself on the chest to keep himself warm; 'here you are, ma'am; straight along down yonder's the house—any one will tell you.'

'Thank you, my good man, but I can tell myself,' answered a brisk voice. 'I ought to know the way pretty well!'

A small and rather old-fashioned-looking lady stepped out. When I call her old-fashioned I speak as to her appearance from her dress, for her face was closely muffled, so that had she been the guard's own mother I think he might have been forgiven for not knowing her. She was wrapped in a dark-grey travelling-cloak, and she had a close black bonnet, such as you never saw in a shop window, I am sure; and a thick black veil falling over it, half-way down to her waist.

'Put down my box and leave it,' she added, as the guard closed the door after her, and away she tripped with a step which, for all her old-fashioned appearance, was as brisk as her voice. She pushed open the gate of the cottage at the corner, and walked at the same brisk pace up the path, where the broad prints of hob-nailed boots made good stepping-places for her through the snow.

She tapped at the cottage door, and then opening it a little way put her head inside. 'Job,' she said, 'can you do a little errand for me?'

A tall, straight-backed man, so tall and straight that you would think he had never bent to an hour's work with the spade in all his life, turned round as he was hanging his cap on its peg on the opposite side of the room—hanging it up with a well-pleased thought, I fancy, that it would not be wanted again for two whole days.

He stood silent for a moment looking at his muffled visitor, and then he exclaimed, 'I know your voice, ma'am, though I can't see your face. Right glad I be! Come in, ma'am! come in!'

'I can't come in, Job, this evening, thank you. What will my little friends say if I don't pay them the first visit? But I'll come and see you soon.'

Her hand was in the big man's horny grasp as she spoke, and he stood shaking it backwards and forwards all the time.

'And how be you, ma'am?' said his wife at his elbow. She was filling the teapot when her husband's exclamation made her set it down in a hurry and come forward with a courtesy and a smile for a shake of the hand when he should give her an opportunity.

'How are you, Mrs. Jennor? I shall come and see you in a day or two, but to-night I only want to make friends with your husband to bring my box up to the house. No hurry; when he has had his tea and rested a bit will be quite time enough.'

'He shall bring it, ma'am, he shall bring it with pleasure,' answered the wife.

If you could have seen the face which was hidden in that old-fashioned bonnet and muffled up in that thick veil, you would have seen a pleasant, mischievous smile upon it; and if you could have read the thought uppermost in the mind of its owner I believe you would have read something like this,—'What a noise there will be! They little know who is coming. Bless their dear hearts! I know they will be glad to see me.' And quickened by the thought, the stranger tripped on more briskly than ever.

Presently she came to a gate, which she opened quietly and stealthily, and she looked about her cautiously. Then on tiptoe she hurried along the drive, until she came to a bend which brought her within sight of the windows of the house, which stood at the end of it. Here she stopped a moment and peeped between some bushes to see whether there were any faces at the windows. She could see none, but had there been any they would not have recognised her, cloaked and veiled as she was: besides, it was growing dark, for it was past four o'clock a long way, and Christmas Eve as you know.

When she had satisfied herself that all was right she left her hiding-place, and still on tiptoe, as if the soft snow would betray her by a sound, she stole quickly from the bush to the back-door, and slipped into the kitchen.

'Cook!' she said, as she threw up her veil now, and held up a finger. 'Hush! not a word!' Cook could hardly keep back an exclamation, but she gave her visitor a smile as full of welcome as that with which the stranger had been greeted in Job Jennor's cottage.

CHAPTER II.—HOW THE CHILDREN HAD BEEN WISHING FOR A FAIRY.

Bertha, Horace, Godfrey, Frank, and May: these are the names of the children, the eldest ten years old and the youngest four, who, while the visitor was taking cook by surprise in the kitchen, were gathered round the nursery fire watching the roasting of some chestnuts which were arranged in a row on the lowest bar. Five children, you see; but there was also an elder brother, Sydney, who no longer belonged to the nursery, though he often entered into its games and amusements. He was not really much older than Bertha in years, but oh! so much older, she thought, and they all thought, in wisdom and in learning. Very learned indeed they thought him, for he read so many

The Arrival at the Village.

books: very wise indeed, for he could invent the most wonderful tales, and he would tell them in the winter dusk, when they could almost fancy as they listened that they saw his fairies and his giants in the firelight shadows that flickered about the wall. It was Sydney who had placed their chestnuts to roast, and he had promised to tell them a fairy tale while they were roasting, when he was called away with a promise that he should return in a few minutes. 'But don't touch them till I come,' said he, 'or I won't tell you the story.'

'Mine's done,' said Godfrey presently, venturing his finger very near to a chestnut just opposite him, third in order from the left, and crowned with a little bead of sparks; 'it will be burnt up if it isn't taken out. Why doesn't he come?' Sydney had been more than a few minutes away now.

'Don't touch, or he won't tell the tale,' said Bertha, drawing him back.

'But it will burn,' said Godfrey, eagerly, 'and I must save it; so he may tell the story to you, and I'll stop my ears.' And with that he moved the chestnut tenderly by means of a long, stiff holly leaf, which he had picked up in the fender. Pop went the holly

The Arrival at the House.

leaf when it felt the hot cinders, and Godfrey started back as if he were shot.

'You won't try that again,' remarked number two in the row, quiet Horace, whose chestnut was roasting steadily without either charring or sparkling; 'and he'll be back in time all right.'

'If he doesn't there won't be time for the story,' joined in Bertha, whose eyes were upon her chestnuts, but whose thoughts were in Wonderland.

'I just wish I could see one of the fairies he talks about,' said Godfrey, emboldened again by this time to give another poke with another leaf to his burning treasure. 'I just wish my chestnut would blaze up into a real live fairy, with a wand that would do everything I wanted.'

'She should do my sums for me,' said Bertha, returning suddenly to everyday life.

'She should find my sixpence,' added Horace.

'And she should blow out this indiarubber ball,' chimed in little Frank, who had hitherto been kneeling silently before his chestnut, the firelight making his fair curls shine like gold.

'Should she, though? She would be my fairy if she came out of my chestnut,' remarked Godfrey,

with the air of an offended king; 'she shouldn't do anything for any of you except May, because May has not asked, but she should do whatever May liked.'

'She should make poor Scarecrow a new eye, shouldn't she?' said May.

Godfrey sank back upon his heels rebuked, and relapsed into silence, for he had taken May's best-beloved doll to hang over his seeds as a scarecrow in the spring, and it had been an abiding grief to May and remorse to himself.

At this moment the door burst open, and Godfrey was relieved by the exclamation, 'Here, all of you, make haste! Never mind the chestnuts: kitchen! kitchen! An old woman singing Christmas carols! Be quick!'

(*Continued at page* 346.)

IN MID-OCEAN.

(*Continued from p.* 335.)

THERE is no help for it. Water must, if possible, be procured, and now is a better time to make the attempt than later, when there may be more on the watch; they have left off their work, and are busy eating; if I meet any one, it will only be a woman.'

Ready went for the barrico, a little cask, which held six or seven gallons of water. He put on the head-dress and war-cloak of the savage; and, taking the barrico on his shoulder, and the spear in his hand, the poles which barred the door were softly removed by William, and after ascertaining that no one was concealed beneath the palisades, Ready pressed William's hand, and set off across the cleared space outside of the stockade, and gained the cocoanut-trees. William, as directed, closed the door, passed one pole through the inner door-posts for security, and remained on the watch.

'It is time that he returned,' thought William; 'the distance is not a hundred yards, and yet I have heard no noise.' At last he thought he heard footsteps coming softly. Yes, it was so. Ready was returning and without any accident. William had his hand upon the pole, to slip it on one side, and open the door, when he heard a scuffle and a fall close to the door. He immediately threw down the pole, and opened it, just as Ready called him by name. William seized his musket, and sprang out; he found Ready struggling with a savage, who was uppermost, and with his spear at Ready's breast. In a second William levelled and fired, and the savage fell dead by the side of Ready.

'Take the water in quick, William,' said Ready, in a faint voice; 'I will contrive to crawl in if I can.'

William caught up the barrico of water, and took it in; he then hastened to Ready, who was on his knees. Mr. Seagrave, hearing the musket fired, had run out, and finding the stockade door open, followed William, and seeing him endeavouring to support Ready, caught hold of his other arm, and they led him tottering into the stockade: the door was then immediately secured, and they went to his assistance.

'Are you hurt, Ready?' said William.

'Yes, dear boy, yes; hurt to death, I fear: his spear went through my breast. Water! quick! water!'

'Alas, that we had some!' said Mr. Seagrave.

'We have, father,' replied William; 'but it has cost us dearly.'

William ran for a pannikin, and taking out the bung poured water out of the barico, and gave it to Ready, who drank it with eagerness.

'Now, William, lay me down on these cocoanut boughs; go and give some water to the others, and when you have all drunk, then come to me again. Do as I beg of you.'

'Father, take the water—do, pray,' said William. 'I cannot leave Ready.'

'I will, my boy,' replied Mr. Seagrave; 'but first drink yourself.'

William, who was very faint, drank off the pannikin of water, which immediately revived him, and then, while Mr. Seagrave hastened with some water to the children and women, occupied himself with old Ready, who breathed heavily, but did not speak.

After returning twice for water, to satisfy those in the house, Mr. Seagrave came to the assistance of William, who had been removing Ready's clothes to ascertain the nature and extent of the wound which he had received.

'We had better move him to where the other cocoanut boughs lie; he will be more comfortable there,' said William.

'I am better now,' said he, in a low voice; 'bind up the wound, William; an old man like me has not much blood to spare.'

Mr. Seagrave and William then opened his shirt, and examined the wound: the spear had gone deep into the lungs. William threw off his own shirt, tore it up into strips, and then bound up the wound so as to stop the effusion of blood.

Ready, who at first appeared much exhausted with being moved about, gradually recovered so as to be able to speak in a low voice when Mrs. Seagrave came out of the house.

'Where is that brave, kind man?' cried she, 'that I may bless him and thank him.'

Mr. Seagrave first briefly related what had occurred, and then led her to where old Ready was lying. Mrs. Seagrave knelt by his side, took his hand, and burst into tears.

'Don't weep for me, dear madam,' said Ready; 'my days are numbered. I'm only sorry that I cannot any more be useful to you.'

'Dear, good old man!' said Mrs. Seagrave, 'whatever may be our fates, and that is for the Almighty to decide for us, as long as I have life, what you have done for me and mine shall never be forgotten.' Mrs. Seagrave then bent over him, and, kissing his forehead, rose from her knees, and retired weeping into the house.

'William,' said Ready, 'I can't talk now. You have not looked round lately. Come again in about half-an-hour. Leave me now, Mr. Seagrave; I shall be better if I doze a little.'

William and Mr. Seagrave complied with Ready's request.

'This is a sad business, William,' said Mr. Seagrave.

William shook his head. 'He would not let me go,' replied he; 'I wish he had. I fear that he is much hurt. Do you think so, father?'

'I should say that he cannot recover, William. We shall miss him to-morrow, if they attack us. I fear much for the result.'

'I hardly know what to say, father; but I feel that since we have been relieved I am able to do twice as much as I could have done before.'

'I feel the same, my dear boy; but still, with such a force against us, two persons cannot do much.'

'If my mother and Juno load the muskets for us,' replied William, 'we shall at all events do as much now as we should have been able to do if there were three, so exhausted as we should have been.'

'Perhaps so, my boy; at all events we will do our best, for we fight for our lives and the lives of those most dear to us.'

William went softly up to Ready, and found that the old man was dozing, if not asleep; he did not therefore disturb him, but returned to his father.

It was nearly daylight when William, who had several times gone softly up to Ready to ascertain whether he slept or not, found him with his eyes open. 'How do you find yourself, Ready?' said William.

'I am quiet and easy, William, and without much pain; but I think I am sinking, and shall not last long. Recollect that if you are obliged to escape from the stockade, William, you take no heed of me, but leave me where I am. I cannot live, and if you were to move me, I should only die the sooner.'

William squeezed Ready's hand; his heart was too full to speak.

'They will come at daylight, William—I think so at least; you have not much time to spare; climb to the look-out, and wait there till day dawns; watch them as long as you can in safety, and then come down to tell me what you have seen.'

Ready's voice became faint after this exertion of speaking so much.

He motioned to William, who immediately climbed up the cocoanut-tree. At the dawn of day he perceived that the savages were at work, that they had collected all the fagots together, and were very busy in making arrangements for the attack. At last, he saw that they every one shouldered a fagot, and began their advance towards the stockade; William immediately descended from the tree, and called his father, who was talking with Mrs. Seagrave. The muskets were all loaded, and Mrs. Seagrave and Juno took their posts below the planking, to reload them as fast as they were fired.

'We must fire upon them as soon as we are sure of not missing them, William,' said Mr. Seagrave, 'for the more we check their advance the better.'

When the first savages were within fifty yards they both fired, and two of the men dropped; and they continued to fire as their assailants came up, with great success for the first ten minutes; after which the savages advanced in a larger body, and took the precaution to hold the fagots in front of them. By these means they gained the stockade in safety, and began laying the fagots. Mr. Seagrave and William still kept up an incessant fire upon them, but not with so much success as before. Although many fell, the fagots were gradually heaped up, till they almost reached to the holes between the palisades, through which they pointed their muskets; and as the savages contrived to slope them down from the stockade to the ground, it was evident that they meant to mount up and take them by escalade. At last, it appeared as though all the fagots had been placed, and the savages retired further back to where the cocoanut-trees were still standing.

'They have gone away, father,' said William; 'but they will come again, and I fear it is all over with us.'

'I fear so too, my boy,' replied Mr. Seagrave; 'they are only retreating to arrange for a general assault, and they now will be able to gain an entrance.'

'Here they come, William, in a swarm! Well, God bless you, my boy; we shall all, I trust, meet in Heaven.'

The whole body of savages were now advancing from the cocoanut-wood in a solid mass; they raised a yell, which struck terror into the hearts of Mrs. Seagrave and Juno, yet they flinched not. The savages were again within fifty yards of them, the fire was opened upon them; the fire was answered by loud yells, and the savages had already reached to the bottom of the sloping pile of fagots, when the yells and the reports of the muskets were drowned by a much louder report, followed by the crackling and breaking of the cocoanut-trees, which made both parties start with surprise; another and another followed, the ground was ploughed up, and the savages fell in numbers.

'It must be the cannon of a ship, father,' said William; 'we are saved—we are saved!'

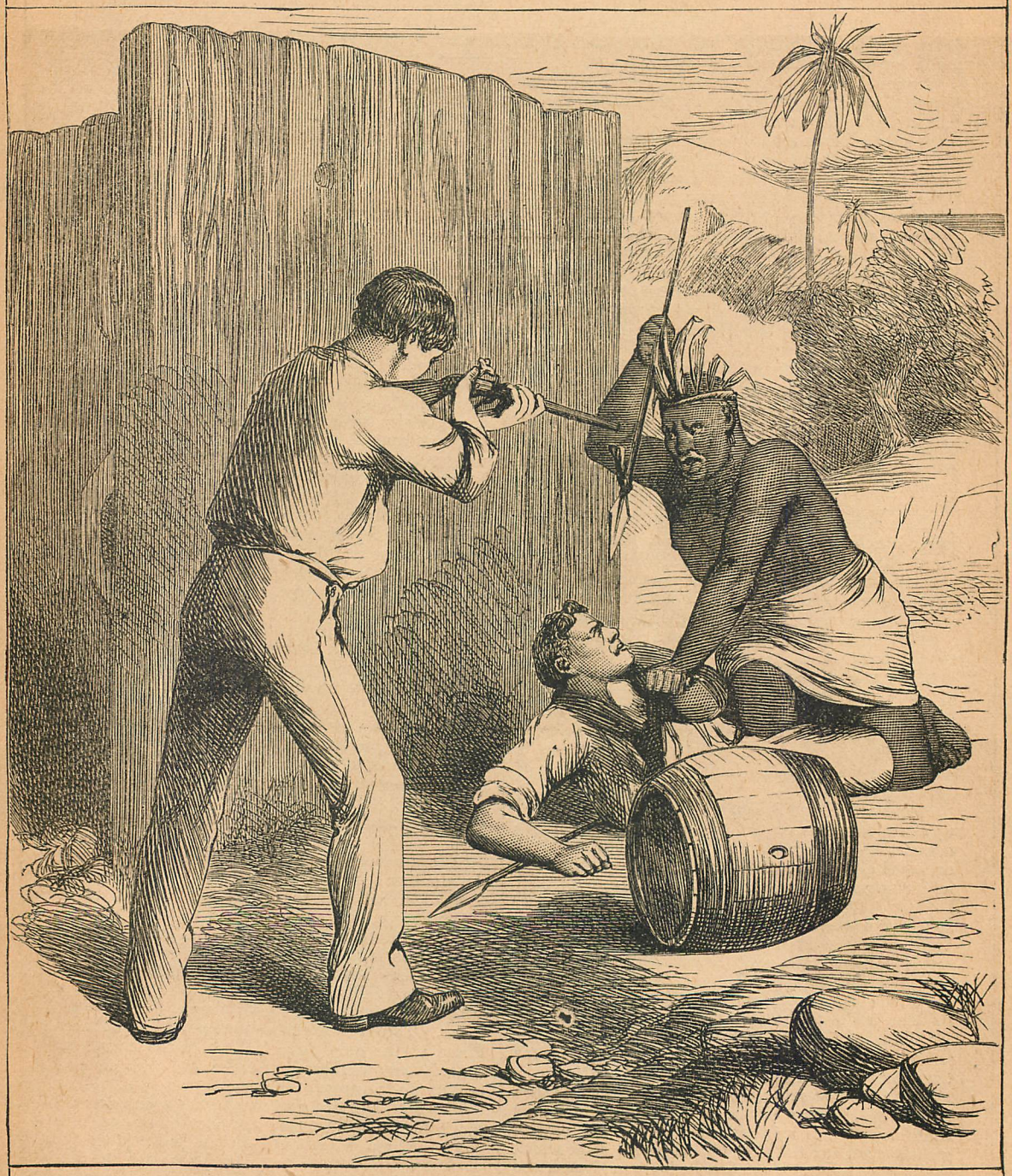
'It can be nothing else; we are saved, and by a miracle,' replied Mr. Seagrave, in utter astonishment.

The savages paused in the advance, quite stupefied; again, again, again, the report of the loud guns boomed through the air, and the round shot and grape came whizzing and tearing through the cocoanut grove! At this last broadside, the savages turned and fled towards their canoes; not one was left to be seen.

'We are saved!' cried Mr. Seagrave, leaping off the plank and embracing his wife.

William had hastened up to the look-out on the cocoanut-tree, and now cried out to them below, as the guns were again discharged,—'A large schooner, father; she is firing at the savages, who are at the canoes; they are falling in every direction; some have plunged into the water; there is a boatful of armed men coming on shore; they are close to the beach. Three of the canoes have got off full of men. There go the guns again! Two of the canoes are sunk, father; the boat has landed, and the people are coming up this way.' William then descended from the look-out as fast as he could. As soon as he was down he began to unbar the door of the stockade. He pulled out the last pole just as he heard the feet of their deliverers outside. He threw open the door, and a second after found himself in the arms of Captain Osborn.

(*Concluded at page* 350.)



Ready struggling with a Savage.

Little Kathleen.

"When her bed-time has come, and the daisies are closed,
And each bird must fly home to its nest."

LITTLE KATHLEEN.

I'VE a dear little friend of two years and a half,
Who brings sunshine wherever she's seen;
From the morning to night she is bonny and bright,
And her name it is 'Little Kathleen.'

When her cheeks have been washed they both shine like the sun,
While they match the gay rose in their hue,
And her lips are as red as Red Ridinghood's cloak,
And her eyes gleam with light like the dew.

She can dance, she can prance, she can hop, skip, and jump,
She can sing like a blackbird in May,
She is made up of merry thoughts, whispering their fun
As she laughs to herself at her play.

When her bed-time has come, and the daisies are closed,
And each bird must fly home to its nest,
And Miss Dolly is laid in her snug little bed,
Little Kathleen must go to her rest.

There's a knock at the door and a kissing all round,
And she toddles upstairs to her bed,
And she smiles to herself at the sweet thoughts that come,
As she lays on the pillow her head.

Then good-night, little Kathleen; and when at the last,
Life's calm evening has called thee to rest,
May thy sleep be as soft, and thy visions as pure,
And the new morning's call yet more blest!

E. C. RICKARDS.

HEARTSEASE THE FAIRY.

(*Continued from page* 342.)

AWAY flew the little folk, forsaking the burning chestnuts in an instant, but scarcely understanding the nature of the entertainment to which they were summoned, understanding only that there was a stir of some kind going on. Poor little May stopped short in the corridor, frightened and crying because it was so dark.

'Here, come along! don't cry!' shouted Godfrey, dashing back from the head of the race, and seizing her by the hand. 'Come along! if it's a real fairy she shall make Scarecrow a new eye.'

It was follow-my-leader along passages and down perilous flights of stairs; but the little folk rushed on regardless of perils, until they arrived, breathless, at the kitchen door.

There, surely enough, stood the carol-singer, a bent old woman to all appearance. Just as the children entered she began the first lines of the carol,—

'God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
Remember, Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day.'

The stranger sang on, and the children listened in silence to the beautiful old story, until presently Godfrey stepped out from the rest and stood in the middle of the kitchen, watching the singer earnestly. The servants nudged one another and smiled. Then the singer stopped in her song, and Bertha reaching out, pulled Godfrey by the sleeve. 'Come back,' she whispered; 'come back, or she won't go on.' But Godfrey twitched his sleeve away, and would not move. Then all at once the singer struck up a different carol:—

'Come, ye children, blithe and merry,
This one Child your model make;
Christmas holly, leaf and berry,
All be prized for His dear sake.'

But she got no farther than that, for Godfrey sprang forward now and all the other children with him. 'Heartsease!' was the cry, and in an instant the carol-singer was smothered with children's kisses.

Then there followed such a clamour as I suppose cook would not have allowed in her kitchen at any other time or on any other occasion. 'Heartsease!' shouted the little voices again and again. 'When did you come? How did you come? We knew you the moment you sang about the holly!' And in the midst of their clamour, with tongues running even faster than their feet, the children dragged off their fairy in search of mother.

And now you are longing to ask me what Heartsease was like, and who she was.

First, then, what was she like? Well, when she threw back her hood and veil you saw a pair of very kind brown eyes; and when she took off her bonnet you saw smooth brown hair with some grey in it, but only enough to sparkle in it and shine; and when she laid aside her cloak you saw that, instead of being bent, she was as upright as a dart. It was almost as surprising to see her bright face and sprightly form spring out of those dark mufflings, as it would have been to see Godfrey's chestnut blaze up into a real fairy.

Next, who was she? Well, in the first place, Heartsease was of course not her proper name; it was only the name the children gave her: why they gave it her I do not know. I can only say that the name the children gave her suited her perfectly, for she was the heart's ease of little children everywhere; she turned their quarrels into peace, she turned their tasks into pleasures, she turned their tears into smiles, and all this not by means of spoiling or indulgence. But beyond this, who was Heartsease? Well, again, she was the oldest friend that any of the children could remember. Her face had been familiar to them in their cradles; they learned to crow, and hold out their arms to her, and kick with joy, long before they could talk; and in their sicknesses it had been almost—not quite, but almost—as comfortable to lie in her arms as in those of their mother. She was also the oldest friend whom their mother could recollect. They had been children together. Heartsease was, however, the older of the two, and always the helpful protector.

CHAPTER III.—HOW IT APPEARED THAT THERE WERE GIANTS IN THE NURSERY.

THE children of my story lived in the Rectory, for their father was Rector of Birton. None of them went to school as yet, not even Sydney—his father taught him; and as for the younger ones, there was

a nursery-governess who came every morning, the daughter of a farmer in the parish. She was very young, but could teach the children all they needed at present—reading, writing, history, geography, arithmetic, indeed whatever lessons were needful for such very young children. I need hardly remind you, however, that beyond what is generally understood by lessons, there are a great many other important things which children must learn in school-time. There are, for instance, habits of obedience and self-control, of perseverance, courtesy, forbearance, to be studied with almost every column of spelling, every page of history, and lessons apart from these things are a very poor education indeed. But it often happens that children are very unwilling to learn these things, and think that so long as they can spell and add up figures correctly, and write copies without a blot, and read long words readily, they are getting on very well. Children who think so, however, often grow up wilful, and quarrelsome, and idle, and rude, and impatient, and, because they do not see their own faults, conceited.

I am sorry to tell you that the children at Birton Rectory were somewhat of this way of thinking, and the good father and mother were greatly grieved at it.

'I would teach them myself if I had time,' the mother would say.

Poor mother! A few days after that Heartsease said to her, 'I have been thinking I have a better plan than yours for the children. I will stay and be their governess for a time, and perhaps, if I get them into order, Miss Brown will come back again.'

'Hurrah! hurrah!' rang through the nursery one morning, when at the close of the holidays mother told the news that not Miss Brown but Heartsease was going to be their governess—at any rate, for a time. 'Hurrah!' shouted Godfrey. 'A fairy for a governess! she'll do all our lessons for us with a touch of her wand.'

It was the second of February, when, according to custom at Birton, 'Christmas holly, leaf and berry,' were being burnt up with great fuss and excitement. The children had had a long rest from lessons, but it was Heartsease's own request; there would be time for them to freshen up and start quite anew, she said. On this there was, as you may suppose, a great stir in the nursery; the little hands which only a few weeks ago worked so eagerly at adorning the room with evergreens were now just as eagerly taking them down. Sydney was the leading man; he was on the top of a step-ladder, and the children were at its foot, waiting with pinafores spread to catch the boughs as he threw them down. As fast as they filled their pinafores they ran off and emptied them into a large clothes-basket, in which it was all to be carried off out of doors to burn. There was a great elbowing and scuffling, of course, but all in good temper, until down fell the branch between Godfrey and little Frank, half in the grasp of one, half in the grasp of the other. Frank caught the tip, and pulled it to him: Godfrey got the stem, and tried to wrest it away.

'Let go!' said one. 'I won't!' said the other. And they both grew angry.

Up came nurse, trying to quiet them. 'Give up now, Master Frank; remember, you're the youngest,' she said. But Frank with fiery face held on.

Suddenly, when the hubbub was at its height, Frank stopped short in his crying and Godfrey in the midst of his hot words, nurse ceased scolding, and baby May drew in her breath and paused, not sure whether she should let out the next scream or hush it up.

Some spell had surely fallen upon them all. Yes, that is true, a spell had fallen upon them. The little elderly lady stood silent in their midst. She looked at them, and they at her, but for a few moments not a word was said on either side.

At last she broke the silence, speaking very slowly and very quietly. 'Quarrelling?' she said; 'quarrelling? and over the holly, too!'

No one answered.

'Over the holly!' she repeated, presently; 'the holly that tells us of peace and goodwill? You don't mean to say you were really quarrelling?' and she seemed so very much surprised that Godfrey and Frank began to feel surprised also, and to think that they had done some very extraordinary thing, and to wonder how they ever came to do it. Then they slunk back silently.

'Turn that great ugly fellow out of the nursery!' said Heartsease, speaking again after another pause, and the children looked at her wonderingly.

'Turn him out, I say! a great, ugly, troublesome fellow!' repeated Heartsease.

Then Godfrey looked at Frank of the golden curls, and Frank looked into Horace's blue eyes—which of the two brothers could it be? Baby May crept up to Heartsease and wound her little hand in the folds of her gown, for somehow she was frightened.

'You don't mean Frank, do you?' asked Godfrey.

'Frank! No, dear little man!' replied Heartsease, stretching out her hands to smooth the golden curls; 'he is not a great, ugly, troublesome fellow—not he!'

Godfrey stood silent a moment, and his face grew very red; then he lifted up his honest eyes and looked Heartsease in the face boldly. 'Do you mean me, then?'

Kind Heartsease stooped and kissed him. 'No, my boy,' she said, 'of course not; a great, ugly, troublesome fellow, can never mean you either. Nor is it Sydney, nor Bertha, nor Horace,' she added, laughing now, as Godfrey's puzzled glance wandered to his other companions; 'and it can't be pretty May. But the great, ugly, troublesome fellow is gone now, though he was here not a minute ago.'

'Then it must be nurse,' said Godfrey, unwilling to let the matter pass unsettled. Nurse had just vanished with the basket of evergreens, and had scarcely closed the door after her when he spoke.

'No, it is not nurse,' replied Heartsease.

'I know who it is,' remarked quiet Horace, looking very knowing as he spoke; 'I know who it is: it's one of the giants!'

'A giant! a giant! Was it one of the giants?' cried all the children together in great excitement and glee—all but little May, who only crept the closer up to Heartsease, looking frightened.

'Yes, it is one of the giants,' answered Heartsease; 'and a very bad, troublesome one, too.'

'Now, my dears,' said nurse, setting down the clothes-basket which she had just brought back empty, 'now, my dears,' and forgetting the giants in an instant they set to work again to fill it.

The Carol-singer in the Kitchen.

The children went on with their work of stripping the nursery walls. The walls looked very bare when every bit of holly and box and laurel had been taken away. Very bare it all looked, and as nurse took up the basket to carry off the last load, 'There is an end of Christmas!' sighed Bertha.

'You have not seen the giant again, have you?' inquired Godfrey, taking a run and a jump on to the knee of Heartsease, who had seated herself to keep a look-out, as she said.

'No, not a sign nor a sound of him,' answered Heartsease.

'Will he come back again?' asked Godfrey.

'No doubt he will if you don't take care.'

'Take care? I'll fight him!' cried Godfrey; 'I'll fight him! I'll smother him! He's only a shadow on the wall, you know, and it's all pretend.'

Then Heartsease put on her very grave look again, and smoothed the hair, and looked kindly into the face of the boy on her knee. 'No, Godfrey,' she said, 'it is not pretend, and your giant is no shadow: he is quite real, I assure you. Your nursery giants are nothing less than the enemies. But what was it?' Heartsease went on, turning to the quiet, brown-eyed

Self-Conceit.

boy, who had drawn near and was listening earnestly to all she was saying; 'what was it that put it into Horace's wise head to say he knew the great, ugly, troublesome fellow of whom I spoke must be a giant; and what did he mean by "one of the giants?" I expect you have some wonderful story to tell me.'

Now, my readers, perhaps you may be asking the same question, and as the children all began to answer at once, and got all their little tongues entangled together in such a confusion, I will tell you myself how it was, and not leave it to them.

On the Christmas Eve of her arrival, when they had, as I said, dragged off Heartsease to find their mother, they came racing back along the corridor to finish their chestnuts, leaving her as they were desired behind them. On their way they were holding a noisy discussion as to what their father could mean by something he had just said. He meant this, said one; he meant that, said another.

Now what their father had said was this. When they burst into the study, where the father and mother were busy together arranging about the gifts to be given away to the poor next day, 'Father! mother!' they shouted; 'see here! we have caught a fairy!'

'That is well, my children,' answered the father with his quiet smile, as he welcomed his visitor; 'that is well, for there are giants in the nursery.'

(*Continued at page* 355.)

SELF-CONCEIT.

BEDECKED and bejewelled, with wine-cup in hand,
The finest young fellow he thinks in the land;
But ask his old mother, I fear she will say
That her once pleasant lad has gone far, far astray.

He used to be gentle, and loving, and kind,
But now to all mischievous ways is inclined;
He cares not for home, can see in it no joy,
But, ah! he was different once, when a boy.

What caused the sad change? It was this, as I think:
Bad companions who taught him to gamble and drink;
A sad introduction to life and its woes—
If this the beginning, what will be the close?

D. B.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ARITHMETICAL.

68. THE Ministers were beaten,
The Ministry resign'd;
The Queen dissolv'd her chambers,
And sought her people's mind.

A General Election,
Huge posters decked the wall;
A cataract of spouting
Roared in Old England's halls.

The Whigs abused the Tories,
The Tories trounced the Whigs,
Blue Briggs aimed blows at Jackson.
Red Jackson sneered at Briggs.

I voted for the loser—
What no one likes to do;
Still beaten, boys, or winning,
My sentiments are 'blue.'

In our most ancient borough,
Beside the river Dee,
Voted on that day, voters,
Four thousand men and three.

They told the ballot-papers.
And scrutinised each cross;
Blue Briggs he looked yet bluer,
For Jackson was the Boss.

They chaired him in the market,
Which looked just like a hive;
I don't think he deserved it,
He only won by *five*.

Now while the country people
Are horsing carts and gigs,
Tell me how many voted
For Jackson and for Briggs.

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69. I AM the Skipper of a sea-going boat,
Which has long years contrived to keep afloat.
One day last week
She sprang a leak.
'Come, Jim,' says I, 'let's each pull off his coat.

The bigger bucket I'll give to thee,
For thou art not so old a man as me.'
Then, with a will
We worked, until
We'd emptied all she held into the sea.

Eleven times thirty gallons and ten more
Over her side we team'd, and that before
You would have thought
Two could have brought
So much up steps that number half a score.

On this most needful industry intent,
Of clearing out her hold, *one hour we spent*,
Each minutes three,
Jim's bucket he
Twice filled and emptied: so he came and went.

Thrice in each minutes two I filled up mine,
Half Jim's in size, and poured it in the brine.
Now tell me, ye wise,
Each bucket's size,
While Jim and I with good digestions dine.

[*Answers at page* 359.]

IN MID-OCEAN.

(*Concluded from p.* 343.)

BEFORE we wind up this history, it will be as well to state to my young readers how it was that Captain Osborn made his appearance at so fortunate a moment. It will be recollected how a brig came off the island some months before this, and the great disappointment that the party on the island experienced in her not making her appearance again, especially as they had seen the flags which they had hoisted.

The fact was, that those on board of the brig had not only seen their signals, but had read the name *Pacific* upon the flag hoisted; but the heavy gale which came on drove them so far to the southward, that the master of the brig did not consider that he should do his duty to his owners if he lost so much time in beating up for the island again. He therefore decided upon making all sail for Sydney, to which port he was bound.

When Captain Osborn was put into the boat by Mackintosh and the seamen of the *Pacific*, he was still insensible; but he gradually recovered, and after a stormy night, during which the men had the greatest difficulty in keeping the boat afloat, Captain Osborn was so far recovered as to hear from Mackintosh what had taken place, and why it was that he found himself in an open boat at sea. The next morning the wind moderated, and they were fortunate enough to fall in with a vessel bound to Van Diemen's Land, which took them all on board.

From the account given by Mackintosh, Captain Osborn had no doubt in his mind but that the Seagrave family had perished, and the loss of the vessel, with them on board, was duly reported to the owners. When at Van Diemen's Land, Captain Osborn was so much taken with the beauty and fertility of the country, that he resolved to purchase land and settle there. He did so, and had already stocked his farm with cattle, and had gone round to Sydney to await the arrival of a large order from England, when the brig arrived and reported the existence of some white people on the small island, and also that they had hoisted a flag with the name *Pacific* worked on it.

Captain Osborn found the latitude and longitude of the island to be not far from that of the ship when she was deserted, and he was now convinced that, by some miracle, the Seagrave family had been preserved. He therefore went to the Governor and made him acquainted with the facts which had been established, and the Governor instantly replied that the Government armed schooner was at his service, if he would himself go in quest of his former shipmates. Inconvenient as the absence at that time was to Captain Osborn, he at once acquiesced, and in a few days the schooner sailed for her destination. She arrived off the island on the same morning that the fleet of canoes with the savages effected their landing.

The schooner stood into the reefs, and then hauled off again, that she might send her boat in to sound for an anchorage. The sailors, when sounding, saw the canoes and the savages, and afterwards heard the report of fire-arms, on the first attack. On her return on board the schooner they stated what

they had seen and heard, and their idea that the white people on the island were being attacked by the savages. This made Captain Osborn more anxious to land as soon as possible; but as the savages were in such numbers, and the crew of the schooner did not consist of more than twenty-five men, the commander considered that it was rash to make the attempt. He did, however, show the utmost anxiety to bring his schooner to an anchor, so as to protect his men, and then agreed that they should land.

The boat had reported deep water and good anchorage close to the garden-point, and every preparation was made for running at daylight on the following morning; but, unfortunately, it fell calm for the best part of the day, and it was not till the morning after, just as the savages were making their last attack upon the stockade, that she could get in. As soon as she did she opened the fire of her carronades, and the result is already known; the savages fled in all directions, the boat was then manned, and Captain Osborn led the party who landed, and came so opportunely to their relief.

My readers must, if they can, imagine the joy of Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave when they beheld their old friend Captain Osborn. All danger was over now. Captain Osborn remained with the Seagraves, and in a few words told his own history, and they then informed him of the state of poor old Ready. Captain Osborn hurried out to see him. Ready knew his voice, for the old man's eyes were already so dim that he could not see.

'That is Captain Osborn, I know,' said Ready, in a faint voice. 'I knew you would come, and I always said so; you have the thanks of a dying man.'

'I hope it is not so sad as that, Ready; we have a surgeon on board, and I will send for him at once.'

'No surgeon can help me, sir,' replied Ready; 'I thank God for the preservation of the family, but, Captain Osborn, my time has come.' The old man then joined his hands across his breast, and remained for some time in silent prayer.

'We had better leave,' said Captain Osborn; 'he does not wish to be interrupted. I will send for the surgeon at all events, although I feel it is useless; the hand of death is already on him.'

Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave walked away with Captain Osborn. William still remained by Ready's side to give him water when he asked for it. A few minutes afterwards, Ready opened his eyes.

'Are you there, William? I can't see you. Listen to me, my dear boy. Let me be buried under the trees on the mound above the well. I wish to lie there. Poor little Tommy! don't let him know that he was the cause of my death. Bring him here now, and Juno and Caroline, to say good-bye, William.'

William, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, hastened into the house, and communicated Ready's wish to his father and mother. They all went out to take a last farewell; Ready called them all by name, one after another. They knelt down as he called them, and kissed him. He bade them farewell in a faint voice, which at last was changed to a mere whisper. They still remained, in silence and in tears, standing round him, William only kneeling and holding his hand, when the old man's head fell back and he was no more!

'It is all over,' said Mr. Seagrave, mournfully; 'and he has, I have no doubt, gone to receive the reward of a good and just man.'

Mr. Seagrave then led away his wife and children, leaving Juno and William. Poor Juno cried as if her heart would break.

'Oh, Massa William, me often think, and me really think now, he sent by Heaven to save us all! He just live long enough to do all he could do, and now he has gone to Heaven again.'

'I trust he has, Juno: I hope I may live and die as well as he has done.'

During the time that William had remained with old Ready the commander of the schooner had landed with another party of men, whom he dispatched to scour the island in pursuit of any savages who might remain; but they could find none. It was decided that the following day should be passed in packing up and getting on board their luggage, and that the day after the family should embark. The commander gave directions for a coffin to be made, and for his men to dig the grave at any spot that William should point out.

The boats were on shore early the next morning, and the luggage was taken on board; but Mr. Seagrave would not take away anything which would prove useful to any people wrecked on the island.

The hurry and bustle of preparing for their departure from the island, and the rapid succession of events which had been crowded together within so very few days, had not allowed time for much thought or reflection to Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave and William. At length, however, every preparation had been made, and they were no longer urged by the commander of the schooner to hasten their packing up and arrangements; for everything had been sent on board during the afternoon, and it was proposed that they should sail on the following day.

Now they had time to feel, and bitterly did they lament, the loss of their old friend, and deplore that he had not survived to sail with them.

One last sad duty remained to be performed. Ready was buried in the spot he had wished to be.

The coffin, covered with the Union Jack, was raised on the shoulders of six of the seamen, and they bore it to the grave, followed by Mrs. Seagrave and the children, the commander of the schooner, and several of the men. Mr. Seagrave read the funeral service, which was often interrupted by the sobbing of Juno. At the request of William, the commander of the schooner had ordered the carpenter to prepare an oak paling to put round the grave, and a board, on which was written the name of the deceased and day of his death.

All embarked, the Seagraves watching the island till it gradually faded from their sight.

On arriving at Sydney, Mr. Seagrave found his property much improved. William remained on the estate to assist his father, eventually marrying a daughter of Captain Osborn's. Tommy went into the army. He was never allowed to know that he was the indirect cause of old Ready's death. Mr. and Mrs. Seagrave were happy in the society of the children, and, in course of time, their children's children. Juno married a stockman and became the mother of a numerous family.

THE CHALLENGE. By Harrison Weir.

TWITTERING at the top of the tall ash-tree,
Gilt with the sunlight, are chaffinches three;
Three little heads fledged with close downy scales,
Three pairs of pinions and three shining tails.

Three voices issuing from three tiny throats,
Three artists testing the strength of their notes,
Three little spirits, bright, happy, and free:
Where can you show such a trio to me?

Charlotte Corday.

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

XX.—CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

OUR readers will understand by this time that there were at least two parties in the State who were bitterly opposed to each other. The Jacobins, or men of the mountain, were out-and-out Republicans, bent on utterly destroying all the old landmarks of society, whether rank, property, or religion; these men were the idols of the unthinking mob, and grew in power every day. The Girondins, however, wanted a republic where property, order, and religion should be respected. We have seen how the Girondins were put down, some being thrown into prison, and some obliged to flee from Paris to get out of the reach of their stronger rivals.

A number of these men started a newspaper at Caen in opposition to the Jacobins, and the cities of Lyons, Bordeaux, and Marseilles were all minded at one time to march on Paris and put down the National Convention. Caen seems to have been a very warm centre of this anti-Jacobin spirit. Here no less than twenty-seven Girondins at one time lodged, and were entertained by those in authority. And thence they launched their 'Bulletin de Caen' at the heads of Marat, Robespierre, and such-like.

At Caen there lived a young lady, named Charlotte Corday. She was at the time she became famous about twenty-five years old, and very handsome. She had conceived a violent hatred against the cruel Marat, and she resolved to kill him if she could, though she knew very well her own life would be sacrificed in doing the deed. She told one of the Girondins, Barbaroux by name, that she was going to Paris on some private business, and he gave her a letter to hand over to Duperret, one of the deputies in the National Convention. Charlotte set out from Caen on Tuesday, the 9th of July, 1793, in the diligence, leaving a note for her father, in which she said she was gone to England and he must forget her.

The diligence was full of men who talked of nothing but politics, and who were all admirers of the Jacobin side. In this conversation Charlotte took no share. On Thursday, about noon, the coach rattled over the Paris pavements, and the adventurous young lady at once ordered a room at an inn and went to bed.

On the Friday she delivered the letter to Duperret, and paid a visit to the Convention Hall, for she wished to see what Marat was like. She took much notice of the 'men of the mountain,' but Marat was not among them; he was not well, but nursing himself at home. On Saturday morning Charlotte bought a large knife wherewith to stab her victim. Having ascertained that he was living at No. 44 in the Street of the School of Medicine, she ordered a cab and was driven to the door, but when she knocked the servant came and told her Marat was sick and could not see her. Disappointed at this, she went back to her hotel, which was called the 'Inn of Providence,' and sat down and wrote a letter to Citizen Marat, in which she said she could enable him to do France a signal service. To this letter no reply was sent, and she then wrote a second letter of a more pressing kind, and she carried it herself to the house where Marat lived, No. 44 in the Street of the School of Medicine.

It was now about seven o'clock in the summer evening of July 13th, when a cab might have been seen driven along that street, and at length stopping opposite No. 44. It was the eve of a great revolutionary festival, for on the 14th, four years ago, the people of Paris stormed the Bastille. On that day Marat had distinguished himself by his conduct in the eyes of the mob, and from that day he had been growing in power. He was now, as we have heard, ill, and nursing himself at home. At the very time when Charlotte Corday reached the house, No. 44 in the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, Marat was having a warm bath. He was waited on by a poor woman, and he had but eleven pence halfpenny in the house. He had not, therefore, grown rich by the Revolution, and in that respect we cannot but admire the man, for no doubt he might have 'feathered his nest' well by this time had he been a covetous man.

Charlotte was determined to see Marat, and argued with the woman at the door. 'I must see Citizen Marat; I can put it into his power to do France a great service.' The woman was for shutting the door in Charlotte's face, but Marat, hearing her earnest voice from his slipper-bath, bade the servant admit the visitor, and she was accordingly allowed to enter the house. The sick man told her to sit down, and tell him what she came about.

'I am from Caen,' she said, 'and I have matters of importance to tell you.'

'Well,' said Marat, 'and what are the traitors doing at Caen now? Who are there?'

Charlotte told him the names of several—Barbaroux, Pétion, Louvet, Duchatel, and others.

'Ah, they shall be guillotined within a fortnight,' exclaimed the eager Marat, and he took up his note-book, which lay on a three-legged stool close by, to write down their names. Charlotte carefully noted his actions, and, as his eyes were fixed on his note-book, and his nimble fingers were writing down Barbaroux, Pétion, and Louvet, she drew out her bright new knife from its sheath, and drove it with sure aim and with all the strength of her Norman right arm deep into the heart of the 'People's Friend.'

He could only give one cry, 'Help, my dear!' and then all was over. Marat was a dead man, and the Revolution had lost for ever one of its ablest, and, perhaps, we may say, one of its purest leaders. For, bloody-minded as he was, he was not a selfish man; he did not overturn thrones and kill aristocrats to enrich himself, but as he supposed, and wrongly supposed, to benefit a long-suffering nation of poor, struggling labourers.

It is quite impossible to imagine, still less to describe, the rage and terror which agitated the mighty heart of Paris that Saturday evening. One weak woman had suddenly leaped into world-wide notoriety, and had made the greatest city on earth reel to and fro as if there had been an earthquake. One deputy, pale as a sheet, rushed into the Convention shouting out, 'We are all going to be murdered!'

Paler yet lay the dead Marat; but calm and cool, her pulses beating quietly as ever, was the young woman who had treacherously and cruelly, and yet, as she believed, righteously, stabbed a man to death. The woman, who came in at Marat's dying shriek, ran out frantic, and alarmed every house in the street with her cries, and in a few minutes the place was crowded, and Charlotte had to defend herself from their vengeance by placing herself behind some chairs and tables, until the soldiers arrived. She was then carried away to the Abbaye prison, to await her trial. This took place on Wednesday, the 17th of July, and did not last long, for she said, 'All these details' (about the purchase of the knife, &c.) 'are needless . . . . It was I who stabbed Marat.' And when Tinville asked her why she had done a deed so strange and terrible, she replied, 'I killed him because of his crimes; I killed him to save a hundred thousand. I killed a wild beast to give quiet to my distracted country.'

As she thus confessed her guilt and declared she was alone in it, nothing more was to be said or done except to order her condemnation to death that same Wednesday evening. And, about half-past seven, she was led forth from her prison, habited as a murderess, in a red gown. The city, now well used to such painful sights, was more than ever crowded with people, who regarded her as she was carried to her doom with mingled feelings. Some saluted her as a martyr, by taking off their hats, and others howled at her as a devil in human shape, who had put out one of the bright lamps of the Revolution.

Beautiful, indeed, Charlotte Corday looked, on her way to the Place de la Révolution, and she looked as calm and serene as a summer day. She died with unfaltering courage, with a smile on her face, and 'her cheeks tinged with a blush of maidenly shame,' caused by the executioners stripping her fair neck of the handkerchief which was around it.

She did the best she could for the peace of France in killing, as she thought, a wild beast; but Marat, dead in that lawless manner, was worse for France than Marat living and legislating. Nevertheless, it is a wonderful story of the energy and resolution which can sometimes find a lodging in a young woman's breast, and while there is very much in her deed to condemn, there is also something we cannot but admire.

THE IRON DUKE'S PARROT.

AN old lady, soon after the Battle of Waterloo, determined to show her grateful admiration of the Duke of Wellington by the gift of a parrot, which she took with her into the Duke's presence. His Grace declined the gift with polite thanks. The old lady begged him to hear the bird speak once. She took the baize off the cage and said, 'Polly, this is the Duke of Wellington.' 'See the conquering hero comes!' cried the parrot, flapping his wings. This was too much for the Duke, who heard the pet sing the National Anthem, and accepted the gift. He afterwards kept the bird in his own room, and it won quite a reputation among its new friends.—*Queckett's 'Sayings and Doings.'*

HEARTSEASE THE FAIRY.

(*Continued from page* 349.)

CHAPTER IV.—HOW TWO GIANTS WON AN EASY BATTLE.

THE sun shone in at the nursery window one morning. 'Come out,' it seemed to say; 'come out, and breathe God's sweet, fresh air, and play in His pleasant fields!'

There was no need, however, for the sunshine to call them, for the children were already out, though not in the fields; they were scampering at full speed down the lane which led from the Rectory to the village. Presently, arriving at a little gate, Godfrey, the leader of the race, pushed it open, and followed by his companions rushed up the path, until he reached the cottage which stood in the garden, when he unlatched the door and bounded in.

'Nobody here!' he cried, bouncing out in the same manner, shutting the door with a loud bang.

'Godfrey, Godfrey, that is rude!' cried Heartsease, from half-way along the garden-path, for, with all her briskness of step, the children had left her far behind. 'You have no right to disturb people in that way.'

'But it did not disturb any one, for there was no one in the house,' answered Godfrey.

'As it happened,' replied Heartsease; 'but that does not signify.' But while she was talking Godfrey was off again, racing round to the back of the cottage—to see, as he said, whether Maggie was standing there washing, as on fine days she was used to do. But there was no one there.

'Come back, children!' cried Heartsease again; 'we must not rush about other people's gardens as if they were our own.'

'It's only Maggie's,' shouted Godfrey; 'and she's such an old cross-patch that I don't care whether she likes it or not.' Maggie, I must tell you, had been a servant in the family, and had married Roberts the gardener. 'I'm just going to look at the chickens,' Godfrey went on. 'Maggie would not tell me the other day how many she had, so I am going to count.' Then away he darted to a corner where a hen was quietly crouched, with her chickens under her wings. With a shout the noisy boy sent them toddling off scared in all directions.

'Come away, Godfrey!' called Heartsease for the third time; 'come away, or I shall have to leave you at home another day.'

Godfrey walked beside her silently, but without any signs of sulkiness or ill-temper (he was too good a boy for that).

Then they came to the gate, and Heartsease kept his hand as they walked through the village.

'Why do you hold my hand?' said Godfrey presently, trying to slip away.

'Because you don't obey when I speak to you; and if you won't obey, you know, you must be bound.'

'I'll do what you tell me if you let me go—if I remember,' said Godfrey; 'it looks so babyish to have any one holding my hand.'

'Well, if you can be man enough to obey without

Frightening the Hen and Chickens.

it I will set you free,' said Heartsease, and she let him go.

The next point of attraction for the little party was a spot where a new house was being built, and a man not far from the road was filling a hod with mortar ready to carry up the ladder.

'There's Dick!' shouted Godfrey; and 'May we go and speak to Dick?' arose in a general chorus.

'Go if you like,' answered Heartsease; 'only come back when I call you.'

Off they all rushed, except little May, who did not seem to find so much to attract her.

Dick saw the children coming, and nodded to them. 'Well,' he said, 'and are you coming to do a day's work? You'll carry up the mortar, maybe, amongst you.'

'We may just go up the ladder, mayn't we?' answered Godfrey; 'Horace and I, just to have a look?'

'One at a time, then, and be quick,' said the man. 'You must be down again, both of you, before I've filled my hod.'

Away ran the two boys together, and both reached the foot of the ladder at the same time.

The Bed of Lime.

'I'm first!' cried Godfrey, pressing forward to set his foot upon the lowest round of the ladder.

'No, you're not! we're both the same!' said Horace, trying to push him aside.

'But we can't both go up together, can we?' cried Godfrey.

'But I'm the eldest,' answered Horace.

'Anyhow it's always the youngest that's helped first to pancakes on pancake-day!' said Godfrey with another attempt to push his way.

'But this isn't pancake-day!' argued Horace, with a push also.

'We're losing time,' said Godfrey angrily, and then something of a struggle began between the two.

'Oh! if that's it,' said a voice at their side, 'if that's it, you won't either of you go!' And Dick, quietly moving them both aside, went up the ladder himself. 'Stay down now, both of you,' he added, 'and get right away from the ladder, unless you want me down on top of you: and then I'll never let you come with me any more.'

The brothers shrank away disappointed and ashamed; each knew himself to be in fault, and neither had a word to say.

'Now, boys,' called Heartsease from the road, 'time is getting on and we must go.'

But the two rushed away in an opposite direction, taking no notice of the summons.

'Horace! Godfrey! come, my boys!' she called again.

'One minute,' shouted Godfrey, as he ran on, followed closely by Horace; 'one minute: I shan't be long!'

'All right, ma'am,' said Dick, who had come down the ladder again: 'I'll send them after you when they come this way, and I'll tell them they must mind what's said to them next time they come to see me.'

Heartsease walked on with the three other children, leaving Dick, who was an old acquaintance, to deal with the truants, who seemed bent upon further mischief.

The point which now attracted the two was a wide bed of lime, which had been prepared for mixing with the mortar. It was white and smooth like snow, or, as Horace remarked, 'Like that great yellow dish of lard in the shop.'

'You can't play duck-and-drake on this queer stuff, I suppose,' said Godfrey, trying it with a stone.

'It's hard!' said Horace. 'I thought it was quite soft, like mud.'

'Soft?' answered Godfrey. 'Why, I'd walk across it, I know.'

'So would I, but we mustn't,' said Horace.

'Who says we mustn't?' replied Godfrey: 'we never asked, and no one ever said a word about it.'

Horace hesitated. 'No,' he said at last: 'but I dare say they would say we might not if we did ask.'

'Who'd say it? Dick? He's too good-tempered.'

'But Heartsease called us,' said Horace, uneasily.

'And I said we'd come in a minute, and it's all your fault if we are more than a minute, because you waste so much time talking. Here I go by myself if you're afraid!'

Afraid! What boy likes that word? What boy but a very brave one can face it? Godfrey did not know by how unworthy a means he was working upon his brother, but it succeeded, and Horace stepped forward.

'I'm not more afraid than you are,' he said. 'One, two, three, and away!'

Hand-in-hand they made a dash forward, and where were they in another minute? Deep, deeper, deeper still—over their feet, up to the tops of their boots, almost up to their knees. Then they stood still bewildered, not knowing which way to go, whether to go onward or turn back.

Godfrey set up a loud shout. 'Dick! Dick! we don't know where we are! Come and help us!'

'Oh, Dick! Dick! we're going to the bottom of the earth!' cried Horace. 'Dick, do come and help us out!'

In another moment Dick was behind them, and bidding them reach out a hand to him dragged them out.

'Why, whatever took you in there?' he said. 'It's a mercy it wasn't so as to burn the shoes off your feet and the flesh off your bones.'

Faster than ever the brothers ran on, for, brave as they thought themselves, Dick's words had frightened them. What did he mean about burning the flesh off their bones?

'Why, my boys, what is the matter?' said their father, meeting them dashing up the carriage-drive like two runaway ponies.

The boys stopped short on meeting him, and tried, breathless and crying, to give an account of themselves.

'There, don't tell me now,' he said kindly. 'Go and get your clothes changed and then come to me in the study.'

In another half-hour they were standing before their father and mother in the study, telling the story of the disaster. Godfrey was, as usual, chief spokesman, and told the plain truth; how he had stayed back against orders, and how he had drawn Horace with him into mischief.

'Now, my boys,' said the father, when the story, was ended, 'the fact is this, and it is a very serious matter. Two of your nursery giants went out walking with you this morning. Very bad, troublesome giants they are, those two, and will bring you into great trouble if you do not fight them. Very cunning ones, too, or they would come to you fairly and say, "Here we are, Horace; here we are Godfrey: drive us away if you can."'

'If they had said that,' answered Godfrey, always foremost in speech as in action, 'I would have driven them both away in a moment!'

The father smiled, but shook his head. 'Don't be too sure of that, my little man,' he said, rather sadly: 'as it is, my boy, you know you have driven away a good, kind fairy instead!'

'Heartsease is not a bit of a fairy!' said Godfrey again, after a moment's silence; 'not a good one, at any rate. I should like a fairy who would kill all the giants for us, and would do our lessons for us, and would get us out of scrapes the moment we got into them, and do it all with her wand.'

'That would not be a good fairy at all,' said the mother. 'The fairy I should like for my boys would teach them to kill the giants for themselves, and to do their lessons for themselves, and to keep themselves out of scrapes, as they call them, by being too well-behaved to get into them.'

'I wish there were no such things as lessons, don't you?' said Godfrey, as they went along the passage together; 'and I wish there were no governesses.'

'But then,' answered matter-of-fact Horace, 'then, if we had no governess we should get laughed at when we went to school, because we should not know anything.'

'How silly you are!' said Godfrey. 'I would not have any such things as schools, of course.'

My little men, stone walls, it is said, have ears!

(*Continued at page* 364.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES NOS. 64 TO 69.

64. Cardinal Wolsey.

65. Quitto.

66. The Army consisted of 24,000 men.

67. Valet, 84*l.*; Maid, 42*l.*; Boy, 14*l.*

68.

Jackson	2004	voters.
Briggs	1999	,,
Total ...	4003	,,

69. Jim's bucket held four gallons, the Skipper's held two gallons.

HISTORICAL.

70. OUR General, at Whitehall, one day,
A meeting calls, and we obey;
We wrangle fiercely in debate,
And, about midnight, separate,

Weary and vexed; for he seems bent
To do without a parliament!
The times forsooth are very strange,
And some would every custom change;

Others would tread the beaten track,
Nor cast old forms behind their back;
Our General is for what is new,
And what he thinks the best, he'll do.

We meet again around his chair,
And, while we're still disputing there,
A soldier enters, one we know,
A General's man from top to toe.

'General,' says he, 'while you sit still,
They're hurrying on their evil bill;
The rogues will make it law to-night,
If you don't go and set them right.'

Then up in haste the General sprang,
And through the room his order rang,
'Go, fetch me here a file of men;
I'll stop the scribbling of their pen!'

The troopers came without delay,
And forth they issued, he and they;
He took his seat in that high hall,
And they stood waiting for his call.

He listened, in grim silence, long,
To reasons weak, and language strong,
Then rose, and spoke, and, growing warm,
Raised, like old Æolus, a storm.

He left his seat, paced up and down,
With grievous words and gloomy frown,
'I'll end your prating,' said he then,
'You shall make room for better men!'

He stamped his heavy foot, and brought
His soldiers round him in a thought;
They looked so grim, those men of steel,
All battle-girt from head to heel,

That even Sydney did not dare
Fight for the honour of the chair,
But he, and Wentworth, Vane, and all,
Slunk tamely from that senate hall.

The General, too, away strode he,
When he had pocketed the key;
Leaving the world to gape perplext,
And wonder what he would do next.

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71. ALTHOUGH a Bachelor of Arts,
Despising toffy and jam tarts,
I still remember that I had
A love for such things when a lad.
How seldom had I any thrift!
How slippery home's parting gift!
No eel, no ice, so hard to hold
As that paternal bit of gold.
With part was paid that debt to Jones,
A little of it went in loans,
A crown, it may be, bought a book,
The rest enriched the pastry-cook.
Now, what my father did for me
I do for my *four* boys, you see;
Tender a parting gift to each,
And how to spend it wisely teach.
The cash is priced above the jaw—
That seems the universal law.
My eldest 's John, the second Joe,
Then Tom, while William ends the row.
Now, Thomas places in his till
Nine shillings more than lesser Will;
While he—that's Tom—has, you must know,
Twelve shillings less than brother Joe;
And Joe has *eighteen shillings less*
Than Jack: so now my riddle guess.
Just one more little hint you need
Before my secret you can read;
'Tis this: the whole I gave away
Was *seven times what Will had* that day,
Plus twice six shillings added to it:
So now, my hearties, try and do it.

G. S. O.

[*Answers at page* 410.]

SEA-GULLS AND CORMORANTS.

WHERE is the sea-fowl's home?
Not in the sheltered bush or tree,
Not in the snug barn roosteth he,
But on the bare and seaworn steep,
Above the solemn murmuring deep;
There, where the strong tides race and foam—
There is the sea-fowl's home.

Where is the sea-fowl's nest?
Not where a boy can play his tricks,
Not where the hen-wife counts her chicks,
Not in the corn or on the fell,
But where the restless surges swell;
That is the place he loves the best—
There is the sea-fowl's nest!

Where are the sea-bird's young?
Not in a nest as spick and span
As if it had been made by man,
Not screened behind the swallow's walls,
But on bare weeds, 'mid storms and squalls,
And where the white foam's madly flung
There are the sea-bird's young!

Where are the sea-bird's wings?
As, buoyantly, he sweeps along,
Touching the surface with his song,

Sea-gulls and Cormorants.

Or meditates a wary theft,
From nets the ebbing tide has left;
  Fanning all day fresh briny things—
  There are the sea-bird's wings.

  Where is the sea-bird's grave?
Oh, luckless, when it comes to pass,
He finds his tomb behind a glass,
Where he must stand, though ages dead,
On legs and feet still lively red.
How better far to find a shroud,
Far from the staring city crowd!
  Sure, weedy rock and restless wave,
  Are the wild sea-bird's proper grave!

G. S. O.

Matilda's Flight from Oxford Castle.

BALLADS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

MATILDA'S FLIGHT FROM OXFORD CASTLE, DECEMBER 21, 1142.

OF all our English annals,
So marred with tears and pain,
What days more drear and dismal
Than those of Stephen's reign?

The people died of hunger,
For none did sow or reap;
Men said, and said it boldly,
'Christ and His saints do sleep!'

If two or three strange horsemen
Chanced but to show their face,
The town was panic-stricken,
The burghers fled apace.

Some found the church a refuge,
Hid in its winding stair;
Some sought the merry greenwood,
And hoped for safety there.

But many a hapless runner
Was captured as he fled,
And in the Adder dungeon
Hung by his thumbs till dead.

And why these days of evil,
In hamlet, tower, and town?
Because a man and woman
Were fighting for the crown!

* * * *

To-day Matilda prospers,
And Stephen's star is dim;
To-morrow droops her banner,
And victory smiles on him.

The birds in Oxford Castle
The fowler watches nigh;
Nets sees she spread around her,
Where'er she turns her eye.

'O hunger-stricken donjon!
O days of hopes and fears!
Where is the Earl of Gloucester,
With twenty thousand spears?

Where is my son, Prince Henry?
Why fords he not the deep?
Should a son leave his mother
To starve in Oxford keep?'

The summer leaves turned yellow,
Loud shrilled October's blast,
In gloom, that daily thickened,
The drear November past:

Within, scarce bread and water,
Without, an iron sky;
Her men grow sick with hunger,
She marks it with a sigh.

She climbs the lofty donjon
With her most trusty knight—
They see the Thames is frozen,
The world one glare of light.

Into his ear she whispers
Her ready-witted scheme—
'That snow it shall befriend us,
The frost hath bound yon stream.'

When from St. Frideswide's steeple
This midnight tolls, await,
Thou, Reginald and Gervase,
Beside the postern-gate.

Over your good steel harness
Vesture of linen throw;
We may, perchance in safety,
Pass, white-robed, through the snow.'

* * * *

That night, four stealthy figures
Through the still by-ways crept,
The cold had numbed the bellman,
The leaguer's sentry slept.

Well for them all men slumber'd,
Since it was light as day;
Well that the Thames was frozen,
No ferryman had they.

Well was it for Matilda
That she was strong and bold;
Child, worthy of the grandsire
Who kingdoms had controll'd!

On foot they reached the Abbey
Of far-famed Abbandune;*
The good monks kindly fed them,
The steeds were saddled soon;

And, ere the low sun levelled
His feeble rays abroad,
They met the cheers and greetings
Of loyal Wallingford.

* * * *

That same hour heard King Stephen,
The Castle was his own;
But little recked he of it,
Because 'the bird was flown.' G. S. O.

A COURAGEOUS RESCUE.

COURAGE is often spoken of as a 'manly' virtue, but would it not be a truer definition to say a 'Christian Gift,' since it is given even to young girls to exercise it, as well as to brave, unselfish men? This was illustrated some three years ago by Alice Ayres, a young servant living as nursemaid in an oilman's family. Not a grand position as likely to bring her public admiration, but one where she did her daily duties so faithfully, that her master and mistress felt they could leave her in charge of the three children usually confided to her care. One night she put them to bed, and had no misgivings till the terrible cry of 'Fire!' close below the window came to frighten her; nor even then did she realise that the awful enemy was within the very house in which she was, and had so far gained ground that the only hope of escape for her and her charges must be through the window. 'Jump down, the bed will catch you!' sounded in her ears from below; but I do not believe she for a

* Now Abingdon.

moment thought of leaving her charges to save herself. Carefully she carried each of the three little ones through the blinding smoke and ever-increasing heat, dropping each safely on to the bed below held by kindly outstretched arms. Then came the time to save herself, and the attempt was made, but whether the strain of what she had just done had been too much for her powers, or the fast-increasing smoke and heat of the fire stupefied her, she reeled as she jumped from the window, and fell, *not* on the bed, but on to the pavement, breaking her spine, and so ending service and life. And so also she escaped the danger of praise from her fellow-men, receiving, we may confidently believe, the praise which cometh of God.

K. W.

THE DEATH-WATCH.

THE tiny insect known as the death-watch, and so much dreaded by superstitious persons as giving warning of calamity, is one of the large family of Termes, allied to those far-famed destructives the white ants of tropical regions. It is very small, and is generally found among old books, decaying wood, or wall papers, where it finds its subsistence. It is extremely agile in its movements, and is not easily seen. The loud ticking noise for which it is celebrated is caused by the insect beating its head against the wood-work, which it does in process of boring into the decaying timber. How so loud a noise is produced by so small an insect has never been properly explained, and the mysterious ticking has led to many legends.

It is on record that a certain peasant in Brittany, having murdered a traveller and stolen his watch, brought home his valuable prize with much elation of spirit. He soon, however, found out that it was broken and would not go. He then hid it under his pillow and went to sleep; but in the dead of night the murderer awoke, and to his terror heard the ticking of a watch. In vain he sold it, and gave the money for masses to be said for the traveller's soul. The ticking continued, and the chamber thenceforth had the reputation of being haunted. This dismal tale having been told to a naturalist he at once guessed the riddle and promised to silence the ghost. Having shut himself up in the mysterious chamber he soon had a couple of death-watches shut up in a tin case, and the dreaded room was thenceforth free from the terrible ticking. Where these tiny insects are abundant the wood-work is often reduced almost to powder.

D. B.

OUR BIOGRAPHY.—No. XI.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

ON the 10th of November, in the year 1728, was born Oliver Goldsmith. His father was a clergyman, whose simplicity and piety his son has described in the pictures of Dr. Primrose, and the parson in *The Deserted Village*. There were five sons and three daughters at home, Oliver being the second son. He began attendance at a dame school when three years old. But the mistress pronounced him one of the dullest pupils she ever had. From her hands he passed to those of the village schoolmaster. Byrne, for such was his name, had fought for his country in Spain, and could tell many a story of strange lands and strange deeds. His stock of fairy-lore was also great. No wonder, then, that at eight years old his pupil began to write verses. Some of these his mother saw, and was convinced at once of his genius.

By favour of his uncle Contarine the lad was now sent to better schools. But at neither of them was he remarkable for attention to his studies. At sixteen he was entered at Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar, or 'poor scholar.' Here his conduct was varied. He gained more than one prize, and yet he annoyed the authorities by outbursts of wildness.

The kindness of heart which distinguished him throughout life is curiously illustrated by one story of his college days. He had promised to breakfast one day with a friend, but did not come. The host at last went in search of him, and found Goldsmith *in* bed—in fact, inside amongst the feathers. The evening before a destitute woman with five young children had implored his help. Money he had none. So he loaded her with the blankets from his bed and most of his clothes. Finding himself cold during the night, he had cut open the bed, and crept inside for warmth.

After leaving college he indulged in several freaks which brought his widowed mother to the verge of despair. At last he went off to Edinburgh to study medicine. After a while he set out for a ramble upon the Continent, and narrowly escaped sailing in a vessel which was wrecked with the loss of all hands off the mouth of the Garonne. For two years he roamed, and then returned to England, landing at Dover with a few pence in his pocket. Arrived in London he became an usher at a school; then he practised as a doctor amongst the poor of Southwark; then he turned schoolmaster again; and finally he took to literature as a profession.

To live by the pen he found a hard task. But his *Inquiry into the State of Polite Learning*, and the *Chinese Letters*, made his name known. He now became acquainted with Johnson, and was one of the original members of the famous Literary Club. By the advice of Johnson he prepared to publish *The Traveller*. Sir Joshua Reynolds tells us how he one day found Goldsmith engaged upon his poem, and at the same time teaching a pet dog to sit on its haunches. *The Traveller* brought him a good deal of fame, which was increased by *The Vicar of Wakefield*. Goldsmith now had a recognised place amongst men of talent.

But improvidence was still his failing, and the large sums which his successes more than once brought him were soon squandered. He wrote for bread, but was always in the publisher's debt, and his last days were darkened by this cloud. He died, after about a fortnight's illness, in April, 1774, aged forty-five. His debts amounted to 2000*l*., an unheard-of sum for a poet. He was buried in the ground belonging to the Temple Church. In Westminster Abbey, rightly placed in Poet's Corner, you will find a monument to his memory, bearing a Latin inscription by Johnson. In his poems and *The Vicar of Wakefield* he has left an even more lasting memorial.

A. R. B.

TOO FOND OF DRINK.

TOBACCO and a mug of beer!
What stupid fellow have we here?
All day he sits, and silent drinks,
Sometimes pretending that he thinks.
But no! his thoughts are really *nil;*
He'll drink, and drink, and drink, until,
Disgusted with his stupid life,
He'll stagger home to beat his wife!

D. B. M.

HEARTSEASE THE FAIRY.

(*Continued from page* 358.)

CHAPTER V.—HOW TWO BOYS SPENT A STRANGE DAY.

WHITHER, think you, went Heartsease and the others when the two boys ran off? Whither? Well, down to the shore; down through a lane, and across a field, and along a rugged pathway down into the bay, where the sea, calm and sunny, was quietly shrinking down the sands.

This morning, however, was but an early spring morning, too early in the year for paddling, but another pleasure had been provided. A little way down the sand, just at the water's edge, a boatman was waiting beside a boat. It was their father's boatman and their father's boat, and the children gave a cry and a bound of joy when they saw the sight, for they knew it meant a treat.

'You haven't kept your time, ma'am, so well as we've kept ours,' said the man, touching his hat; and who the 'we' meant was in another instant explained by Sydney leaping to view from the bottom of the boat.

'Hurrah!' he shouted. 'Say hurrah! It's going to be fun to-day, I can tell you.' But instead of the burst of delight which he had expected, no answer came from the appoaching group; one thought and one regret had touched them all after their first cry of joy.

'Where are Godfrey and Horace?' shouted Sydney; 'if they don't make haste we'll go without them.'

'We must go without them, I am sorry to say,' answered Heartsease.

'Oh! they've got into a scrape, have they?' said Sydney. 'So much the worse! There won't be half so much fun without them.'

'Dear, dear now!' said Josiah, pushing back his hat and rubbing his short, iron-grey curls, as he

Josiah waiting for the Party.

always did when anything troubled him: then he added, 'Maybe you'll pass it over, and not punish them this once?'

Josiah was an old man-of-war's man, and still wore the broad-brimmed hat and the blue shirt, with the great collar reaching from shoulder to shoulder, which he had worn at sea. A fine-looking fellow he was, strong in frame and fearless in face, but the look upon his weather-beaten features was quite sad and gentle as he pleaded for his little masters.

Heartsease, quite as much grieved at heart as he, for she could not bear to deprive a child of a pleasure, shook her head, and replied, 'I cannot help them, I am sorry to say: they have punished themselves.'

'Dear, dear!' he said again when she had finished; 'there's no help for it now, I suppose.' And then he lifted them all in one by one; Heartsease first, then little May, then Frank, then Bertha, and lastly, having thrust the boat down the sand into the sea, holding fast to it all the time, he jumped in himself.

The boat put off with a very quiet company. There was no chattering, no trailing of hands over-

board, no splashing each other's faces, no sharing an oar with Josiah; all of which things would, under other circumstances, have formed the delight of an expedition like the present.

Josiah pulled on quietly for some time, past point and creek, and with scarcely a word the children watched the sea-gulls sailing through the air, and the shadows shifting on the hills, and the clouds now and then purpling the sea, until by-and-by they came in sight of a wide, beautiful bay, with a jetty running out into the water, and sands stretching back far beyond the jetty, and beyond the sands again a number of pretty houses clustering together in a hollow.

Then all the little tongues were suddenly loosed, for the delights of that spot were well known to them. Was there not always there a table laid out with curious pebbles, and boxes made with shells, and pictures made of sea-weed, and many other things beautiful in their eyes? And was there not in sight the little inn in which they always dined or had their tea, except on those hot, delicious summer days, when there was a long tent set up with a long table down on the shore? Best of all, were there not also donkeys standing ready saddled, with their clean white saddle-cloths, bound with red?

Now at this very time, while the holiday-makers were recovering their spirits and beginning to enter upon the pleasure of the day, Godfrey and Horace, two sad prisoners, were watching at the nursery-window, their lessons learnt, wondering where the others could be.

'Father said we had driven her away,' said Godfrey: referring, of course, to Heartsease. 'She can't have gone home, can she?'

Horace thought for a moment, and then shook his wise head. No, he was sure she could not have gone, because the coach had passed hours ago; and besides, she had all the others with her.

By-and-by the luncheon-bell rang, and the boys went down to dine with their father and mother. They half expected to find Heartsease there before them with her companions, but they were disappointed. All dinner-time they expected to see them walk in, but they never appeared; even Sydney was absent, so they supposed he had been sent in search.

Dinner ended the boys returned to the nursery, to wonder what they should do all the afternoon. Nothing had been said to them about lessons, about going out or staying in, so they consulted together. Nurse would be up presently, when she had finished her dinner, so they agreed to wait and get advice from her.

But time passed on and no nurse came. 'It is of no use waiting,' said Godfrey, at last.

'But what else is there to do?' said Horace. 'We're only waiting because we don't know what else to do!'

'Yes we do; come out of doors,' said Godfrey: 'we need not stay in unless we like.'

But out of doors it was just as bad. They could not amuse themselves in any way: they knew every nest that was building, so there was nothing to look for; they fetched their garden tools, but their gardens did not seem to want any digging or raking. 'We have nothing to do with you nor you with us,' everything out of doors seemed to say; every bird, and flower, and leaf, and tree.

'It is miserable out-of-doors to-day, somehow,' said Godfrey: 'we may just as well go in again.'

So they wandered back to the nursery, which, by-the-by, was still deserted, and betook themselves to the window-seat, where they sat for some time, tossing up their caps and catching them again, for want of something better to do.

But I will not go on describing to you how two little boys spent a whole afternoon doing nothing. I will go on to tell you that tea was brought to the nursery as usual, and that the brothers sat down to their meal like two little old men who lived and kept house together.

There was no summons for them to go downstairs this evening—their father and mother had gone out to dinner, had kissed them and bidden them be good boys, and left them to themselves. They got out their picture-puzzles and put them together, and as soon as they got tired of that, which was very soon indeed, they fetched a box of bricks and built castles, and fired at them with marbles. Very soon they got tired of that also, and put the bricks aside. You never saw such solemn play in all your life, such silent, lifeless games; no laughing, no talking, no eagerness, no fun; it was only what, in grown-up people's language, is called 'killing time.'

Finding at last that all efforts to forget were vain, Horace and Godfrey knelt before the fire, wishing it were Christmas now that they might roast chestnuts again.

'I say, Horace,' said Godfrey, presently, the remembrance of chestnuts having carried his thoughts to winter evenings with Sydney in Fairyland. 'I say, Horace, does not this seem just like one of Sydney's fairy stories come true? as if a fairy had heard me say how I wished there were no such things as governesses, and nurses, and lessons, and as if she had come with her wand, and had made them all sink into the earth?'

'It's miserable,' Horace answered; 'and I'd rather do lessons all day long, and I'd rather be sent to bed even at seven o'clock.'

For it had struck eight some time since—eight o'clock, the hour at which nurse always laid down her work, and said, 'Now, Master Horace, now, Master Godfrey, come like good boys, for it's time for bed.' On which Godfrey would as regularly reply, 'One minute;' and Horace would chime in, 'One minute;' after which they would first grumble, and then grow angry, until it all ended in a skirmish, in which, of course, nurse was sure to be victorious, and to carry them off.

'Pooh!' said Godfrey, when Horace had uttered his sorrowful speech; 'pooh! you're such a baby! I call it jolly!'

Nevertheless, I do not think, that if nurse had just then looked in with her usual summons, Godfrey would have pleaded for his usual 'one minute;' or if he had done so, Horace, I am certain, would have obeyed without a murmur, so sleepy was he, so weary after the long, unhappy day.

(*Continued at page* 370.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

HISTORICAL.

72. WHO was that sailor resolute,
The first of all mankind,
That, sailing by *a Western route*,
The far-off East did find?

His name, his land, I leave to you,—
Such are not mentioned here;
I do but briefly now review
His wonderful career.

Before a mighty King he laid
His dreamings on his knees:
'O grant me, Sire, thy royal aid,
To plough the pathless seas!

A little squadron bid me man
With sailors true and brave,
And I will seek fair Indostan,
Across the Western wave.'

The King has granted his request;
But, will that seaman find,
By sailing West and ever West,
The sunny shores of Ind?

He sails—but soon his way is barr'd
By an unending coast;
Alas for him! His fate how hard!
Hopes dashed and labours lost!

At length the cry, 'A strait! a strait!'
Falls on his happy ears;
And, lo! as if 'twere Heaven's own gate,
An inlet broad appears!

Alas! how premature the boast—
'Tis but a river-mouth;
And he, once more, must hug the coast,
Still sailing to the South.

Colder and colder grows the day,
And endless seems the shore;
The bravest men lose heart, and say,
'We shall see home no more!'

Wrapped up in skins, a giant race
Infest the dreary land;
The sailors tremble as they trace
Huge footsteps in the sand!

But all things come to those who wait;
And so, one happy day,
He clears the barrier, threads his strait,
And Westward makes his way

Over an ocean calm and grand,
Where, three long months and more,
His seamen never sight the land,
Nor hear the breakers roar.

The stores run short; and wild alarms,
And scurvy, vex the crews;
When, lo! an island, with its palms,
Strange people, and canoes!

And he has found the secret out,
That bold and steadfast tar;
Let's greet him with an English shout—
Hurrah! brave heart, hurrah! G. S. O.

[*Answer at page* 410.]

HORSES' FRIENDSHIPS.

MANY horses are of a very affectionate disposition, and not only get attached to their masters, and to dogs and goats, but sometimes to animals the most dissimilar to themselves. The naturalist, White of Selborne, tells us that a friend of his had a horse that formed a friendship with a solitary hen, and the two animals spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard. The fowl would approach the quadruped uttering little notes of pleasure, and the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion. But perhaps one of the prettiest instances of the friendships of animals for each other is that recorded of a pony and a lamb.

Many years ago there lived at Hardhills, in the parish of Brittle, a blacksmith named Thomas Rae. This blacksmith bought a little black-faced lamb, and put it into a field wherein there was a cow and a little white Galloway pony. The lamb took no notice of the cow, but soon began to show great fondness for the pony, which returned its affection, and the two friends kept constantly in each other's company. When the pony was used for riding or drawing a cart the lamb would trot beside it; and when at any time the lamb was alarmed by people coming too near to look at it, it would run under the body of the pony, and pop out its little black face from between the fore legs, and look about it in conscious security. At night it slept in the stable, and if it was separated from the pony would raise plaintive bleatings, which the pony answered by mournful neighings. And just as the dog leaves the society of its own kind to follow man, this little lamb forsook its own species that it might associate with its friend, for on one occasion when the blacksmith was riding the pony, the lamb, as usual, trotting beside it, they passed through a large flock of sheep that was being driven along the road, the lamb never heeded the sheep but went straight through them with the pony. Another time both pony and lamb strayed into an adjoining field, in which there was a flock of sheep feeding. The lamb joined them for a short time, but as soon as the blacksmith came to drive out the pony the lamb followed, without once looking back at its natural companions. We are not told what became of these two friends, but most likely, when the lamb grew into a sheep, they were forcibly separated. A. R.

FRIENDSHIP.

SMALL service is true service, while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, spurn not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dew-drop from the sun.
WORDSWORTH.

Pony and Lamb.

Baby Bunn.

BABY BUNN.

—o—

WINSOME baby Bunn!
Brighter than the stars that rise
In the dusky evening skies,
Browner than the robin's wing,
Clearer than the woodland spring,
Are the eyes of baby Bunn!
Winsome baby Bunn!

Smile, mother, smile!
Thinking softly all the while
Of a tender, blissful day,
When the dark eyes, so like these
Of the cherub on your knees,
Stole your girlish heart away.
Oh! the eyes of baby Bunn!
Rarest mischief will they do,
When once old enough to steal
What their father stole from you!
Smile, mother, smile!

Winsome baby Bunn!
Milk-white lilies half unrolled,
Set in calyxes of gold,
Cannot make his forehead fair,
With its rings of yellow hair!
Scarlet berry cleft in twain
By a wedge of pearly grain,
Is the mouth of baby Bunn!
Winsome baby Bunn!

Winsome baby Bunn!
Not the sea-shell's palest tinge,
Not the daisy's rose-white fringe,
Not the softest, faintest glow
Of the sunset on the snow,
Is more beautiful and sweet
Than the wee, pink hands and feet,
Of the little baby Bunn—
Winsome baby Bunn!

Feet like these may lose the way,
Wandering blindly from the right;
Pray, and sometimes will your prayers
Be to him like golden stairs,
Built through darkness into light.
Oh, the dimpled feet of Bunn,
In their silken stockings dressed!
Oh, the dainty hands of Bunn,
Hid like rose-leaves in your breast!
These shall grasp at jewels rare,
But to find them empty air;
Those shall falter many a day,
Bruised and bleeding by the way,
Ere they reach the land of rest!
Pray, mother, pray!

NOTE.—The late Mr. N. P. Willis says of this poem, 'It is addressed to an idolised child by its pet name, and, though beautiful throughout, it has some two or three passages of rare originality. The writer of it was a factory girl, who, by the labour of her own hands, secured the money for her education.'

HEARTSEASE THE FAIRY.

(*Continued from page* 366.)

CHAPTER VI.—HOW GODFREY HAD HIS WISH.

AFTER waiting in vain for any one to come, the two little brothers crept off, silent and sad, to their beds. The room in which they slept opened out of the nursery, so they left the door wide open, both that they might have the light of the lamp and also that they might see or hear if any one came into the nursery. They lay quiet for a long time, as it seemed to them; they did not care to talk, though they could not manage to fall asleep, until presently Godfrey spoke.

'Horace,' he said, 'are you awake?' and Horace wearily answered, 'Yes.'

'I'm beginning to be sorry,' said Godfrey; 'are you?'

'I'm more than beginning,' answered poor Horace, going off into a cry.

'There, now! don't be a baby!' exclaimed his brother; 'if you cry I'll go to sleep and leave you awake by yourself, and I won't finish what I was going to say.'

Horace stifled as well as he could the noise which betrayed him, and at last contrived to speak steadily enough to bid his brother go on.

'Well, I was going to say I'm only sorry because it makes it all so miserable. What are you?'

'I'm the same; it's miserable and wretched!' answered poor Horace, crying afresh.

In the morning nurse came into the room to awaken them, and bid them, as she said, 'jump up.' She drew up the blind, and the pleasant sunshine streamed in at the window. They rubbed their eyes and looked at nurse. She was just the same as ever; she was not a bit changed, nor cross. They looked at the chairs beside their beds, where they knew they had left their clothes in two untidy little heaps; everything was neatly folded, and the slippers which they had kicked off anywhere were put together, just as nurse always put them, ready to be stepped into when they got up.

Had it all been a dream about the miserable evening they had spent? Somehow, as nurse said nothing, they did not like to say anything about it either.

As they were being dressed they heard the pattering steps of little Frank and May in the passage, and their voices, as usual, begging to be let into their mother's room. Going downstairs when the bell rang, they found mother making the coffee.

It made yesterday seem more like a dream than ever. After breakfast, however, they met with a proof of its reality, for Bertha had brought them each a present; for the one a shell-box, and for the other a sea-weed picture.

'Is that where you were?' said the two boys together, as the three stood in the nursery-window examining the gifts.

'Yes: didn't you know? And we had dinner at the inn, and a donkey-ride over the hills, and we came home by the coach Eclipse, and had tea in the dining-room; but just then Heartsease came into the

room and called for lessons, so there was no time either to ask or to answer any more.

Lessons began. When the copy-books were taken out, and Godfrey opened his and laid it on the table before him, his copy was already written for him. 'Obedience' in a great round hand, was written on every line, all down the page. He looked at it in surprise, and then nudged Horace to look also. But Horace was himself busy with a sight equally surprising. His copy also had been written for him—'Resist temptation,' in the neat small hand to which he had attained. It seemed curious; just indeed as if the wand had been at work—the wand for which they had yesterday been longing, and the feeling came back that they were in a dream, or somehow in a fairy-book.

Presently came reading-time, copy-books were laid aside, and English Histories taken out. Bertha began to read, and went through one paragraph.

'Stop,' said Heartsease, as Horace was about to take his turn; 'stop, I will read for you;' and she read his paragraph. 'I will read for you, also,' she said to Godfrey, when his turn came, and so the reading-lesson went on to the end, and the two boys found it very dry work.

They were quite glad when at last the reading was finished and slates were called for. The most tiresome sums would be a relief after all this; it would make them feel that they were alive and awake, and, moreover, that they were two real boys; living real, every-day lives, and were not either in a dream or Fairyland. Godfrey took out his slate, therefore, with great readiness, and prepared for work, when, lo! there were three subtraction sums, worked and proved. He glanced at Horace's slate, and there also was a long-division sum, a very long one, all down the slate, worked out, and at the end of it the very mark √ which Heartsease always made against a sum or an exercise when it was right.

It was all more strange than ever. The wand he had wished for had done this; and though that wand was, as they felt certain, no other than Heartsease's own hand, yet it was puzzling, and they both of them wished that the words had never been uttered.

It was very wearisome, so they found, to sit there with finished copies before them, with books in their hands without reading out one word, with slates on which there was not one figure left for them to set down—with, in fact, nothing to do all the morning, because everything had been done for them.

'One might just as well be a wooden doll!' said Godfrey to his brother as they put away their books and slates after their make-believe morning's work; 'it is not even a quarter as good as playing at school, and that is stupid enough!'

After this they set out for their morning's walk.

Now I am afraid you will think it very cruel of Heartsease, when I tell you that she took them past Maggie's cottage again, right past the new house where Dick was working, where Dick indeed nodded to them with a mischievous smile as he looked up from the place where he was filling a hod with mortar. Across the field they went, and along the rugged pathway down into the bay.

There was usually a bound, and a shout, and a general scamper when the shingle was reached, but to-day Horace and Godfrey walked quietly together, and watched even without a smile their baby-brother and sister run off to dig holes and build castles in the sand. Heartsease seated herself on a pile of stones.

'Come here, boys,' she said, calling to Horace and Godfrey; 'come here and tell me something. How do you like the fairy after all?'

Neither of them answered at first, but presently Godfrey looked up at her with his honest look, and answered:—

'We like you, Heartsease, but we did not like you for a fairy. You are a horrid fairy!'

'How can that be?' she said; 'it is just what you wished for: all your lessons done for you, you know.'

'Ah, but we've changed our minds about that!'

'And the moment you get into scrapes you shall be helped out of them.'

'Oh, but we mean to keep out of scrapes!'

'No governess to order you about, no nurse to put you to bed, left to do just as you liked; was not that exactly what you wanted?'

'We thought it would be, but it isn't,' answered Horace, wearily.

Godfrey wandered a step or two down the beach and stood silent, kicking the shingle about without a word; presently, having thought out what was in his mind, he came and stood beside the heap of stones where Heartsease was sitting.

'Look here, Heartsease,' he said; 'just begin again, and we'll do as we're told!'

'Who is "we?"' asked Heartsease.

'Why, Horace and me, of course!' was the reply.

'But Horace must speak for himself.'

'Oh! he'll agree—won't you, Horace?' replied Godfrey again, just half turning to his brother, but sure of his answer.

'Yes,' said Horace, nodding his grave head; and Heartsease, thinking first for a moment said,

'Very well then, we will begin again, and I believe we shall turn three troublesome giants out of the nursery.'

CHAPTER VII.—HOW THE GIANTS WROUGHT MISCHIEF.

'Don't you be ordered about, it's so babyish!'

'Do as he does; it is much the easiest plan!'

Thus spoke two giants at the elbow of each of the two boys, when on one rainy afternoon they stood in the nursery-window thinking how they should amuse themselves.

If you ask me what the two giants were like I cannot tell you, for I could not see them: I only know that they were there.

The two boys could not see them either—they, indeed, did not even know that they were there: but there they were, as I have said, all the same, the one whispering to Godfrey not to do as he was told, the other whispering to Horace to simply do as his brother did, instead of following the guidance of his own conscience, which would have told him to obey.

Now these two giants clothed their words very artfully, so that to Godfrey it only seemed that this thought was passing through his mind, 'I don't suppose there would be any harm in a game of marbles;'

Heartsease and the Brothers at the Sea-side.

and to Horace it seemed that in his mind also was a very kind thought, 'If Godfrey would like it, I won't say no.'

Godfrey, still without knowing it, for it was only in his own heart, answered his giant in this wise,—'A little while ago for disobeying I lost a whole day's treat.' And the giant answered him back, 'But you are sure not to lose a treat this time; who is to punish you?'

And Horace, in the same manner, said to his giant also, 'A little while ago, through minding Godfrey rather than my own conscience, I got into trouble;'

and Horace's giant also answered him back, 'But you know as well as I do that you will neither of you get into trouble—it's only nurse!'

So the giants won the day, and the boys fetched their marbles from their play-box.

Well, they got out their marbles and began a game.

'Now that's very naughty, you know,' said nurse, looking sharply over her spectacles; but Godfrey said, 'Pooh! go on, Horace!' and Horace went on.

They both of them knew quite well that nurse's anger went no further than looking over her spectacles, and that did no harm, so they went on with their game without troubling themselves.

'Have you counted them?' said nurse, when by-and-by, tired of marbles, they rattled them back into the box and took out a puzzle instead.

(*Continued at page* 378.)

GOING TO BED.

THE evening is coming,
The sun sinks to rest;
The rooks are all flying
Straight home to the nest.
'Caw!' says the rook, as he flies overhead:
It's time little people were going to bed!

The flowers are closing,
The daisy's asleep;
The primrose is buried
In slumber so deep.
Shut up for the night is the pimpernel red:
It's time little people were going to bed!

The butterfly, drowsy,
Has folded its wing;
The bees are returning,
No more the birds sing.

Their labour is over, their nestlings are fed:
It's time little people were going to bed!

Here comes the pony,
His work is all done;
Down through the meadow
He takes a good run;
Up go his heels, and down goes his head;
It's time little people were going to bed!

Good-night, little people,
Good-night and good-night;
Sweet dreams to your eyelids,
Till dawning of light;
The evening has come, there's no more to be said:
It's time little people were going to bed!

T. Hood.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

Geographical.

73. Come here, and I your steps will lead,
In stanza after stanza,
From her, who doth old Nilus feed,—
Victoria Nyanza.

And lightly now we'll gallop o'er
The rest of that dark quarter,
Then lose all sight of any shore,
Upon a waste of water!

Long leagues of sunny sea we thread
(A thousand, I've a notion),
Where the ships ride, as one has said,
Upon a painted ocean.

We fringe the Maldive group, and then
Sumatra's isle we sever;
We cleave big Borneo and its men,
And Celebes for ever.

Then through that Archipelago
Still make our Eastward flitting,
And, save some little islands, know
No earth till we are quitting

The vast Pacific, when our route
Shall, if you please, be grounded
On lava masses, which upshoot
From depths no line has sounded.

And as I fancy you agree
Our voyage has been a 'spanker,'
And if you're tired of so much sea,
I'll cast my glowing anchor.

Here, though it is a torrid noon,
We'll have a short palaver,
About these curious masses strewn
With dismal heaps of lava.

Long had the sailor passed them by,
They looked so black and sterile,
And to his superstitious eye
Betokened death or peril.

Age after age went by, and yet
Here no man spread his banner;
Here sported, mindless of his net,
The crab and iguana.

At last one came with no such fear
On these lone rocks to settle;
So, day by day, now bubbles here
The civilising kettle.

And here we'll watch, if you've a mind,
The tortoise eating cactus,
And think of those we've left behind;—
I wonder if they've tracked us? G. S. O.

[*Answer at page* 410.]

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

XXI.—MARIE ANTOINETTE.

THIS celebrated and unfortunate Queen was born at Vienna in November, 1755, being the daughter of the Emperor of Germany and Maria Theresa of Austria. In May, 1770, she was married to Louis, the Dauphin, grandson of Louis XV. In 1774 she became Queen of France. She was a fair young Queen, and she has been described by several as she appeared in the height of her prosperity, and among all the noblest of the land. She was kindly disposed, helping the poor, adopting orphans, and so on.

In 1777 she had a daughter, and after that a son. Her happiness was soon overclouded, for she fell into disrepute with the French people, and her hair grew grey with cares and sorrows. Her good name was blackened by falsehoods, and her beauty departed from her before its proper time. She often sat, even at Versailles, weeping in her inner apartments, feeling she was hated as the evil genius of France. She had inherited, however, a strength and courage which stood her in good stead.

During the terrible day of the insurrection of women she alone, they tell us, wore a face of courage, a look of lofty calmness, as if she was one who dared to do what she felt she ought to do.

On that 6th of October, when the King had showed himself on the balcony of Versailles to the mob, she went out too, with her boy and girl in either hand. 'No children,' cried the voices; and so she gently pushed them back, and stood there alone, with her hands crossed on her bosom. General Lafayette took her hand, and, making a low obeisance, kissed it, and then the people shouted, or some of them did, 'Vive la Reine!' An officer, named Weber, declares he saw one of the rough fellows levelling his musket at her, when another angrily struck it down.

Marie Antoinette's father was a Prince of Lorraine, and she ever had a drawing of her heart towards the people of that province. 'Sire,' said she to the King once, 'these are some of your faithful Lorrainers,' when some federates from that part were in Paris. She attracted the admiration of the great Mirabeau. In her he saw a courage like his own. 'You do not know the Queen,' said he on one occasion; 'her force of mind is prodigious: she is a man for courage.'

She was the only person about the King he could depend upon. 'The only man,' he used to say, 'his Majesty has about him.'

Woman-like, too, was she. When it was decided to make that unfortunate flitting on the longest day of 1791, the Queen must needs have a great stock of new Paris dresses made, all which aroused suspicion, and she spent some 500 louis d'ors about her toilette case in having it arranged and forwarded, and it was lost after all. We have already seen how she, in her broad gipsy hat, leaning on a stupid man-servant's arm, took the wrong road as they issued from the Tuileries, and, instead of going to the left hand to the glass coach that was waiting, they went to the right over the Pont Royal and the river, whereby a most precious hour was wasted, and, perhaps, all was lost! We have seen, too, how the lumbering new berline, with all the hapless royal family in it, was stopped at Varennes, and how they were all brought back with ignominy to a harsher captivity.

The Queen kept up a correspondence in cipher with the emigrants and friends of the monarchy at Coblentz, but she never could persuade the duller-witted Louis to come to any decision worthy of the name. When that singular procession, called that of the Black Breeches, invaded the Tuileries, she sat with her children and their aunt behind a barricade of furniture, weeping for very shame at the ruffianism which was allowed to go on unchecked in a king's house. A woman then offered her a red cap, which she took, and placed on her little boy's fair curls. The commandant, Santerre, who brewed beer, said to her, 'Madame, this people loves you more than you think.'

On the yet more awful morning of the 10th of August, after a sleepless night, the Queen stood with Madame Elizabeth, the King's sister, looking out of a window.

'Sister,' said Madame Elizabeth, 'see what a beautiful sunrise!'

When the King was entreated to leave the Palace and take refuge in the Assembly, some declare the Queen said, 'As for me I would be nailed to these walls sooner,' and she then offered her husband a loaded pistol, and bade him defend his home, for now or never was his time for doing it. Others deny the truth of these things; but all admit that she behaved herself queen-like, and neither shrieked nor wept, but steeled herself to die, if she had to die, in a manner worthy of the great Theresa's daughter.

It was said by some that the Queen behaved with levity while the Tuileries was sacked and burning, and while the King and she, with the Princess Lamballe, were detained in the upper story of the Assembly Hall. They say she and her friend looked out of the window, and laughingly shook the powder from their head-dresses on the people who were walking underneath. But, if this were so, it was no laughing matter soon after to be shut up in the Temple tower, and to see, as they say she saw, or might have seen, the bleeding head of her dear friend the Princess Lamballe carried on a pike point before her barred window. One municipal officer said, 'Look out;' another, of a more pitiful disposition, said, 'Do not look.'

During the melancholy autumn months the King was permitted, in company with his Queen, to stroll in the garden of his prison, at certain hours; but the time came when this privilege was put an end to, and the afflicted pair were kept in separate apartments.

When the King had to die, in obedience to the decree of the Convention, his unhappy wife bade him farewell, as we have seen. Nothing is more pathetic in the range of history than that good-bye. The King met his doom in January; but it was not before October that the rulers of France brought their next chief victim out of her cage, and feasted the people's eyes with her trial and execution. Those cat-eyed people were generally stealthy of foot, and awake when honester people are sleeping; and so it was that one morning at three o'clock the Queen was removed to another prison. She was brought to her trial (was it not a mock one?) on the 14th of October, before the notorious Fonquier Tinville, and she was arraigned as 'the widow Capet.' We are glad to be told the Queen showed herself a true woman in this dreadful hour; and what better could she be?

Her accusers, of course, said what they could against her, and much more than they truthfully could, and, equally, of course, she was condemned to death. Could anything else have come of such a judge and such a jury? Impossible, when they began by assuming it was a crime to be a queen at all. Deliver us, O Lord, from such a justice-room as that of Tinville and his creatures! Surely, the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.

It was a Monday when the 'once brightest of queens, now defaced and forsaken,' stood at Tinville's bar, and one can still read in the Bulletin of the Revolutionary tribunal the 'trial of the widow Capet.'

The witnesses came forward, one after another, and delivered their testimony, and the accused lady answered, when necessary, with calmness and dignity. After she was sentenced to death, which took place at four o'clock in the morning, they asked her whether she had anything to say. She replied by shaking her head. A little while after the trial was ended, the city was astir to feast its cruel eyes on the death agony of Marie Antoinette.

At sunrise, the troops were drawn up, the cannon pointed in the proper direction, and every other preparation made, by the rulers of France, against any possibility of a rescue. And, at eleven o'clock, the Queen was brought out of her dismal prison and placed in a cart with her hands bound behind her. She was dressed in white. She had already cut off her long hair, which had become as white as snow. A priest, dressed as much like a layman as possible, went with her, but it was noticed she spoke very little to him. Cries of 'Vive la République!' arose all along the way, but the Queen seemed to pay very small attention to them. When she was carried past the Tuileries, those who observed her face the most carefully saw a change in it. She was thinking of her husband and her children, and of what had been, and of what might have been, had better counsels been taken. The Queen reached the Place de la Révolution a little after twelve o'clock, and she mounted the scaffold with the courage of her race. The axe fell, and Marie Antoinette was dead, and wild cries of 'Vive la République!' arose from the infatuated mob which crowded the place.

Marie Antoinette being prepared for Execution.

The Prophet's Pet.

THE PROPHET'S PET.

—o—

MOHAMMED, when he was at Damascus, had a favourite cat, which he fed himself, and carried about with him in the wide sleeve of his kaftan. One day, when pussy was fast asleep, the Prophet was obliged to rise to attend to some public business, and rather than disturb the repose of his pet he cut off the sleeve of his garment, and left her sleeping there.

Cats have always been favourites in the East, but this circumstance is said to be the reason why they are held in superstitious veneration at Damascus. In that city there is a sort of hospital for cats. It is a large house with a courtyard, and there hundreds of these animals are supported by the voluntary contributions of the faithful. A. R.

SCRAPS.

WHEN Van Diemen's Land was first colonised in 1803, the native inhabitants numbered several thousands. But attacks and reprisals were always going on between themselves and the colonists, so that in thirty years their numbers were reduced to two hundred. They were then removed in a body to an island in Bass's Strait, but in seven years only fifty-four were alive. After that they were placed at another station, but still continued to dwindle away, until only fourteen remained a few years ago.

THE island of Malta once belonged to the Knights of St. John, to whom it was given by the Emperor Charles V., in 1530. This Order was founded in 1048 by some merchants, who built a house for the entertainment of visitors to Jerusalem, whom they received with courtesy and kindness. Later on the Military Order was founded, and its members fought stoutly against the Turks. The Order was finally suppressed in England in 1559.

FOR writing a treatise entitled *Toxophilus*, in defence of archery, dedicated to King Henry VIII., Roger Ascham was rewarded with an annual pension of 10*l*. This, at the present day, would be equal to about 100*l*.

MOST of the birds which frequent our island have either graceful forms or are pleasant songsters. Some of the rarer birds cannot claim to be either handsome or tuneful. The great Auk, once a visitant of the Orkney and Shetland Islands, and the Hebrides, but now probably extinct, could not lay claim to personal beauty. It was as large as a goose, with very small wings, the legs placed far back, and a large, clumsy bill. In the water it was quite at home, and could move with surprising rapidity. The great Auk laid only one egg. This was nearly five inches long, and was deposited on the bare rock, without the shelter of a nest.

THE people of Suez are said to eat three meals in the day. At sunrise they have breakfast, which consists in summer of a kind of muffin, or bread and treacle, and in winter of more substantial food. At midday comes a light dinner of bread and fruits. Supper is eaten just after sunset, and at this meal all who can afford it eat meat. Their favourite flesh is mutton, and this they much prefer to either beef or goats' flesh.

HEARTSEASE THE FAIRY.

(*Continued from page* 373.)

'NO, but they're all right; I know by the feel of the handful,' answered Godfrey.

'That can't be! You must look for them, Master Godfrey; and you must find them, too!'

'Find them, when you don't know there are any to find? And we can't tell either, for we've put them all back with the others.'

'Still you must look,' replied nurse.

'But I'm certain we put them all back: are not you, Horace?'

'Yes, certain,' repeated Horace; but nurse still persisted that she would have a search.

'Well, then, by-and-by!' said Godfrey, clinging to his own way; and then changing to a cross tone he added, 'Nurse, I just wish you would not be always ordering me about, Horace and me, as if we were no bigger than Frank!'

Nurse smiled at what she thought the little man's fine airs, but said she must have the marbles searched up before she came back, and then she went into their room to put away some clothes which she had been mending.

In a little while there was a clatter-clatter of cups and saucers, which gave notice that the tea-tray was coming along the passage, and the boys broke up their puzzle and gathered the pieces into the box to make room for the tray. Nurse's order was quite forgotten.

In came Susan with the tray. Suddenly,—oh! what a smash! It brought nurse rushing in from the bedroom, and made the boys jump out of their chairs in affright; the little ones, to whom Bertha in the window-seat was telling a tale, started up with a scream.

It was a doleful sight they saw. There on the floor lay the tea-things scattered out of the tray, and there was a wide stream of milk flowing over the nursery floor, and amongst the ruins lay poor Susan crying.

'I couldn't help it, indeed!' she said, and then she lifted her hand, which had been cut by the broken milk-jug.

'You never mended the hem of your gown, I dare say,' said nurse, speaking kindly, however, as she stooped to help her up.

'Yes, I did,' answered Susan; 'but I stood upon something that twisted my foot.'

Nurse looked over her spectacles at Horace and Godfrey. Then Susan tried to rise, but sank down with pain again, saying that her foot was hurt.

The boys stood looking on for a few minutes without a word. Godfrey's face grew very red, indeed, as he watched poor Susan, with many a tear and

many a twinge of pain, get up with nurse's help from among the cups and saucers to be seated in mother's chair, with the sprained foot resting upon another.

'Was it the marble, I wonder?' asked Horace presently of his brother in a half whisper.

'Yes, it was,' said nurse, replying. 'Now you see what comes of disobedience;' and then, returning to where the china lay scattered on the floor, she picked up a marble amongst the ruins, and held it to them.

Presently Godfrey pulled his brother's sleeve. 'Come along,' he said. 'Nurse, we're going to tell mother.'

There was no need to bid them tell the exact truth, nurse knew very well that neither of the boys would seek to shield himself by an untruth; and when presently their mother brought them back, Horace with tearful cheeks, and Godfrey with his blue eyes filled with the tears which yet would not overflow, she knew that there was not a word to add.

'Nurse,' said Godfrey, stepping forward, and as usual lifting up his head and looking at her frankly, 'nurse, I'm sorry I did not do as you told me; and Horace is sorry, too.'

'It was my fault,' said Godfrey. 'Nurse told me not to play at marbles, and I did; and then she told me to see whether there were any about the floor, and I didn't; and I'm very sorry, Susan.'

'So am I,' said Horace; 'and it was my fault just as much as Godfrey's.' And then poor Susan was helped away to her own room, and another servant came in her place to set the nursery tea.

You see how the two giants had got the better of these two little boys. See also how cunningly they had contrived it. 'You will not be punished,' they said. And, little readers, whilst I tell you this story, I cannot help thinking of the giant who once said, 'Thou shalt not surely die:' but you see they were being punished severely, not by being sent to bed, or by having hard lessons given them to learn—not in that way, perhaps; but they had worked out their own punishment, as you will presently hear.

I must also remark that the two giants had further gained their end by touching each boy at the weak point. The one put it into Horace's mind that it was so much easier to follow Godfrey than to decide for himself; and the other had put it into Godfrey's mind that it was a very babyish thing to do as he was told. At the same time you see Godfrey was doing as he was told, only he was obeying his bad adviser instead of his good one; and Horace, in deciding to follow Godfrey, was not really being good-natured, but was only deciding that if Godfrey did wrong he would do the same. Ah, the giants were cunning!

One chief point about nursery giants and about all others of their kind is just that very thing, they are so cunning. They never go honestly to work, and show you straightway what they are about. They do not march straight into the nursery and say, 'See what an ugly, fierce fellow I am! I hate you, and I should like to make you just as ugly as myself! My name is Disobedience, and I wish to make you disobedient, and then you will be just like me.' Or, 'My name is Ill-temper,' or 'Idleness,' or whatever it may be. 'I wish to make you ill-tempered, or idle, and then you will be just like me.' No, they are far too cunning; they know that then you would look at them and say, 'Ugly giants! if to be disobedient, or ill-tempered, or idle, will make me like you, I will never be disobedient, or ill-tempered, or idle any more.' Then, you know, and no doubt they know too, they would most likely lose the day.

CHAPTER VIII.—HOW FRANK WAS ATTACKED, AND HEARTSEASE CAME TO THE RESCUE.

It is something, in time of war, to know where to find the enemy or where to avoid him. Nothing is more trying to an army than a sudden, unexpected attack, just when, maybe, it is marching on, it thinks to pounce upon the foe some miles away; or just when, perhaps, it is resting in fancied safety, after a battle won. Yes, it is a very great thing in war-time to know the whereabouts of the enemy.

Horace and Godfrey had gained that step in their battle against the giants, they had some idea now of the favourite lurking-places, and, moreover, of the favourite methods of attack. I am going now to tell you something about another giant, who was cowardly enough to attack poor little Frank. We have met him once already in our story: I wonder whether you will know him again?

Poor Susan had, as I told you, gone home to Maggie, her aunt, that she might be nursed until she got well. Her mistress still paid her wages, and also the expenses of her board and nursing; 'For,' she said, 'it happened through the fault of my children.' You must know, my readers, that parents often suffer the most for their children's faults.

It was arranged, however, that Godfrey and Horace must bear what share they could in the trouble caused by their fault; and amongst other things it was arranged that whenever there was a nice pudding or dainty on table, such as Susan might like, Horace and Godfrey, taking it in turn, should carry to Susan the portion which would have been his. It would have been very easy for an order to be given to the cook to make this or that for Susan, and send it down to her; but I think you will agree that it was far better that it should not be so, but should be a matter of self-sacrifice on the part of those through whose fault Susan was the sufferer. And here you must note that Horace bore an equal share with Godfrey, and very justly; for if Godfrey sinned in listening to his giant, who bade him disobey, Horace also sinned in listening to his giant, who bade him save himself trouble, and follow Godfrey in whatever he did.

Clever, cunning giants! They knew very well that they could only tempt bold Godfrey by giving him the foremost place, and could only tempt shy Horace by bidding him follow.

But I was to tell you about Frank.

It was Horace's turn to carry dinner down to Susan, and as soon as dinner was ended the mother placed the hot-water plate in the basket, and covered it up neatly, and bade Horace walk carefully, so as not to upset it. It was a nice, light pudding, and needed carrying steadily. Frank, the mother said, was to go and open the gates.

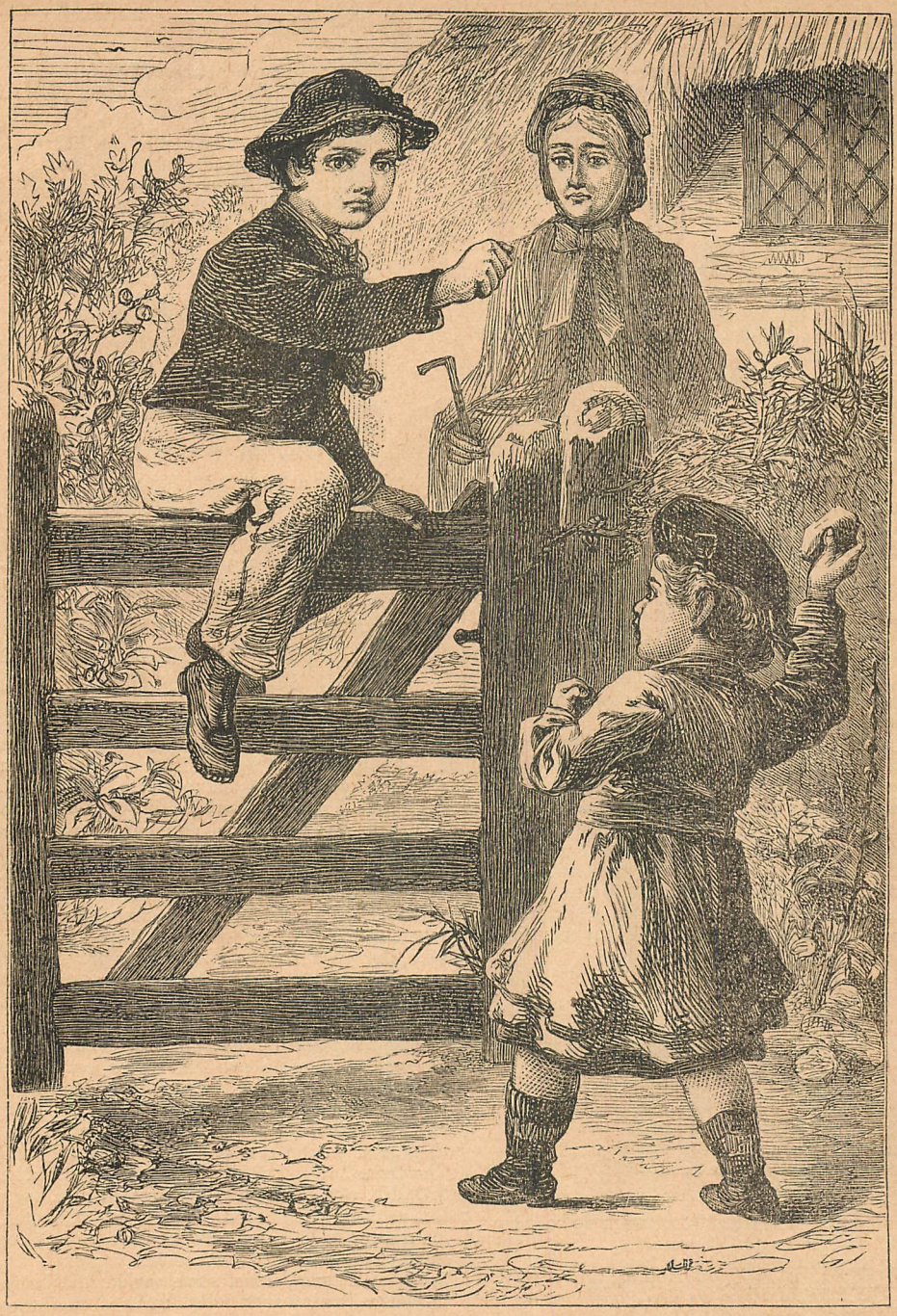
Off went the two boys; they walked very steadily, Horace giving great attention to his basket, that he

Frank holding the Gate back.

might not shake it, and Frank running on when they came to the gate of their garden; opening it, and holding it wide back, as if Horace and his basket required as much room as a carriage and pair. Then they walked on, just as steadily, along the road, until they came near Maggie's gate. There was a little boy coming up the road, and, seeing Horace with his burden, ran forward to push the gate open for him. The instant Frank saw his intention he dashed forward, and reached the gate first. 'I've come to open the gate,' he said; 'get away, Charlie!'

'And I've come for the same thing,' answered Charlie, trying to push Frank aside with his shoulder, while he strove to get hold of the catch of the gate.

'You did not come out on purpose; get away, I tell you!' said Frank, struggling with all his little might; but as his little might was less than that of the other boy, Charley succeeded in unlatching the gate, and pushing it open for Horace, who, as grave as a judge, walked through, and up to the cottage door. Frank was very angry. He stamped his foot on the ground; then he kicked Charlie, who still held to the gate, and he at last took up clods of earth from the garden beds and pelted him.



Frank having a shot at Charlie.

'I'll give it to you presently,' cried Charlie; 'soon as ever Master Horace has come through again. I mean to open the gate again for him first, though.'

Frank's reply to this was another lump of earth, which, badly aimed, passed by Charlie without hitting him.

'Ha, ha!' shouted Charlie, rudely; 'missed me that time, you did! Try again.'

'No, thank you,' answered a voice—not Frank's, which caused Charlie to slip down off the gate without another word. 'No, thank you; not again, if you please.'

Cannot you guess that it was Heartsease who spoke; and that the lump of earth, missing Charlie, had flown past him and shattered itself to pieces against her like a snow-ball? Cannot you fancy,

also, how ashamed the two boys looked—Frank for the deed he had done, and Charlie for the words he had spoken?

Charlie crept out from behind the gate, and was about to run off when the lady stopped him.

'Wait a moment, Charlie,' she said. 'I wish to know what all this is about, and why you were speaking so rudely.'

'It was his fault—Master Frank's, it was!' answered Charlie. 'I wouldn't have said nothing if he'd let me alone.'

'It was he would not let me alone,' cried Frank, angrily. 'I came on purpose to open the gate, and he would not let me.'

'I was there first,' rejoined Charlie; 'and, besides, he didn't ask me civil.'

Heartsease stood for a moment before the boys, looking at them as seriously as if she were going to send them to prison.

'Go home, Charlie,' she said, at last. 'You were very rude. You should have given way; but I am sorry Master Frank was not civil.'

Charlie slunk off silently. No child in the village liked a reproof from Heartsease, because it would so much rather have her pleasant words, for they were very pleasant indeed. A mere look of sorrow from her, somehow, went to their hearts more than other people's angry frown.

She took Frank by the hand and led him away.

'I am going to post my letter,' she said; 'and you can come with me.'

At any other time a walk with Heartsease would have been a treat, but to-day it was not so. She said not a word to him for a time, and he knew she was displeased, and was, perhaps, thinking how to scold or to punish him. She stopped in front of the village shop and dropped her letter into the post-box, without ever giving it to him to drop in, and even without his asking for it, and when she had finished her errand she walked on still silently until they came to the field which I have already mentioned once or twice before.

(*Continued at page* 386.)

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

74. THE finest town am I, save one,
In all our duchy by the sea;
I'm in a plain, and cleft in twain
By him who toward the azure main
Rolls by eternally.

Though six miles round stone walls do bound
Me and my palace-like retreats,
Yet years do pass, and bring, alas!
Sad changes, and the springing grass
Now greens my empty streets.

No more the throng sweeps loud and strong
Through me: few ships and merchants come:
The flag I bore to every shore
Is folded: it will flaunt no more—
My mighty voice is dumb!

Hark to a tale that has turned pale
The cheeks of many kind and fair;—
How one in power, some evil hour,
Was locked within my river tower,
And left to perish there!

The key was given to one, whom Heaven
Had called to deeds of love and grace;
Into the sea he threw that key,
And there was none who knew but he
The horrors of that place!

The Count, he died, with four beside,—
Grandsons and sons:—Oh, who'd deny
One little tear, or sigh, whene'er
His thoughts may chance to wander near
The cell where they did die?

But come, and see what's best in me,
My marble belfry! How it soars!
From it the view has equals few,
Of plain, and sea, and mountains blue,
And bays, and sunny shores.

Nor fear at all that it will fall,
For it hath stood, as now it stands,
Seeming as though it meant to go,
Age after age, yet ever so—
The marvel of all lands! G. S. O.

[*Answer at page* 410.]

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

XXII.—ÉGALITÉ ORLÉANS.

OUR young readers will not remember Louis Philippe, except it may be from some picture or book which they may happen to have; but he was the King of the French before the reign of the late Emperor Napoleon, and he was driven from his throne (never an easy one) by a revolution which happened in 1848. When he could no longer live safely in France he came to England and here ended his days. He was the son of a royal duke, the Duke of Orleans, who lived during the times of the Revolution, and who, though a royal duke, was, or pretended to be, a lover of all the great changes which then took place. The name of the 'Revolution Duke' was Louis Philippe Joseph. He was born in 1747, and was known, during his father's lifetime, as the Duc de Chartres. He was a handsome man, and clever, but he was not a good man. It was his bad life which made the King and Queen unwilling to have him at their Court, and it was their dislike of him which made him hate them, and cast in his lot with their deadly enemies. The Duke had an immense fortune—it is said he had 300,000*l.* a-year—and this corrupted him, and made him nothing better than a mere lover of amusement. He did try to be a sailor at one time, but his courage seems to have oozed out of his fingers' ends in a battle at Ushant, when some say he hid himself in the cabin, and was laughed at as a man who did not like cannon balls. He was very fond of driving a coach-and-four, and he loved racehorses, and gave great sums to English jockeys to mount them. But even his great income was not able to pay all he owed, and he had to sell the Palais Royal gardens to raise money for his creditors. Very early in the Revolution he showed he was against the King, and on one occasion, when he had opposed the wish

of his Majesty, he was sent away to a sort of easy kind of prison; but not for a long time. Louis was tender-hearted, and soon set his cousin at liberty, and the Duke came out of bonds again, but with no kinder feelings towards his king.

When the States-General made their first procession at Versailles, it was noticed by many that the Duke of Orleans stepped before those of his own rank and tried to appear as one of the Commons, and for this feat he was rewarded with cheers. And when the clergy and some of the nobles joined the Commons, the Duke was among them; and as soon as there was a *left* side, or party, in the Assembly favourable to the greatest changes, there the Duke sat, as though he were one of them.

In the insurrection of women, when the King was insulted in his own house, and afterwards brought a sort of prisoner to Paris, where was his blood relation, the Duke of Orleans? He was still making himself, by many grand promises, the idol of the people, in order that if Louis were dethroned he might be put in his place. Our people in England soon saw through the Duke and despised him; when they fully knew what he was up to, they shunned him as if he had the plague. A famous authoress, named Hannah More, saw him in Vauxhall Gardens, when nobody would speak to him or notice him in any way.

When the Duke's money was all spent he became the more anxious to play his cards well, so as to climb into power. And he thought he could not do better than sit among the thirty members on the left, and go as far in the Revolution as any of them. But it was plainly to be seen what he was after. When the debates were going on about the Regency he was observed anxiously walking up and down the passages of the parliament house; but his hopes were doomed to be crushed, and no man pitied him, for he was loved by none. When he was disappointed, he seemed disposed to be sorry for the King's misfortunes, and one Sunday he went to a Court levée, having sent word beforehand that he was far from being the King's enemy, as it was commonly said of him. At this levée, however, the Duke was shamefully treated, for the courtiers flocked round him and elbowed him to the door; and when he retired to another room, where a table was laid with silver dishes and such-like, voices were heard saying, 'Take care of the plate!' as if the Duke were a common burglar. On that occasion he never got within sight or speaking range of the royal family, and when he was fairly driven down the staircase to the outer door some of the courtly group actually spat on his head. All this ungentlemanly treatment was unknown to the King at the time, and when he heard about it afterwards he was greatly offended. But the Duke of Orleans attributed it to him, and he hated him from that day forth with a deeper hatred than ever.

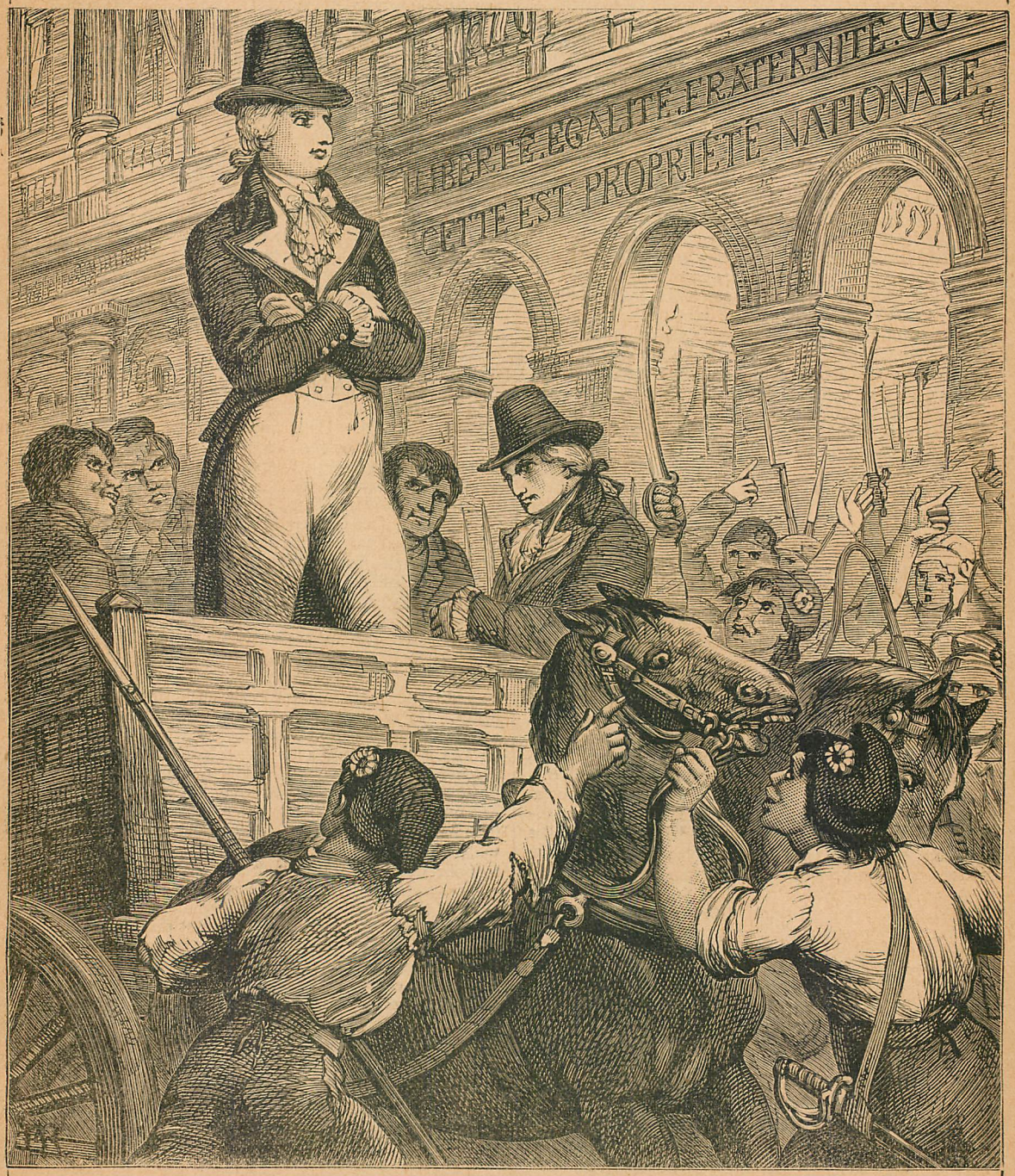
When the National Convention was chosen, the Duke was one of the sixty members of the former Parliament who were elected. As now all ranks and titles were swept away, the Duke was no longer a duke, and he therefore asked his Paris electors to give him a new name worthy of the glorious age they lived in. One of them therefore suggested the name Egalité, that is, Equality, and the Duke thenceforth sat among his friends as Philippe Egalité. But in spite of all his loud professions, and all he had given up for the Republic, Philippe Egalité was never trusted by the stern men with whom he sat and voted. These men always suspected him as a dangerous 'mingle-mangle' of Royalty and Republic. His face, they say, grew more and more gloomy, as though he knew he were treading on a very uncertain path, which might lead him any day to the guillotine.

When the great hour came for deciding how the King was to be dealt with, and some were for banishment and some for death, Philippe mounted the tribune and spoke his word of fate thus, 'In my soul and conscience I vote for death.' And at the sound of his voice a groan and a shudder ran through the hall. Philippe hit his mark; he helped to slay his kinsman, but in killing him he destroyed himself. When the other vote had to be taken, 'Shall there be delay or not in the King's death?' here again the unnatural kinsman voted 'No delay!' and the next one who voted, to show his disgust, said, as he mounted the tribune, 'Since Philippe says No, I, for my part, say Yes.'

When Louis was put to death on Monday, January 21, in the Place de la Révolution, Philippe Égalité was near the scaffold. He sat in his cabriolet by the guillotine, and when the last act in that sad drama was over the wretched Duke drove away. On the 6th of April that same year, as he was sitting at the whist-table in his palace, he was 'wanted' by the Convention. One of their bailiffs came for him, and he was obliged to go. He was examined, and found guilty of crimes against the Revolution, and he was sent to the Castle of If, near Marseilles, and his 'Palace Egalité,' once known as the Palais Royal, became the Palais National.

Nearly seven months afterwards he was brought to Paris, and found guilty of 'Royalism,' and other crimes. In the mind of many he was guilty because he had voted in his soul and conscience for the King's death. On the 3rd of November he reached Paris, and on the 6th he was doomed to die at once. After he heard the sentence he partook of a very good breakfast, and then awaited his terrible fate with great coolness. He was carried to the place of execution, dressed with uncommon elegance; but he found none to pity him in all that great crowd through which he went. Every mouth, rather, was opened to pour out its cursing and bitterness; and as he went by his once elegant home the people took hold of the horses' heads, and made the death-cart stop awhile, that the Duke might see it and be pained by its changed appearance. There, in great letters (each blue, white, and red), he could read these words: 'Republic, one and indivisible: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death. This is National Property.'

And looking on his old home thus given up to the people whom he hated Egalité died, and with much coolness and unconcern, for he was a brave man, and might, perhaps, have been a great one had he been differently placed. But by foolishly and wickedly pandering to a furious mob he earned (as all who do so will) their deadly contempt; and they were right so far in despising him, for he was a double-faced man, and as such a man to be despised, though not to be visited with the extreme penalty of the law.



The Duke of Orleans going to Execution.

A Proud Horse.

A PROUD HORSE.

HE was not a beauty to look at, this horse, as he paced leisurely along the road with a sack of oats across his back, for he had a Roman nose, and his stump of a tail was ornamented with but few hairs; but he had views of his own as to the kind of work a horse should be required to do. Perhaps he was used to drawing a cart, and, though the sack of grain could not have been very heavy, he resented having to carry anything on his back; or he may have been 'on strike.' However that may have been, he had not gone very far, his master plodding beside him, when he suddenly stopped. Planting his fore feet firmly, he set up his back like a 'buck-jumper,' and, with a loud neigh, he jerked up his heels and sent the sack flying into the air, his astonished master only escaping a blow from it by ducking his head.

'Whoa!' cried the man; 'what game's that yer up to? Steady!' And with that he lifted up the sack, and placing it across the horse's back he said, 'Now, kim up.' The animal did 'kim up,' and went along quietly for a short distance, when, with a loud 'he-he-he,' the sack was once more jerked into the air, and the horse stood still, eyeing it contemptuously as it lay on the ground.

Now, the man had no persuader with him in the shape of a whip or stick, so he was obliged to confine himself to making a few strong observations; and throwing the sack over the back of the horse, they jogged along together, till the animal, giving a neigh that sounded like a laugh of derision, again jerked the sack high into the air, and as it fell the oats were scattered about. The man was losing patience, and his language grew stronger, as he again lifted the sack up and laid it across the back of his rebellious steed, who knew perfectly well that his master had no whip, and being indifferent to any other kind of argument, in a few seconds the sack was once more on the ground.

What was the man to do? No matter how often he put the sack on the horse's back it was jerked off again. If he had only had a rope to tie it on with he might have managed, but as it was there was no help for it but to carry it himself. So, yielding to necessity with a groan, he lifted up the sack, and throwing it over his own shoulders, he trudged along slowly and wearily under the burden, whilst his horse walked at his ease beside him, quite satisfied with the arrangement, and apparently thinking it the proper one. But was not this 'a proud horse that wouldn't carry his own fodder?'

A. R.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

Historical.

75. A GREAT King died, and there stepped in his place
A very babe: and one great man did this,
And one did that for him. This fought his fights,
That governed, while the child-king played with toys,
And wept and laughed in turns. The boy grew up
Religious; and he better loved to read
Of prophets and apostles, than to curb
The restless lords and people. Now, there came
A time when this once baby grew a man;
And a great lord went forth to find a wife,
To be a help and comfort for the King.
He found a maiden: but she had no wealth
To bring her husband; nay, my lord gave up
Two fair estates, that he might win the bride;
And there were murmurs at him everywhere.
The Queen arrived, and quarrelled much and oft,
Because she had a haughty mind. Her foes
Were many, and her faults were many too.
The lord who fetched her from her father's house
Was evermore her friend—too dear a one,
'Twas often thought and whispered, and he bore
The blame of evil deeds: yea, people said,
'This is the murderer of the people's friend!'
And, in a time, their anger blazing up,
Cried for his punishment. He was arraigned,
And banished from the land, just at the time
When sweet buds open, and the cuckoo sings.
But, oh! he never reached a foreign shore;
For as he sailed upon the quiet sea
His ship was boarded, and they haled him out,
And, in a boat, when sentence had been passed,
Struck off his head. And so his deed of blood,
If he indeed were guilty—was avenged;
And all his thoughts of this world's pomp and gain,
Perished beneath a mean man's rusty sword!

Charade.

76. WHEN o'er the western hills at close of day
The sun is shedding a departing ray,
He paints my *first* in glory on the skies
In all the splendour of celestial dyes.

My *second*, fitting emblem of the tomb,
Pursues his sinuous way through paths of gloom
Clothed in sad colours, yet at man's behest
He causes man to be more richly drest.

My *whole*, soft beacon of the summer night,
Through darkness sends a beam of purest light,
He who would find it need not gaze on high,
Or search with curious eyes the star-lit sky.

H. DE BURGH DALY.

[*Answers at page* 410.]

HEARTSEASE THE FAIRY.

(*Continued from page* 382.)

'NOW run and amuse yourself,' she said. 'Run about and gather buttercups and daisies.'

But Frank, instead of dashing forward as he was wont to do when he and his brothers and sisters were there together, shrank back with a shrug of his shoulders, which meant 'No.'

'Go and amuse yourself,' repeated Heartsease; 'go and play, and when you are tired come back to me.'

'There's no one to play with,' said Frank.

'To be sure not; so there will be no one to quarrel with,' answered his friend. 'I think you had better play alone in future.'

'How could I?' replied Frank; 'it would be no fun: and if it were no fun, it would be no play!'

'But you like such curious fun—kicking, and pushing, and crying, if you do not get the best of every

game! I do not know where to find you playmates for such games as those.'

Frank hung his head; he knew it was all true; he knew he was a quarrelsome little fellow; he knew that he was often being scolded or punished for breaking the peace of the nursery.

Presently he said, but as if he were half ashamed of what he was saying, 'Is it my giant, Heartsease?'

'Is what your giant?'

'Is it my giant that makes me quarrel?'

'A giant has something to do with it, certainly, and an extremely strong, bad giant he is!' replied Heartsease; 'but I do not suppose he could make you quarrel if you really meant to keep the peace. Why don't you draw your sword against him, Frank? You know it is written, "Little children, love one another."'

Then they walked over the field—the pleasant field where the buttercups and daisies were growing; and they wandered down to the shore, where Frank wished for little May to draw houses and trees on the sand with him, and for Bertha to write their names, and for Horace and Godfrey to lead the way over the rocks and find curious things in the pools. Somehow he thought that he would not quarrel with them if they were altogether now.

'I hate those giants!' he thought to himself as he wandered about; 'they make us all miserable!'

CHAPTER IX.—HOW THERE WAS A BATTLE OF THE GIANTS.

If I were to follow up closely every occasion on which the giants made an attack, and show how each child behaved on each occasion, and how Heartsease kept her word and helped each child, as far as she could, to strive against the enemy,—if I were to do this, I should make our little story a very long one indeed: I should require every page of this magazine all to myself every month the whole year through—ah! and more than that, for there would be a great deal to tell. Indeed, you would be grown up before I could finish it, and you would then be reading other stories in grown-up people's magazines. There is so very much in every little life that no book could contain it all, so I will not attempt to follow every-day life in all its ins and outs.

It was a fine morning late in September. Every child had begged or borrowed a basket from some member of the household; and now every child was, at nine o'clock, busying itself intently with its lessons, going carefully through its French exercise, saying over to itself its column of spelling, or 'dodging' itself in the multiplication-table, as the case might be. It was not properly school-time yet by half an hour, yet the children were all working hard at their lessons, busy as bees and quiet as mice.

They were to go blackberrying in the afternoon, and were to have their tea in the woods; but under this condition, that all lessons should be well done. They must earn their treat, said Heartsease.

This was not a hard condition, for she knew well what each child could do, and more than it could do she never gave to it: so the bargain on their side only amounted to this, that each child should do its best.

While the children were busy, Heartsease, with half an hour before her, was walking down the garden, with a basket in one hand and a pair of garden-scissors in the other, cutting lavender from the lavender-bushes, in order that she might dry it and tie it in bundles, or sew it up in little muslin bags to lay in drawers and boxes, or mix it up with rose-leaves and spices for china jars and bowls.

Little Frank, who was conning his spelling, looked off to spell over a word to himself without the book, and looking off, espied Heartsease in the garden.

'There's Heartsease cutting lavender!' he exclaimed. 'I'm going out to help her.' And he shut his spelling-book with a loud clap, which startled his companions, and made them look up.

'You've put it all out of my head!' said Horace, who was just whispering to himself, 'Six times eight are——' and the rest he could not remember.

'You just sit down again, Frank, for you'll not go,' said Bertha, looking up from her French exercise.

Little May was mending the copy on her slate, consisting of a great many a's, big and little, little and big. She was rubbing out the bad ones with the tip of one of her tiny fingers, and putting in new ones. At the exclamation from Frank she started up, threw her slate and pencil on the table before her, and said she would go, too.

'Sit down, May,' said Bertha; 'you'll not go, either. You know we all agreed to stay; and if you don't get good marks for everything it will spoil all.' For they had agreed among themselves that they would all stay and perfect their lessons.

'But she shall go, though, and she shall come with me!' said Master Frank, on fire in an instant. 'You are not our governess, Bertha.'

Now, readers, you must come behind the scenes with me, and I will show you what none of the children saw, but which may, nevertheless, be evident to you and me.

'I would not stand that!' whispered a giant at Bertha's elbow. 'I would not, at your age, be spoken to in that way by a little brother!'

'How dare you be so rude, Frank!' answered Bertha, very grandly, from her corner. 'Am I not much older than you, and did not nurse leave the room in my charge?'

Frank's only reply was to throw his spelling-book at Bertha, while he stamped with fury.

'That's right, Frank!' whispered another giant to the angry little boy. 'Don't you give in! I would not be spoken to in that way, if even she were ten times as old!'

'The more you tell me not to go, the more I'll go!' cried Frank, in a passion, and Godfrey stopped in his sums to throw himself back in his chair and laugh.

'Well done! what a wise speech! say it again, Frank!' he exclaimed. Upon which Frank stamped again, and declared he should go.

Bertha started up, turned the key in the door, and returned to her corner, flourishing the key before Frank as she did so. That was very unkind of her, of course, and it was too much for Frank, who, according to his habit when he was very angry indeed, threw himself down on the floor and screamed with rage.

'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed the giants; 'ha, ha, ha! We've won the day, haven't we?' But, of course,

Heartsease cutting Lavender.

neither Frank, nor Bertha, nor any of the others heard them.

In the midst of the uproar came a loud knocking at the door, which made Bertha jump up and unlock it; and there stood Heartsease, a picture of astonishment, with her lavender-basket in one hand and her garden-scissors in the other. There was no need for her to say, 'What is all this?' her eyes said it for her very plainly, as they glanced, first at one face and then at another, and at last rested on Frank, who, with tears and screams, still lay on his back, kicking like a helpless little beetle. She stepped

Frank in a rage.

forward and took him by the arm, and as soon as he saw her he stopped suddenly in his crying, and scrambled to his feet.

A funny little figure he looked, you may be sure; his face all red with anger and wet with tears; his bright hair all disordered. 'Ha, ha, ha!' laughed the giants; but they did not laugh quite so heartily as at first, for they did not like the coming of the fairy.

'Now, Frank, with whom have you been quarrelling?' said Heartsease, breaking the silence which had suddenly followed her appearance; but although she asked the question she could also have answered it, so quick was she always in reading their faces. She read the flush on Bertha's face and the sparkle of her eye, and she knew her way of dictating sometimes to her companions. She had very often corrected her for it, too; and Bertha, the moment the quiet eyes rested upon her, felt that her fault in this matter was known.

'Frank would not do as I told him,' she stammered out.

'How did you tell him, Bertha?'

Bertha looked down without saying a word.

'She told me like this: "You sit down! you shall

not go!"' said Frank, imitating, in his anger, Bertha's manner.

'And how did you answer, Frank, and what did you answer, and where did I find you when I came into the room?' replied Heartsease, turning to him. 'The fact is,' she continued, 'you have let some of those troublesome giants into the nursery again: Bertha herself locked them in, I am afraid, when she turned the key. Now, I don't feel at all disposed to take the giants out blackberrying with us this afternoon. There will be one saying, "Don't do as you are told;" and another saying, "Never mind what is right and what is wrong; just go where you're led." There will be another suggesting cross words, and another fanning them into a fiery quarrel. I never could think of taking those giants out blackberrying, —never!'

'We'll leave them behind,' cried Godfrey, eagerly. 'I won't take mine.' 'And I won't take mine,' said Horace. And little Frank, whose anger was always over as soon as his tears were dried, added, 'And I won't take mine, either.' Only Bertha never spoke.

'But I cannot have them left at home,' answered Heartsease. 'I must have them sent away altogether: no leaving them behind, please.'

All stood quiet for a few moments, as if thinking over the bargain, and then Heartsease asked, 'Is it agreed that we go without them?'

'Yes,' answered Godfrey, foremost as usual. 'Yes,' echoed Horace, and Bertha, and Frank. Only little May—who, little as she was, understood perfectly well what was meant—never said a word. 'Don't you listen to such nonsense,' whispered a giant at her elbow.

'She's in the sulks,' whispered Godfrey to Horace.

'I'm thinking whether you had not better kiss noses,' said Heartsease, still looking very gravely at Bertha and Frank, who stood before her waiting for her words like culprits before a judge: 'I'm thinking whether you had not better kiss noses,' she repeated, slowly.

I do not know, my readers, whether you ever tried that cure for a quarrel or that charm against quarrelling. I do not know whether your elders have ever prescribed it for you. If not, let me recommend it strongly; for it is an excellent charm, I assure you. Heartsease had on one occasion tried it when there had been a quarrel between Bertha and Godfrey. She said that when she herself was young, which was many years ago—she and her sister always had to kiss each other's noses when they had quarrelled, and she declared that no punishment was ever so much dreaded. Bertha had a lively recollection of the one occasion, and of how humbled she felt at having first to kiss Godfrey's nose, and then to offer her own, after having a few minutes before given herself grand airs and spoken sharp words.

The very mention of such a thing this morning brought her to herself as she said,—'It will be all right, Heartsease; we will promise not to give you the least bit of trouble.' And then they settled down to lessons, and got through them all so well that the afternoon's treat was secured.

How the treat went off, and without the giants, I will tell in the next chapter.

(*Continued at page* 394.)

OUR BIOGRAPHY.—No. XII.

ISAAC NEWTON.

ON Christmas Day of the year 1642 there was born at Woolsthorpe, Lincolnshire, where his father cultivated his own land, Isaac Newton. At twelve years of age young Newton was sent to Grantham Grammar School. Whilst there his spare time was chiefly spent in making models of machinery.

On leaving school it was intended that he should learn farming. But he could not give his mind to it. The cattle strayed whilst young Newton studied beneath some tree. This went on until it was clear that he never would become a farmer. He was then sent back to school, and in 1661 he entered at Trinity College, Cambridge.

Whilst studying mathematics at the University, Newton began to examine the common opinions as to the origin and nature of light. The result of his experiments was to overturn those opinions. In 1665 the students were driven from Cambridge by a prevailing disease. Newton returned to the farm, and it was during this stay in the country that he was led to discover the principle of gravitation by seeing an apple fall from the tree to the ground. Why did it fall to the ground? That was the question which set his mind to work.

In 1667 Newton was elected a Fellow of his College, and soon afterwards he was made Professor of Mathematics. His great work, the *Principia*, was published in 1683. Later on in life he became a Member of Parliament, and Warden of the Mint. In 1705 he was knighted by Queen Anne. In quiet execution of his duties, and in constant study, he lived to a ripe age, dying in 1727, aged eighty-four.

So engrossed was Newton in his studies and his meditations that he often did very strange acts. If he left the room to fetch anything whilst friends were calling on him, it was quite likely that he would forget all about them. Once in passing through the town he dismounted from his horse to lead it up a hill. When he was about to remount, he found that the horse had slipped its bridle and gone home, leaving his learned master carrying the reins in his hand.

In his manners Newton was 'meek, sedate, and humble.' He was rarely known to take any exercise. In eating and drinking he was very moderate. Oftentimes his meals were left untouched. A friend coming into his room and seeing this would tell him of it. He would then eat a mouthful or two standing, and then return to his books.

Such unceasing industry as Newton's the world has rarely seen. He justly stands in the first rank of England's great men.

A. R. B.

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

XXIII.—THE OVERTHROW OF RELIGION.

AND how did the Christian religion fare in all these unquiet times? It fared very badly, that is, the outer show of it; for, it must be confessed, the ministers of religion were, when the Revolution

began, not what they should have been. Had they been so the Revolution would never have taken place at all.

It was thought by many good Republicans that the French Revolution was really a great effort to realise the Christian religion. Its three watchwords of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, look very fair and sweet to the eye, and no doubt many simple-minded Frenchmen, who were disgusted with the hollow shell of Christianity which was offered them as the highest possible form of religion, did hope that the Revolution would bring not only plenty of bread, but a pure faith also. But, alas for their hopes! how sorely they were disappointed! On every burial-ground it was ordained that these words should be inscribed, 'Here is eternal sleep.'

No. The temper of the French people was not favourable to the old forms and practices of religion, and in the month of November, 1793, the 'Feast of Reason' was appointed in the place of the old Christian feasts of Easter and Christmas. There was to be henceforth no religion but liberty, and the only God to be worshipped was 'The People.'

And then began the curious and painful scenes of churches losing their bells, which were cast into the melting-pots to come out fused metal for the moulds of cannon; and those old melodious bells, made in happier times to chime their sweetest on holy days, and to call people to the mercy-seat of our Father, were now forced to assume a new shape, and send forth volleys of deadly missiles. The sacred cups and patens, if of silver, were trundled away to the Mint to become pieces of money, and where the church had only pewter vessels they were melted and cast into bullets to slay the enemies of France.

The vestries, once full of richly embroidered garments, were left naked and empty. Surplices became shirts, and costly copes were transformed into coats or trousers. The service-books were made into wadding for muskets, and even the graves were broken open for the sake of the lead of which the coffins were made.

The sepulchre of a long line of kings was called St. Denys. This name was not pleasing to the men in power, and it was changed into the name of 'Franciade.' What cared a red-capped Republican for St. Denys?

And so in the winter months of 1793 you might see strange sights in Paris, and in other French cities; sights of drunken men riding on asses, a chalice full of brandy in one hand and a paten with some tit-bit on it in the other. The ass, perhaps, would have, as a bit in his jaws, the black or coloured silk stole of a priest. A long line of such unseemly rioters, with an immense quantity of Church furniture carried on the backs of asses, and in wheelbarrows, went to the hall of the Convention and stood there to receive an ovation, as if they had been engaged on the most praiseworthy work possible. Some witty fellow had written a suitable poem, which was sung, and the chorus was joined in by drunken revellers, who brandished cross and crucifix and swung censers about. Some of the members, Danton especially, were very angry at this wicked spectacle, which was indeed enough to bring the Convention into contempt in the judgment of mankind; but the greater part of those foolish law-makers seem to have applauded these goings on, and to have permitted the drunken ruffians to dance the carmagnole in the hall; nay, some of the more advanced Republicans, rejoicing in the complete overthrow of the Christian religion (in their eyes a mere sham), came out of their seats and danced with the girls, many of whom were attired in priest's vestments. To such a pass had the French come in the November of 1793. But when we remember how our old cathedrals were treated by the rude soldiers of Oliver Cromwell we shall be more slow to condemn the French, who were for a time drunk with the new wine of their liberty and hardly knew what they were doing. Our soldiers were trained, indeed, to hate with a deadly hatred all the 'rags of popery,' as they called the decent ornaments of the clergy, and the sweet-voiced organs, and the church ornaments, and painted windows; but our men never dethroned God, nor set up a miserable opera-singer in His place as the French did. To such a fool's pass did those miserable men come under the guiding hand of a wretched creature who went by the loudly-sounding name of Anaxagoras Chaumette. This man had been a sailor in his youthful days, and he was now a great man, or thought so. Anyhow, he was a ready speaker, and he had plenty of boldness, and a fair supply of wit; but his long curly hair covered a rather vain and empty head.

It was Chaumette who conceived the brilliant notion of a Feast of Reason, and a goddess to match it. A goddess—yes, none less than a dancer at the opera, named Candeille, who, when well painted and dressed in sky blue, with a garland of oak leaves on her head, was carried first into the hall of the Convention, and afterwards into the Cathedral of Our Lady, when she was seated (where does the reader imagine?) on the high altar itself!

This theatre goddess was accompanied to the cathedral by many grave and reverend senators, and a number of select citizens dressed as Romans, and bands of music, and a vast multitude wearing the red nightcap. And a hymn to Liberty, having been written by a poet, was duly sung. And Anaxagoras Chaumette must have felt himself a great man that day, for he had made a religion, and a goddess to boot. It was a grand stroke of business for that curly-headed sailor. But we cannot help thinking he would have been happier and more useful had he stuck to his ship, and left gods and goddesses alone. When he brought the sky-blue dancer into the aisle of Notre Dame how little he thought he would soon have to meet the God whom he had insulted!

We will not dwell any longer on these painful pictures of blasphemy, profanity, and robbery, which were seen in all parts of France, until almost every house of prayer was stripped and desolate, and the people were left without a religion except those dry bones of a miserable sham one called the Feast of Reason. This was the poor man's festival, and an opera-dancer was his deity! Verily, the Revolution was not lucky in its religion; that, at least, must be admitted by every candid mind.

The Overthrow of Religion.

Brewer's Horse with Mustachios.

'STARCHERS.'

DID you ever see a horse with mustachios? I have frequently. The hair on the upper lip and chin of a horse is sometimes longer than that on the rest of the face; and on heavy cart-horses and dray-horses, that have thick hair, this difference is very strongly marked. I once knew a brewer's horse, a magnificent creature, of huge size and immense strength, and with a very thick-flowing mane and tail, that had two locks of hair on his upper lip fully four inches long, which the draymen used to curl round their fingers and twist into ringlets. They were very proud of their favourite's hairy ornament, and named him 'Starchers,' which was their rendering of the word mustachios.

A. R.

ON FORMING HABITS.

HOW greatly the future of every child depends upon the habits it is allowed to form when young! Habits, whether good or bad, are more easily formed than they are got rid of. A single evil habit has before now utterly marred a man's life, and brought misery, not to himself alone, but to many besides. We must be cautious, therefore, about letting ourselves become the slave of any practice which we know to be wrong. To wait until it has become our master is often to wait until it is too late.

Sometimes a little incident will show us very clearly how we may become the servant of a custom.

There is a story told of a soldier who had just quitted Her Majesty's service with credit. One Sunday morning he was returning from the bake-house with the family's dinner carried in a tin upon his head. A boy saw him, who knew he had just left the army. Going behind the unconscious ex-soldier, the urchin, in sharp tones, shouted,—

'Attention!'

At the old word of command down came the hands with a slap at the side, and away went the tin with the Sunday's dinner into the gutter!

Habit was too much for him.

Some habits are, no doubt, the result of nervousness, and may be quite harmless in themselves.

Sir Walter Scott tells how, in his class at school, there was one boy who succeeded in keeping above him. All his efforts to reach the top of the class were in vain. At last Scott noticed that, when this boy was asked a question, he always fumbled with a certain button on his waistcoat. Watching an opportunity he slyly cut this button off.

When next a question came to the head of the class the boy's fingers, as usual, sought the button. It was gone! He looked down in confusion, and seemed to lose his self-possession, and in a moment Scott had gained the coveted place.

Nor are human beings alone the creatures of habit. We must all have noticed how soon animals acquire them.

A gentleman at the head of a firm had occasion to take, in the horse and trap, a round usually made by his traveller. He then found out the intemperate habits of his servant by noticing that the horse tried to stop at nearly all the public-houses.

Indeed, horses would seem to be very quick at acquiring any habit, and very tenacious of them.

During the American War a battle took place near a field in which a number of discharged cavalry horses were inclosed. After listening to the firing for some time, and showing signs of great excitement, they suddenly formed up in lines, charged a number of mules and put them to flight, killing two. They did not cease charging in one direction and another until the firing was over.

HEARTSEASE THE FAIRY.

(*Continued from page* 390.)

CHAPTER XI.—HOW THE CHILDREN FOUND A POOR PRINCESS.

LET us make sure that we are the right numbers —Sydney, Bertha, Horace, Godfrey, Frank, and May: that makes six, myself seven. I hope we are not more than seven?'

'Seven, all right,' replied Sydney, surveying the little flock and walking around them, like some shepherd's dog looking after his master's sheep.

Heartsease scanned them carefully again. 'I don't think your sight is as clear as mine, Sydney,' she said; 'I'm sure I caught sight of an eighth, and I cannot start if it is so.'

'Oh, perhaps it was nurse; she came just now to make Horace tie his boot-lace.'

'No, no; it was not nurse, it was some one else.'

'Roberts crossed the lawn just now with some flower-pots; but he was a good way off.'

'Oh, no, it was not Roberts.'

'Then it could not have been any one. I've been here all the time,' said Sydney, 'and I could not have helped seeing.'

But Heartsease shook her head. 'He was there,' she said, 'whether you saw him or not, and he is a companion to whom I very much object: I saw that ugly giant Petulance close at Frank's elbow.'

Frank reddened a little, and then went up to Horace and exchanged baskets with him, giving up a large one with two lids, and receiving instead a light one not much bigger than that carried by little May. There had been very near a quarrel about this a few minutes ago; the large basket was the one which Horace borrowed from cook, and it contained the tea and sugar and one or two other things, and Frank had snatched it up when Horace put it down for a minute, for the little fellow thought it would look more like a man if he carried a big basket. Horace had made some attempt to get it back, but Frank held it fast, and Horace being by no means a quarrelsome boy had given up, and tried to content himself with the smaller. It was while this little contest was going on that Heartsease had with her mind's eye spied giant Petulance at Frank's elbow.

'I don't see him now,' she said, as Frank, having restored the basket, turned towards her a face from which a frown had vanished; and then they started on their expedition.

Now, my readers, I have often to break off in my story to give you a hint: I hope you do not object, for I must tell my story in my own way, and I am going to break off for a moment here. While the blackberrying party are on their way to the woods I must say just a word or two about something which will sound rather grave just here, but I pray you listen; and do not be in a fidget about losing sight of the expedition: if we do lose sight of it for a moment we shall soon catch it up, I promise you. I can transport you into the midst of it by a stroke of my pen.

I want to make a remark to you about the number that started in that company. Seven they counted themselves to be; the giant had made an eighth, but he had vanished. Now I cannot tell you how many they were really, and when I say this I know that I am directing your thoughts to a very solemn truth, that we can never say with certainty that we are alone. I would beg of all to try to feel the Presence of the Unseen God, of Whom it is written, 'Thou art about my bed and about my path, and spiest out all my ways.'

After what I have said I hope you will not consider the nursery giants of whom I have spoken to be any fancies or inventions of mine: I know of them, though I cannot say that I have ever seen them, excepting, like Heartsease, with my mind's eye, and in that sense I may have caught sight of them in a frown or an evil deed, or I may have heard the sound of them in a sharp or an untrue word.

But we have parted company with our nursery giants for this chapter—at least I hope so, and we shall see how our little folk got on without them.

There they are! the last of them has just climbed the stile into the field which leads to the wood.

'Now wait one minute, all of you,' says Heartsease, 'and then you may run off just as you please. I must tell you that in the wood you will most likely meet with a hapless princess, who once ruled in a certain kingdom, but was driven away by wicked giants, who stirred up her subjects to rebellion against her.'

'A real fairy princess?' said Bertha, her face flushing with the thought of some of Sydney's wonderful stories coming true.

'Ah, that you must find out for yourself,' answered Heartsease; 'but you know enough of her story to understand that when you meet her you must treat her with respect and kindness.'

'Take off our hats to her?' suggested Horace.

'Offer her some blackberries?' added Bertha.

'Offer to go to her kingdom and turn out the giants?' said Godfrey, making a proposal which he feared would be too extravagant for fulfilment, though his heart would have delighted in it.

Heartsease, however, strange to say, saw in it nothing extravagant, for she turned to the boy with an approving look and replied, 'That would be the most sensible thing of all. Take off your caps and offer her blackberries, of course; but fight the giants for her and bring her back to her kingdom, I say. That is spoken like a brave boy. Now, off with you!'

Off they scampered; running, laughing, talking all at once, wondering what this curious story could mean, almost deciding at last that Heartsease, whose head was always full of new games and amusements, was going to have a daylight charade out there in the woods.

As soon, however, as the field was crossed and the gate pushed open, as soon as they gained the shade of the trees and found themselves treading their way through the tall ferns, they lowered their voices and began to peer here and there for the fairy princess, whom I verily believe they expected to find standing there somewhere with a crown on her head, and a long train sweeping the ground—in spite of brake and bramble—like the pictures of such damsels in the fairy books. On they went, whispering, peeping, creeping, but there was no one to be seen. A squirrel suddenly rushed up a fir-tree close to where Bertha was standing, and she started, exclaiming, 'There she is!' which set Godfrey into a laugh, and broke the spell which had fallen upon them all. Then shouting, laughing, they scattered in many directions, and began the afternoon's work.

Shall I try to describe the fun of blackberrying? The struggling through obstinate thickets which wreathed and twisted their long arms together, all for a tussle, so it seemed, with the merry children who had come out on purpose to wake up the woods, and run wild in them for an afternoon; the delight of leaving behind you, without fear or remorse, some shred of your old frock or jacket upon any prickly finger that clutches you to stop your way; the pride, the real pride, which you will have in showing the pricks and scratches upon your hands by-and-by, and the purple tips of your fingers; the surprise—and perhaps this is the greatest fun of all—of all at once, when you have thus struggled through a tangle, to reach, as you think, a spot hitherto which no one else has reached, all at once coming upon a company of gatherers, who by some other way have got there before you, and have almost loaded their baskets already. 'What! you here?' you exclaim; and 'You here?' they say at the same time; and then you laugh and talk, and triumph if you, with your sharp eyes, can find some riches which they have overlooked.

All this went on in the woods that pleasant September afternoon, and I am happy to say that none quarrelled, none sulked, none got into mischief; in fact, the giants were somewhere else than at that blackberrying: unless, indeed, they were very quiet and never showed themselves at all.

The party had grown to quite a large one, as company after company had joined itself on, proposing to make one large party and boil their kettle together; to which Heartsease agreed readily, with a welcome for all.

'But, Heartsease,' said Bertha, with something of disappointment in her voice, 'we have found plenty of people, but not the fairy princess.'

A long, shrill whistle, from, as it seemed, the depths of the wood, summoned all together, by-and-by, to tea. It is a troublesome fact that we cannot get on for very long at anything, be it work or be it pleasure, without eating and drinking. 'A troublesome fact, indeed!' say poor fathers and mothers

Mistress and Maid.

sometimes, when there are many mouths to feed. But sometimes, on the other hand, it is a pleasant fact: on an occasion like the present, for instance, it is pleasant. Yes, it is a very pleasant thing indeed, a picnic in the woods after a good afternoon's blackberrying, when every one is torn, and scratched, and purple-fingered, and good-tempered, and hungry.

But oh! this picnic was something more than common. So thought each straggler, and each company of stragglers, which, having made its way through all obstacles to the spot from which the sound of the whistle came, saw there a large space of white table-cloth, whereon were piles of cake and plates of new bread and butter, and honey in the comb, and large yellow pears, and many such dainties, tempting to look upon. And this was not all; for there were basins of white sugar and jugs of new milk at either end of the table; and there were cups and saucers, of course, and tea-pots, of course; and at a little distance, also, a crackling fire and a huge black kettle upon it. But neither was this all: for at one end of the tea-table—what else am I to call it?—stood Heartsease, with her cheery face and voice, bidding all comers seat themselves; and at the other end——well, when presently Horace and Godfrey appeared on the scene, bearing between them the great two-lidded basket, heavy now with blackberries; and when they stood still to wonder how all that grand abundance had sprung out of the packet of tea, and the packet of sugar, and the one new loaf, which nurse—surely only for a joke—had placed in the basket at starting; as they stopped, and looked, and wondered, Heartsease bade them set down their load, and go and take their places at the other end of the table, where some one else was pouring out tea. 'And,' said she, 'take off your hats, my boys, to the fairy princess whom you are to bring back to her kingdom—for she is the fairy of the feast.'

(*Continued at page* 402.)

MISTRESS AND MAID.

MISS BENSON sat knitting her stocking one day,
When Anne bustled in and sat plump down beside her;
'Please, Ma'am,' the young woman proceeded to say,
'You must send off the housemaid—I cannot abide her.

We've had such a rumpus as never was known:
She seized on my broom, but I very soon gained it;
Then, with a loud scream, she fell down like a stone,
Pretending to swoon, but I know that she feigned it.'

'Now, Anne,' said Miss Benson, 'I'd have you to know
That your manners are faulty, beyond all expressing;

How dare you come up from your kitchen below,
With such a bold story your mistress addressing?

And to sit on my sofa, quite close by me here!
Why, really such conduct is perfectly shocking!
You've given me a turn, Anne, so very severe
That you've made me displace the wires of my stocking!

D. B. McKean.

A BRAVE YORKSHIRE LASS.

A LITTLE girl, daughter of a farmer near Haworth in Yorkshire, was standing near her father, who was handling his gun. By accident the barrel became detached from the stock, and falling on the ground exploded, and shattered the hand and wrist of the child. As soon as the first feeling of terror and surprise subsided, and the nature of the injury was made plain, the little girl exclaimed in her native dialect, 'I'm fain it were no'but me that were hurt,'—meaning, 'I'm glad that nobody was hurt but me.' She was taken to Bradford Infirmary the same afternoon, and the shattered stump was successfully amputated. We often hear of bravery and self-denial amongst older people, but this little lass must have been of a genuinely loving and unselfish nature when, in the moment of her own pain, she was able to rejoice that her father had not been hurt, that no one had been hurt but her poor little self.

CONSCIENCE MAKES COWARDS OF US ALL.

JUST there, I seem to see her form!
A pale and ghost-like face
Looks fixedly at me. Alas!
I brought on her disgrace.

My mother! yet she loved me well,
And did a mother's part;
Till by my mad and drunken ways
I broke her tender heart.

And now she cannot lie in peace,
Even in the silent grave,
But comes to haunt me here—the son
She would have died to save.

* * * * *

'Alas, poor William! say not so,'
His gentle wife replies;
'Your mother is at rest, and in
The daisied churchyard lies.

She cannot come to haunt you here,
She would not if she could;
She would not give you needless pain,
For, oh, she was so good!

It is your wild excited brain
That causes you to see

Your mother's form. Ah, William dear!
Pray listen now to me.
If you will just give up the drink
And all your evil ways,
And spend in quiet usefulness
The mid-time of your days,

These visions of a heated brain
At once will disappear,
And you and I may yet enjoy
A bright and glad New Year. D. B.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

77. Down in the deeps below
The molten metals glow,
There giant forces pent
Struggle to find a vent,
And, sometimes mad with rage,
Burst upward from their cage,
And, much to our amaze,
Basaltic pillars raise,
Whose heads above the sea appear
To greet the seamen as they steer.

So was the island made
To help the sons of trade,
And be a useful station
For ships of every nation.
Yes, it was long ago
Forged in the flames below,
Then thrust by Power Divine
Up through the hissing brine,
But when its crest emerged in day
Is more than any one can say.

All round about that land
Huge beetling ramparts stand;
From far they seem to say,
'Go, mortals, on your way,
Seek, if you have the will,
Benguela or Brazil,
But all that we engird
Are for the bee and bird;
There's no admittance for you here,
To some less guarded island steer.'

Yet, as the ship draws nigh,
The sailor's practised eye
Sees here and there a pass,
Where that black frowning mass,
Cleft by some giant hand,
Yields access to the land.
In one such we can spy
A British Colony,
The taper masts of merchant-men,
And levelled guns that guard the glen.

Beneath the ladder hill
Our pathway winds, until
Two miles or more are past,
When lo, our eyes we cast
Upon a hero's grave,
The idol of the brave.
Musing upon the story
Of his great fall and glory,
Beside the ashes of his fire,
We blame, we pity, we admire.

The island is a gem
In England's diadem;
A rich and verdant isle,
Where cottage-gardens smile,
Where sick men come to seek
Health for the faded cheek,
Where, from a chalky crest
That runs due East and West,
Uprises in the tropic air,
Peak of the goddess, chaste and fair.

[*Answer at page* 410.] G. S. O.

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

XXIV.—ARREST OF DANTON.

WE have seen the Girondins, those true children of the Revolution, thrust out of the Convention, and then put under arrest; we have seen some of them flying disguised over France, and others, who could not escape, brought before the judgment-seat of Fonquier Tinville, and sentenced to a speedy death. It is strange to think that Barbaroux, the handsome and eloquent Republican, who sent for the six hundred Marseillaise, had at last to shoot himself to avoid falling, as he feared, into the hands of the pitiless Jacobins. It is also strange to think that Pétion, once the almost adored Mayor of Paris, should have to fly from the more advanced Republicans, and should die in a cornfield and be found half eaten by dogs. But so it was. The Girondins helped to raise a spirit whom neither they nor any one else could control. They gave life to a power which turned upon them and rent them in pieces. As one of them said: 'The Revolution, like Saturn, devoured its own children.'

But the devouring appetite of the Revolution did not stop at the Girondins. Far from it. The Committee of Public Safety, formed of nine leading members, was soon supreme, and as it had men in it like Robespierre and the cruel Billaud (who looked on with satisfaction at the September massacres), we are not surprised to see men dragged down to the axe who ought to have been safe enough—men such as Danton and Camille Desmoulins, who had, more than any others, helped on the Revolution from the very first. It was Danton himself who proposed that all power should be given to the Committee of Public Safety, and that it should have a very large sum of money at its command. But Danton would not sit in the Committee himself, though they requested him to do so many times. He grumbled loudly at the shameful way the people went on in the churches, for he felt it would bring the Revolution into discredit, as no doubt it did. Other things, too, did not please Danton. He saw that the members of the Convention were becoming afraid, many of them at least, to speak their minds. One of them, named Chabot, talked of forming an opposition, and in another week he was in prison. For any member could get on his legs and propose the impeachment of any other member, and if the proposition was carried the accused member was swiftly arrested, brought

before Tinville and his jurymen, and carted off to the guillotine. It was a fearful time, especially for those who meddled with government; and it was well called 'The Reign of Terror,' for nobody seems to have known whether his head would remain on his shoulders from one week's end to another.

The generals, too, of the revolutionary armies had no very pleasant time of it. If a general did not win a victory he was sent for, and had to stand a searching examination. One general, named Houchard, was guillotined because he stood behind a hedge during a battle. Every officer felt he must go forward and storm the enemy's position, for if he did not do his best, and more than his best, he knew he would have to lose his head at Paris. It was now that several famous men started up from the ranks and led French armies to victory. We may mention Jourdan, Pichegru, and Hoche, among others. There were not less than fourteen armies who kept the numerous enemies at bay, and those armies were made up of clever French lads, who were soon drilled into the finest soldiers ever seen. France has never shown herself greater, or so great, as when at this time she rose up, one nation against many, and hurled back her enemies on every side. That, at least, was a sublime sight; and however much we may mourn over the sorrow and terror caused by the Revolution, we cannot help admiring the dauntless bravery of those boys who, often without shoes, and almost always in rags, swept away the pipe-clayed soldiers of Prussia with their shouts of '*Ca ira!*'—'It shall go on!'

We might fill page after page with the horrors which were perpetrated in the unhappy country districts of France. We might tell our readers more about the headsman at Nantes, who was worn out with guillotine work; of ninety priests sunk at one time in a flat-bottomed boat in the Loire; of women and children, by the five hundred, shot down in La Vendée; of men and women tied together, and flung into the river, which tying together was called in jest, 'a republican marriage.' It was a fine time for the ravens and the wolves: they had many a feast on human flesh. Mothers had sometimes to stand by the guillotine and see their children executed, and the innocents were often thrown into the cold, dark river after their mothers; and when the murderers were asked to spare the little ones they answered, 'These children are wolflings, who will grow, if they live, to be wolves.'

The Committee of Public Safety consisted, as we have said, of nine members, and, by Danton's decree, it was made all powerful; yea, powerful enough to drag him down, though he was the giant of the Revolution.

On the 15th of March, 1794, a batch of the most advanced men were suddenly arrested and brought to trial. Among them was the Church robber Chaumette, and others, whom the stronger party suspected. Every one was now suspected in turn, and it was a question, Who could eat the other? Danton was not a blood-thirsty man like some of them, nor a selfish man. He had often been heard to say, 'Let Danton's name be blighted, so long as France is free.' And he had also said, when he saw the quarrels and disputes among the Revolutionary leaders, 'Peace! oh, peace with one another! Are we not alone against the world—a little band of brothers?'

In the month of the same March, Danton left Paris for a few days. He was, perhaps, unwise to do so. He visited his birth-place, Arcis-on-the-Aube, and enjoyed, as far as he could, a few peaceful days; but he was soon sent for, and had to return from the sweet murmur of the stream and the fresh green fields to measure his strength with Robespierre, and to fail in the attempt.

When he returned to his place in the Convention he said, 'We ought to put down the Royalists, but we should not confound the innocent with the guilty.'

'And who told you,' said Robespierre, 'that one innocent person ever has perished?'

'Not one innocent person?' replied Danton; 'what do you say, friend Paris?' Here he turned to a man who, as a juryman, had had much to do with the trials and condemnations. What friend Paris answered we do not know, but he must have felt qualms of conscience.

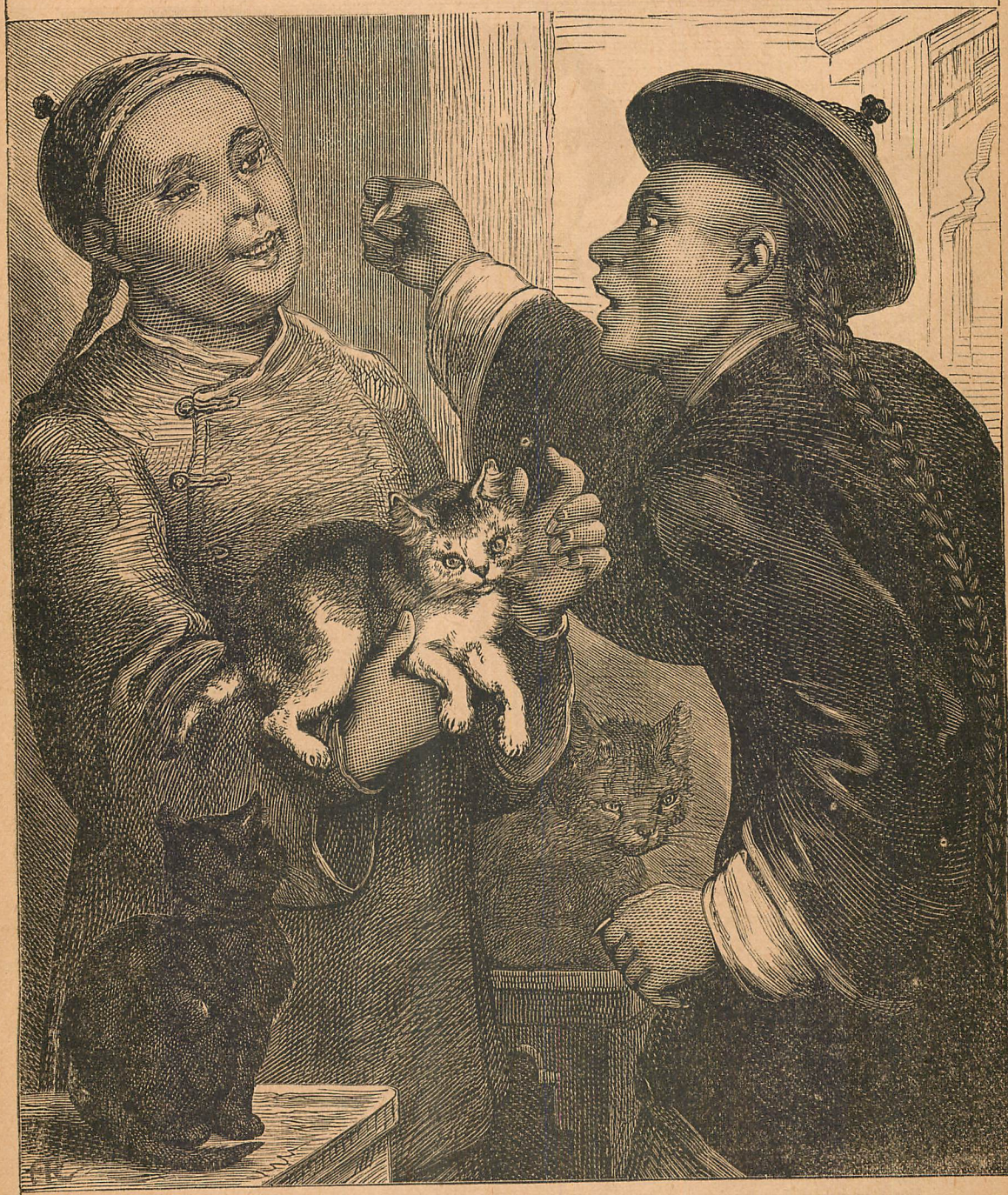
Danton was advised to get into the Tribune and crush Robespierre, as he easily might have done. He was warned, that if he did not put down that man, that man would put him down. But he was not of a suspicious temper, and he thought as he had done so very much for the Revolution his life would be safe. When his friends advised him to fly, he said he would not. 'If I am cast out from France,' said he, 'there is nothing for me in other lands but a prison. I had rather stay where I am.' Even on the night of March 30th, when his friend Paris came in and told him that his arrest had been made out in the Committee of Public Safety, he would not stir. 'They dare not arrest me,' he said; and he went to bed as if nothing had happened.

Early next morning it was rumoured over Paris that Danton and several others had been arrested. 'Who, then,' asked every one, 'is safe?' Danton, when he heard it, said that he had a year ago created that same Committee of Public Safety, and had armed it with supreme power; but he now saw his mistake, and asked God and man to pardon him what he had done. 'They are all brothers Cain,' said he, 'and not one of them understands anything about government.'

When he was brought before Tinville, and asked what was his name he answered, 'My name is Danton, a name tolerably well known in the Revolution; and my abode will soon be annihilation.' The trial of Danton was the hardest task Tinville had ever had, and unless the Salut Public had passed a new decree he would never have been condemned; but the decree was passed, and Danton, by law, was condemned to die. He died, as he had lived, a true *man!* His courage was nearly giving way, as he thought of his dear wife left weeping behind; but he soon remembered who he was, and he encouraged himself to die bravely, by saying,—'Danton, no weakness!'

Just before he died he said to Samson the executioner, 'Show my head to the people; it is worth showing.' With him died several other leading men, including Camille Desmoulins, the editor; and we can but say here, as we said once before, the Revolution was now, like Saturn, eating her own children.

"Danton, no weakness!"



"This Kitten is as pretty as Tuk-sui."

TUK-SUI.

SOME years ago there lived at Shanghai a very pretty Chinese woman, whose name was Tuk-sui. Her own countrymen thought her a wondrous beauty, and she was quite a belle amongst them. Her son was a smart young fellow, who thought a great deal of himself, as well as of his mother.

One day he went to a shop where animals were kept for sale, as he wanted to buy a kitten for a pet. The dealer showed him one, but he objected to it as not being pretty enough. 'Not pretty enough?' exclaimed the man. 'Why, this kitten is as pretty as Tuk-sui!' adding, with a leer, 'And you know her very well, I dare say.'

Now there is no one in the world that a Chinese respects more than his mother, and the young man, who was quite unknown to the dealer, immediately thought his mother had been insulted by such a flippant allusion, and, entirely overlooking the compliment to her beauty, he promptly knocked down the trader in pussies.

When the fallen Chinaman regained his feet he vowed vengeance against his assailant, and summoned him before a magistrate for assault and battery. He gained his cause, indeed, but he did not get much revenge, for Tuk-sui's son was only fined two dollars. The affair created much amusement in Shanghai, and the fame of the Chinese beauty was more widely spread, for 'As pretty as Tuk-sui,' passed into a saying.

A. R.

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

Enigmas.

78. It's round and square, it's short and long,
Of many shapes and sizes,
In it you'll sit to hear a song,
It guards the richest prizes.

It makes your garden trim and neat,
No house can be without it,
On railway journeys you'll it meet,
And porters never scout it.

I gave it to a man one day,
He thanked me fair and roundly;
Then gave it to a friend in play
Who forthwith thrashed him soundly.

It screens the soldier in a storm,
It holds the sailor's kit;
Behind four horses when 'tis warm
I like on it to sit.

H. de Burgh Daly.

79. My *first* is in hamper, but not in basket;
My *second* is in battle, but not in fight;
My *third* is in piano, but not in music;
My *fourth* is in muffin, but not in crumpet;
My *fifth* is in tarragon, but not in chervil;
My *whole* is a thing you will find in every greenhouse.

E. D.

Arithmetical.

80. I went a-fishing on the sea,
But cruel were the fates,
The little fishes laughed at me,
And carried off my baits.

I tried again; some whopper bit—
I put on gleeful looks;
But oh, I weep to mention it,
He tore off with my hooks!

Once more I tried; for I'm, you see,
Long-suffering to a fault;
Patience is proper unto me,
As to the sea is salt.

Long hours I fished; sunk was the sun,
And I had drained my cup,
When, O what gladness! O what fun!
I hauled a monster up.

He was so big, I did not like
His neighbourhood till dead;
So some one took a marling-spike
And knocked him on the head.

Proudly was my good fortune sung,
As that great fish did die:
His weight, as in the scale he hung,
Was . . . you'll see by-and-by.

Now, as he lay upon the ground,
Dead as a barn-door nail,
We cut him into bits, and found
Nine pounds in weight his tail.

And when his head was off we laid
His body in the scale,
And found that it exactly weighed
As much as head and tail.

Just one thing more, and then and there
My say it will be said;
His tail and half his body were
Just equal to his head.

With all these facts before your eyes
'Tis now for you to say,
Whether I had not got a prize,
And what that prize did weigh.

G. S. O.

[*Answers at page* 410.]

HEARTSEASE THE FAIRY.

(*Concluded from page* 396.)

Chapter XII.—How Heartsease went home by the coach 'Eclipse.'

THE time has come, dear children, when I must say Good-bye. But I have not quite finished my story: I have a little more to say, and when I have said it I must gather up all the many loose threads and knot them together at the end, that there may be no comfusion.

Now, then, for the remainder of my story.

Who do you think was the fairy princess, the fairy of the feast?

Who should it be but Miss Brown—do you remember her?—Miss Brown, the young governess who could not stay amongst children who would not be kept in order? She was, as I told you, a farmer's daughter.

Her father's farmhouse stood very near the border of the wood; and she had, with Heartsease, planned the children's treat, and had coaxed her mother to send the new bread and the butter and the milk, and she had made the cakes with her own hands, and her own bees had made the honey, and I am not sure that her father—a kind-hearted man, who liked to give pleasure, especially to children—did not himself gather for them his finest pears. That Miss Brown should be the founder of the feast seems to me very much like returning good for evil—does it seem so to you?

I think it seemed so to the children; for as they prepared for their return home in the evening they went up to her with a basketful of blackberries, the nicest and best-chosen out of all the other baskets. Godfrey—of course it was Godfrey who presented them—said: 'We've come to say thank you, Miss Brown, and we hope you will have some of our blackberries; and we're all very sorry that we behaved badly to you last year.'

Ah, if Godfrey and his brothers and sisters could only have seen how cross old Giant Sulks looked when Godfrey said that, and how angry Gaint Petulance looked, and with how grim a frown three other giants turned away saying, 'We may as well be off for the present'—if you could only have seen that, you would have said it was worth seeing—a terrible sight, nevertheless: but then, do you understand what was meant by being off for the present? It meant that they would return again by-and-by. By-and-by, did I say? Why, even then one of them turned back because Sydney made his little sister May throw away a pretty, poisonous fungus which she had gathered and wanted to keep.

'Pout, my dear,' said old Giant Sulks, skipping back from his retreating companions quite nimbly; 'Pout, my dear.' And little May was just screwing up her rosy lips for the purpose, when Sydney caught her up and offered to pack her up in the two-lidded basket like a kitten; which piece of good-tempered nonsense brought a laugh instead of a pout, and old Sulks went off limping.

Well, they got home, and they showed their well-filled baskets to mother, and then they carried them to cook, who promised to make jam of the contents.

They had had a splendid treat, they said, and that night they slept soundly, and the next morning they got through their lessons and through their play without any quarrels or vexations of any kind.

In the evening, after tea, Heartsease came to the nursery, and said she had something very particular to say to them. She told them that she must be going away. She had not seen her mother and sister, with whom she lived, for many months, she said; and her mother was very old, and she wished to see her much. 'But before I go,' she added, 'you must bring back the poor young princess to the kingdom from which you suffered the giants to drive her out.'

Then she talked a very long time to them, even to bed-time, telling them how very bad were some of the faults which she had found amongst them; how very wicked were the evil spirits, who were always on the watch to urge them into their faults; tempting one to disobey, another to yield, to any one's leading, right or wrong; another to sulk, and another to rage, and another to speak sharp words which stir up strife; and then she reminded them of one children's service, when their father had preached them that short sermon on temptations, of which she had since spoken to them very often; and then she bade them pray for help against these giants of evil; and she bade them hold fast the sword 'It is written;' and she bade them look ever up to Him in whose Hand this sword had, on that dreadful day in the desert, put the giant-king to flight. Lastly, she told them—and here I believe that in each of the kind brown eyes there was a tear ready to brim over—that she always prayed for them, night and day. 'Now, my dears,' she added, 'when I came you said I was your fairy, and your good fairy. I did not do all your lessons for you, nor get you out of your scrapes, as you said you would have your fairy do, the moment you got into them; but I have kept my word, and, like a good fairy, I have helped you as far as I could to drive away the giants who were the cause of your troubles; and if you would like to know what the wand was like with which I did these things, I will tell you—it was Prayer.'

This is not quite the end of the story; but I think I will alter my plan a little, and before I tell you the very last thing I have to tell I will gather up the loose threads of which I spoke, and tie them up in a knot.

First, about Susan. I told you how she sprained her ankle, and that she had to go home to her aunt to be nursed, because the doctor feared that she had hurt her back also. Susan got well, I am glad to say, and, before the autumn was over, was able to return to her place.

Next, about nurse, and Aunt Maggie, and Dick, and Josiah, whose names have been mentioned. I dare say you thought you should hear more about them. They were all worth knowing, but I had an especial object in view in telling this story, and that object kept me amongst the children, and would not let me wander to nurse, and Dick, and Aunt Maggie. On that same account, too, I have told you nothing about other children in the village.

But now, have you ever wondered in the course of my story that I have said so little about the father and mother of these children, and have only told you of the kind friend who came to take charge of them? I dare say you have; so I must tell you, that if you think that these parents neglected their children you are very much mistaken. Because I have not told you how they smiled upon their little pleasures, and shared their little troubles, how carefully they supported all that good Heartsease was doing—you fancy that the parents took no trouble: but pray do not think so any more. I have very good reasons for telling my story in my own way. Did I not write at the head of the first chapter what it was to be about—Heartsease the Fairy?

I think there are no more threads to tie up; so now for the very end of the story, and in a very few words:—

One morning, trampling on the crisp brown leaves which were strewn all down the lane, came a little procession of children, walking very quietly, like a

Children taking leave of Heartsease.

regiment of soldiers—like a regiment of soldiers only in their quiet march, but not in martial order by any means, for two of them were holding fast to the grey travelling cloak in which Heartsease had wrapped herself; two others were carrying between them, and a little way behind her, her travelling bag; Bertha, a little way behind these again was carefully arranging the paper round a great bunch of chrysanthemums which were going a journey: at the corner, as they came in sight, stood Sydney in charge of the box, and to give notice if the coach were coming. At that moment up came a young lady—a very gentle, pleasant-faced young lady. She was walking quickly, as if she were afraid of being late. The last time we saw her, my readers—you and I—she was pouring out tea in the woods—the fairy of the feast.

'I have run nearly all the way for fear of missing you,' she said to Heartsease; and Heartsease thanked her, and said it was very kind of her to come.

Then Sydney gave notice that the coach was in sight, and such a kissing and hugging and weeping began as I had better not attempt to describe. Then the coach stopped, and the luggage was piled up on the

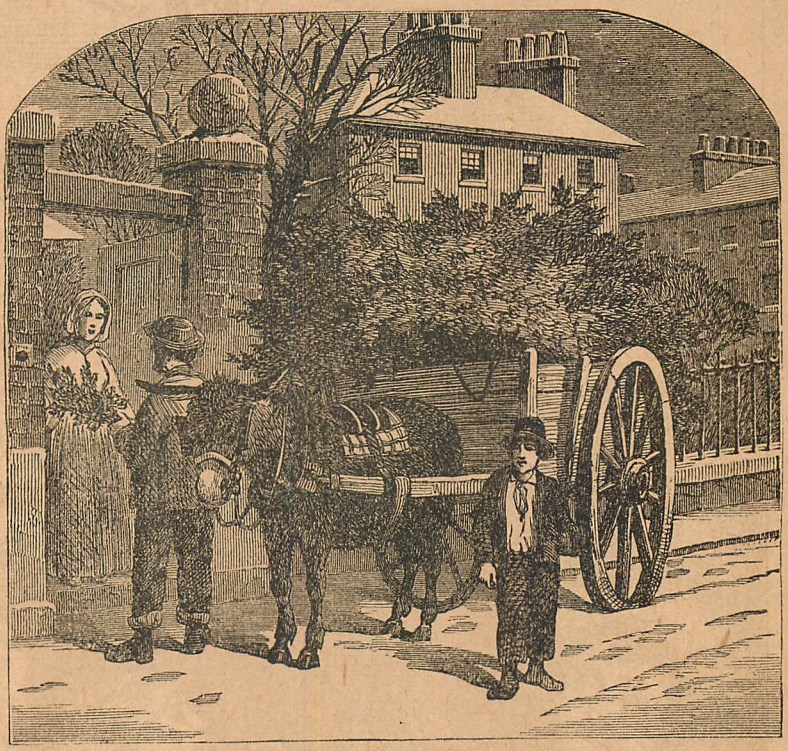
top; the coach-door opened and closed again with a sharp bang; and Heartsease looked out of the window, and kissed her hand to the children, who stood clustering round Miss Brown, watching tearfully.

'Right!' said the guard—crack went the whip—away in a cloud of dust and brown leaves started the coach 'Eclipse.'

'Bless their little hearts!' said Heartsease, touching first one eye and then the other with her handkerchief; 'bless their little hearts! I hope they will be good!'

There is the end of my story, dear readers. Good-bye.

Do not you hope, that after Heartsease left them the children kept up the battle against the giants? I hope so; and I feel that if they did, we may be sure of this sweet truth, that in place of the giants angels came and ministered unto them.



The Drunkard's Boy.

CHRISTMAS HOLLY.

HOLLY bright at Christmas-tide,
When the snow lies dreary;
Let it deck your homes, and there
Tell its message cheery.

As it liveth ever green
All through Summer's gladness,
Spring's sweet promise, Autumn's wane,
Winter storms and sadness;

Let it tell how friendships true
Fade not like the flowers,
Fear no more the Winter storms
Than the April showers;

Let it tell how, better still,
God's love changeth never;
But through sorrow, wrong, and ill,
Doth endure for ever.

THE DRUNKARD'S BOY.

I SAW a little lad,
With half-uncovered form,
And wondered why he cowered there
Amid the winter storm.

They said his mother drank
What took her sense away,
And so she let her children go
Hungry and cold all day.

I saw them lead a man
To prison for his crime,
Where solitude and punishment
And toil divide the time.

And as they forced him through the gate
Unwillingly along,
They told me 'twas the maddening drink
That made him do the wrong.

I saw a woman weep,
As if her heart would break;
They said her husband drank too much
Of what he should not take.

I saw an unfrequented mound,
Where weeds and brambles wave;
They said no tear had fallen there,
It was a drunkard's grave.

They said these were not all
The risks that drunkards run,
For there was danger lest the soul
Be evermore undone.

Water is very pure and sweet,
And beautiful to see;
And since it cannot do us harm,
It is the drink for me.

'BEWARE OF THE WELL!'

MOTHERS who know what it is to have a tiny child toddling about in the garden close to the well, when they are obliged to be busy within doors, must have shuddered when they read of the following near escape, which happened some six months ago at Dummer, near Basingstoke.

One cold day in December last, a little child barely five years old, while playing in the garden, fell into the well. He was sadly bruised, poor little man, as the well was two hundred and fifty-eight feet in depth, but mercifully, before reaching the twelve feet of water at the bottom, the instinct of self-preservation caused him to clutch the rope of the bucket, and his terrified cries attracted the attention of those above. Among these latter was a labouring middle-aged man, who, having let the little fellow below know that help was coming, proceeded himself to descend the rope, a perilous attempt even for a strong man with a steady head and calm mind. The descent occupied nearly half an hour, and how the child managed to hold on till reached is passed all wonder. But he did, and Eales the rescuer, holding as best he could with one hand to the rope, succeeded with much difficulty in passing a second round the little child, gave the signal to be drawn up, and both once more were safely again in the cottage garden. Both were terribly exhausted, especially the man, who had thus hazarded his life; but the little one soon found comfort and safety in 'mother's arms,' while to Eales the blessed thought that by the mercy of God he had been the means of saving that little one's life, and of giving him safely back to those mother's arms, was a full reward to his brave preserver. K. W.

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

No. XXV.—THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.

MAXIMILIEN ROBESPIERRE has left behind him a name which is as detestable as any in history. 'He was a man,' said Condorcet, 'without an idea in his head or a feeling in his heart.' And yet he rose to be the first man, for a time, in France. He was the son of an advocate at Arras, and a schoolfellow with the brilliant Camille Desmoulins. When he became a member of the States-General he was about thirty years of age; he wore spectacles, and his complexion was of a bilious hue. He soon attracted the notice of Mirabeau, who thought 'he would do something, because he believed every word he spoke.'

When the Jacobins' Club used to meet in its early days, Robespierre was always present, and when there were but thirty members seated on the extreme left in the National Assembly he was one of them, and not ashamed of his opinions. In 1791 he was elected Public Accuser in the new courts of justice. Brave he never was, for he used to disappear at the times when there was a crisis, such as that of the 9th of August, 1792. When the belfries were sounding at midnight, and all the people were getting ready, and the six hundred Marseillais were leading the way to the Tuileries, Robespierre hid himself, and he did not come out of his den until the King was put under lock and key, and so rendered powerless.

But this want of pluck does not seem to have lessened Robespierre's influence with the Jacobins. That powerful club met in the nave of the Jacobins' Church, which was seated up to the very roof. The tribune, where the speakers stood when speaking, was raised about half-way between the pavement and the roof. The chief speaker in this remarkable assemblage was Robespierre; he was the Jacobins' petted child, and they would listen, hour after hour, to his long-winded orations.

When the September massacres were over, and a thousand and eighty-nine lay dead, and the carters carted the stripped human bodies away at so much per journey to the burying-grounds, Robespierre nearly wept when he heard it said that there was one innocent person among the slain. The Girondins, who saw the dangerous principles of Marat and Robespierre, rose up and denounced them, and both were in some peril, but escaped it.

One day Robespierre was in the tribune and said, 'Is there any one here that dare accuse me of aspiring to be a dictator?'

'Yes,' replied Louvet, starting up and taking some papers from his pocket, 'I accuse thee, Robespierre—I, Jean Baptiste Louvet.'

'Speak, Robespierre!' shouted Danton; 'speak in thine own defence.'

But the accused, turning pale, did not answer a word. And Louvet went on with his papers, reciting one crime after another; how he bullied at elections, had a retinue of mob soldiers, wished to be a dic-

tator, had his hands stained with the blood of innocent victims in the September massacres, and so on.

The whole Convention was in an uproar, and never, it is said, did Robespierre stand in such peril. But the Convention, eager for public matters, dismissed the affair as a mere personal quarrel between Robespierre and Louvet.

In the great trial of the King, Robespierre, of course, both spoke and voted for his death. When the French lawyers were endeavouring to prove the trial a lawful thing to do, Robespierre said, 'What is the use of talking about the law? Here our might is our right.'

Danton, as we have seen, had moved that all power should be given to the Committee of Public Safety, though he afterwards asked pardon of God and man for thus putting such a fearful weapon into the hands of nine men who were 'all brothers Cain.'

Robespierre was, of course, one of those nine, and he hoped by means of his own adroitness to remove all his rivals from his path, and to become by-and-by a sort of French Cromwell. His wishes had become a law by the end of 1793, and he now conceived himself strong enough to pluck down Danton, the only one of whom he was afraid.

About the beginning of April, 1794, the great Danton and several of his supporters were put to death. Among them was the brilliant writer Camille Desmoulins, a bosom friend of Danton's. These two died in the prime of life, one being thirty-four, and the other a year older. Camille's widow followed him on the 10th of April, and many others. Terrible now was Robespierre, the leading spirit of the Public Safety Committee, and many were the heads which now fell into the sack. Among them we may notice that once honoured one of Madame Elizabeth, the sister of Louis. Only two members of the Royal family now remained—a boy and a girl. The unfortunate boy was taken away from Marie Antoinette while she was alive, and handed over to the tender mercies of a cordwainer, named Simon, who taught the lad to be as rough as himself.

When Simon became a member of the Municipal Council, the boy hid himself in the Temple prison and was utterly neglected. He was very nearly perishing of hunger, and he had to wear his shirt for six months without washing or changing it.

Robespierre was anxious to have some sort of religion for the Republic, and as the old faith was destroyed and the worship of Reason set on one side he invented a religion, with the help of his friends, for poor France. On a bright June day, in 1794, the Tuileries garden was crowded with people in their best clothes, and Robespierre, having made the Convention pass some decrees about a Supreme Being and the immortality of the soul, came forth at their head, dressed in a sky-blue coat, white waistcoat embroidered with silver, and black silk breeches. David, the painter, had prepared some hideous pasteboard figures of Atheism and Anarchy, and when Robespierre had made a speech the painter handed him a lighted torch, wherewith he set fire to the figures, and burned them to ashes. Then there arose by aid of machinery a statue of Wisdom, which got rather scorched by the flame.

It seems that Robespierre was rather laughed at by the shrewd French people for the part he had taken in this silly affair, and he was sulky for some time afterwards. There was a statesman named Tallien, who had been suspected, and recalled from Bordeaux. At this man Robespierre had launched threats from the tribune. There were many others, also, who believed they were soon to be marked out for slaughter. It was said there were forty, at least, who were to be struck down at a blow, and then Robespierre was to be made a Dictator, and be in reality the sovereign of France.

At a dinner-party near Paris, on a very hot day in July, the guests took off their coats, and left them in the drawing-room. One of them, named Carnot, requiring some paper, groped in Robespierre's pocket, and found a list of forty names, his own being among them. Of course he did not go back to the company, but made his way at once into a place of safety.

On the 26th of July Robespierre mounted the tribune, and spoke of the bad state of Republican spirit, and of the need of new vigour to be given to the guillotine. The speech fell flat, and the usually obsequious Convention was mutinous. He felt the hour was now come when either he must put the Convention down, or it must put him down. He went that same night to the Jacobins, and told them how he had been treated, and they shouted out their Robespierre should not die, but there should be another insurrection, and the Convention should be cleared of all who did not obey Robespierre.

On the morrow, as Saint Just, one of Robespierre's creatures, was reading a report, Tallien entered and interrupted him. He said, 'If this Convention dares not to strike the tyrant, I will; and with this will I do it!' At these words he drew out a dagger.

Then ensued a fearful scene. Robespierre tried again and again to speak, but he could not get a hearing for the noise. He turned and appealed to each party, but none would pay the least attention now to his words.

'The blood of Danton chokes him,' they said.

He was decreed accused, and his brother also, and Saint Just, and other friends of his, and they were packed off to prison. But they were rescued by some National Guards whom Henriot the commander had corrupted, and things looked very doubtful for some time. The Convention, however, declared them outlaws, and made Barras general of such troops as they could get together.

There was nearly a battle between Henriot's men and those of Barras, and there would have been had not the Convention's decree been read aloud, 'Robespierre and all rebels are declared out of law.' Then the soldiers all forsook Henriot, and joined Barras.

The wretched Robespierre and his company were now come to their last, and they knew it. Henriot flung himself out of the window and lodged in a cesspool, whence he was got out half dead. Augustine Robespierre followed Henriot; Couthon tried to kill himself; Saint Just called on Lebas to kill him; Robespierre tried to blow out his brains, but failed, breaking his lower jaw instead. They were all tried and condemned to death, and were guillotined that same afternoon in the Place de la Révolution, and, with their execution, what was called the Reign of Terror came to an end.

Robespierre trying to kill himself.

Llewellyn's grief after killing his favourite Hound.

GELERT.

LLEWELLYN, a prince who reigned over North Wales at the beginning of the thirteenth century, had a famous greyhound that had been given to him by his father-in-law, King John of England. The hound was called Gelert, or 'Kill-hart,' from its prowess in the chase, and was a great favourite with the prince, feeding from his hand, and guarding his couch when he slept.

One day Llewellyn went out with his men and dogs to hunt; but during the chase he missed Gelert, the strongest and swiftest of all his hounds, and owing to his favourite's absence but little game was taken. The prince returned home angry and disappointed, when, just as he reached the gate of his castle, Gelert came bounding joyfully towards him to receive his accustomed caresses; but Llewellyn started back in surprise, for the jaws of the hound were dripping with blood.

He rushed to his chamber, and saw to his horror that the cradle in which his little son had been sleeping was overturned, and the coverlet and the floor sprinkled with blood. Thinking that his favourite hound had killed his child, he turned in his rage and plunged his sword into its side; but as poor Gelert fell, there mingled with his dying howl the cry of a child. Llewellyn ran to the overturned cradle, and raising the blood-stained coverlet, he found his rosy boy beneath it, just awakened from his sleep, and beside him there lay a huge wolf, torn and dead, that had been killed by the brave greyhound. The cradle had been overturned in the fierce struggle between Gelert and the wolf; but the little boy was unhurt, and had fallen asleep under the coverlet, only to be awakened by the death-cry of his preserver.

Llewellyn's joy at finding his little son safe and unharmed, was only equalled by his grief and remorse at having slain his faithful Gelert. He caused the noble animal to be honourably buried, and erected a monument over him, and hung thereon his horn and hunting-spear; and the place was called Beddgelert, pronounced Bethgelert, 'the Grave of Gelert,' and from it the whole surrounding neighbourhood takes its present name. And in gratitude to Heaven for his child's escape from the jaws of the wolf, and to perpetuate the memory of his gallant greyhound, Llewellyn founded the abbey, the ruins of which may still be seen amidst the wild and beautiful scenery of Bethgelert.

A. R.

WHAT SHARKS WILL SWALLOW.

AN emigrant ship was on its way to Sydney, when a gentleman dropped a much-prized presentation snuff-box into the sea. About three days afterwards the sailors captured and killed one of several sharks which were playing round the vessel. The lost snuff-box was discovered in the stomach of the fish. Mr. Goulburn, Chancellor of the Exchequer, said, on hearing this, that one of our cruisers had seized what they believed to be a slaver, but were obliged reluctantly to let her go for want of papers to prove the fact. A fortnight later a shark was caught, and in its body was found a roll of papers which condemned the slaver; they had been thrown overboard. The cruiser hastened in pursuit of the slaver, and seized it, just three weeks after the papers had been thrown into the sea.—*Queckett's 'Sayings and Doings.'*

PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES NOS. 70 TO 80.

70. Cromwell turning the members out of the House of Parliament, and locking the door.

71. John had 60*s.*; Joe, 42*s.*; Tom, 30*s.*; Will, 21*s.*

72. Magellan, sailing through the strait called by his name.

73. The Equator speaks. The islands are the Galapagos.

74. Pisa, and its leaning tower.—The Count who was starved to death was Ugolino.—The wicked man who threw the key away was the Archbishop, the Count's enemy.

75. The Duke of Suffolk was beheaded in a boat off Dover on the 2nd of May, 1450.

76. Glow-worm.

77. St. Helena.

78. Box.

79. A plant.

80. The fish weighed 72 pounds.

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

XXVI.—THE DAY OF THE SECTIONS.

SUCH is the name given to the 5th of October, 1795, the last day of the Revolution, and the first day of Napoleon's real power. Robespierre fell, as we have seen, in July, 1794, and after his fall every one seemed to breathe more easily. The word Mercy was once more heard in France. The Convention became supreme again, and free discussion went on, and the prisons were opened, and the suspects set free; the Jacobin Club was locked up, and its key laid on the table of the Convention; the key was given up again, but the glory of the Jacobins was over. The moderate men rose in favour every day. Paris became again a joyous city, a city of song and dance, and the ruffianism of St. Antoine was kept in check by young fellows of the respectable classes, who formed themselves into well-drilled bands, and carried clubs loaded with lead. They used to say, 'We have suffered enough, our friends have been guillotined: down with these cursed Jacobins! or, sometimes, Jacoquins (coquin being the word for a rascal). On the 29th of November, 1794, these armed dandies of Paris attacked the Jacobin Club, and smashed the windows. This led to a scrimmage outside, where the Jacobin members had the worst of it, and the troops were obliged to interfere, after which, this once mighty club was finally closed as a nuisance.

But the Paris mob looked upon all these revivals of genteel life with the greatest dislike. The baker's *queues* were still as long as ever they were, bread was very dear, trade was slack, and on the 1st of April, 1795, St. Antoine rose again, and flowed in a

solid mass toward the Tuileries, shouting out, 'Bread! bread!' The Convention was sitting when the great sea of people flowed like an irresistible tide into the hall; but, the alarm having been sounded, they were swept out again by some National Guards, assisted by the young volunteer gentry, who did not use their clubs loaded with lead, but actual bayonets.

In this year Fonquier Tinville, who had sent so many to a bloody death, was himself guillotined, and sixteen of his jurymen with him. They all pleaded hard for their lives, saying they had acted by order of the Salut Public. At Lyons, great conflicts went on between the moderate men and the Jacobins. Sixty of the latter were burnt to death, or stifled by smoke, and the Jacobins, in other places, avenged their Lyons brethren by killing or maiming those who were opposed to them.

At Paris, too, the old cry was again raised among the leaders of the mob, 'To arms! to arms!' and the old scenes were enacted. Crowds armed with pikes and muskets filled the galleries and hall of the National Convention. Women were there, by the thousand, clamouring for bread; and the husbands, hearing that the Convention was assassinating their wives and daughters, burst open the doors and seized hold of deputy Feraud, who was endeavouring to shield the President from injury. They trampled him under their feet, and dragged him nearly dead into the lobby, and then beheaded him, and once more this wild city saw its favourite sight of a bleeding head and a deathly face uplifted on a pike's point, and making the circuit of the principal streets. The bulk of the mob still remained in the Convention Hall, its leaders insisting on this and that decree being passed at once; but the President, Boissy d'Anglas, would not yield, no, not for a moment, though the wretches levelled muskets at him, and shook Feraud's gory head in his face. It was a frightful din—men shouting, drums beaten, honourable members escaping when they could, no order, no law possible.

At four o'clock about sixty members were left, and they, in obedience to mob law, chose a president (for the real President had left the hall) and passed a number of decrees of a highly revolutionary character. While the people were thus triumphing over their success, and shouting out, 'Decreed! decreed!' with a roll of drum music, an officer entered, followed by a number of National Guards and young gentlemen with fixed bayonets. These, with measured tramp, very soon cleared the place, many of the mob throwing open the windows and escaping that way. All the decrees that had been passed were declared null and void, and thirteen of the sixty who had passed them were accused, but not at once arrested. They, in a day or two afterwards, set up a new National Convention in the east of Paris, and also a rival force; but the dashing sparks of Paris gentry proved too much for St. Antoine, and they cowed that noisy suburb and disarmed it. The actual murderer of Feraud was captured and all but guillotined. He was rescued by the men of St. Antoine, and he hid himself in one of the courts of this populous suburb; but hearing that St. Antoine was beaten and to be disarmed, he threw himself headlong from a lofty roof, and died miserably.

Of the thirteen members who passed the decrees, all perished by the guillotine except three. Ruhl shot himself through the head, and Goujon, when he heard that he was sentenced, drew a knife, sheathed it in his breast, then handed it on to Romme who did the same, and then quickly passed to the next, who all but slew himself, yet not quite.

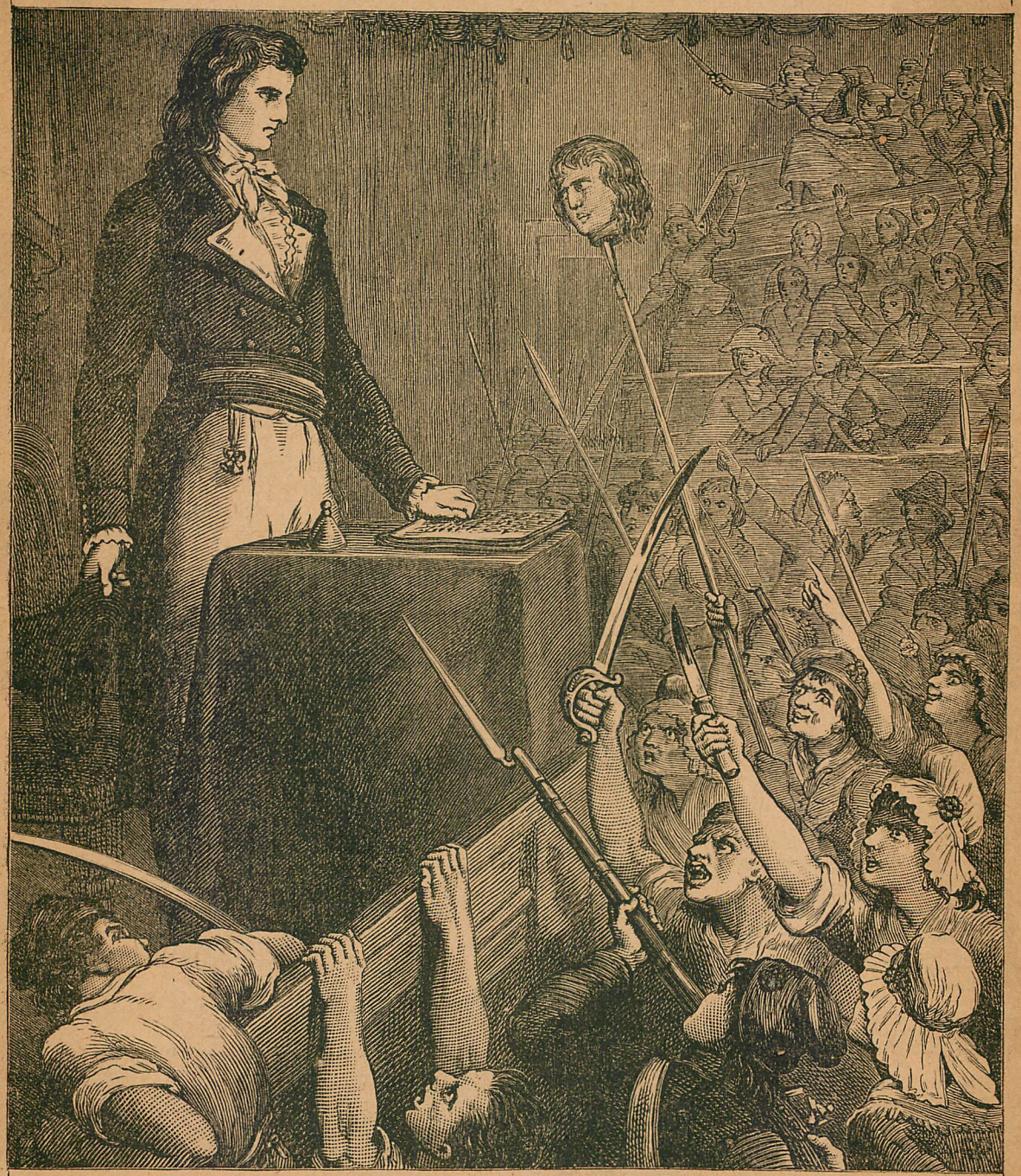
The 5th of October in that year was a day of very great importance to Europe, for it raised Napoleon Bonaparte out of obscurity into fame. That day saw him starting on his wonderful path of glory, and it also brought a certain amount of peace and order to the long-distracted city, though it was an order brought about by the great soldier's sword.

The Convention, wishing to end its labours, presented to the country a constitution. Many of its provisions irritated the Paris sections, who, sooner than accept it, massed their 40,000 fighting men to resist it. The Convention had also its regular troops, but not nearly so many, and it had its officers with Menon at the head. On the 4th of October the Convention ordered Menon to go and disarm the rebels; he went, but returned without any success, and was thrown into prison as a traitor. The rebels were emboldened at Menon's ignominious failure, and the Convention was disheartened. What were they to do? Some thought Barras was the man to disarm the rebels. Others, more to the purpose, bethought them of Bonaparte. The command was offered to him, and in half an hour it was accepted. And then the readiness and military talent of Bonaparte showed themselves. He at once sent off Murat at a gallop to secure the guns at the camp of Sablons. Murat arrived just in time to prevent them falling into the other party's hands. Then the young General Napoleon made all his arrangements as only he could make them. 'He drew a ring of steel discipline round the Tuileries, and saw that every gunner had his match burning,' and that every soldier was on the alert. The 5th day of October came, the anniversary of the insurrection of women, and the rebels of the Sections were counting on an easy victory over the Convention, and of making it bend to their wishes.

The rebels seized the Church of St. Roch, and the Pont Neuf. The outposts of the Convention fell back and every now and then a stray bullet struck the Tuileries. There was a wish on the part of the Sectioners to settle the matter without bloodshed, and many women were busy as peace-makers. But Napoleon had his orders to repel the rebels by force, and he was not a man to shrink from the task.

Four o'clock in the afternoon arrived, and the rebels, finding no response to their messages of peace, began the attack on the Convention in earnest, upon which General Bonaparte ordered his great guns to be fired. In a few minutes 200 of the rebels were blown to pieces, especially near the church of St. Roch, and the Section soldiers finding themselves exposed to such terrible discharges of grape retired in all directions, and after a few more shells had been fired the whole affair was over. The church of St. Roch shows to this day the marks of the cannon-balls. The Citizen Bonaparte, who had thus caused the Convention to triumph, was named by acclamation General of the Interior, and Paris felt at last she had met her match in him who may with truth be called the First Soldier of his own time.

G. S. O.



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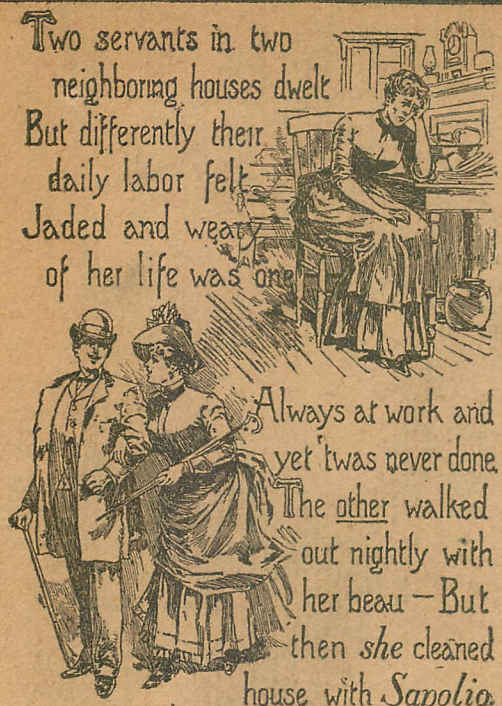

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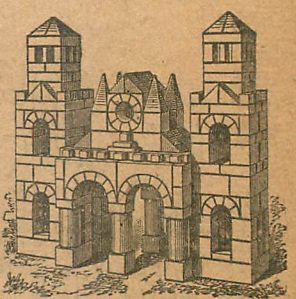

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